

Labray

R.R. Jenkins
1940 -

James C. ...
His Book
1842

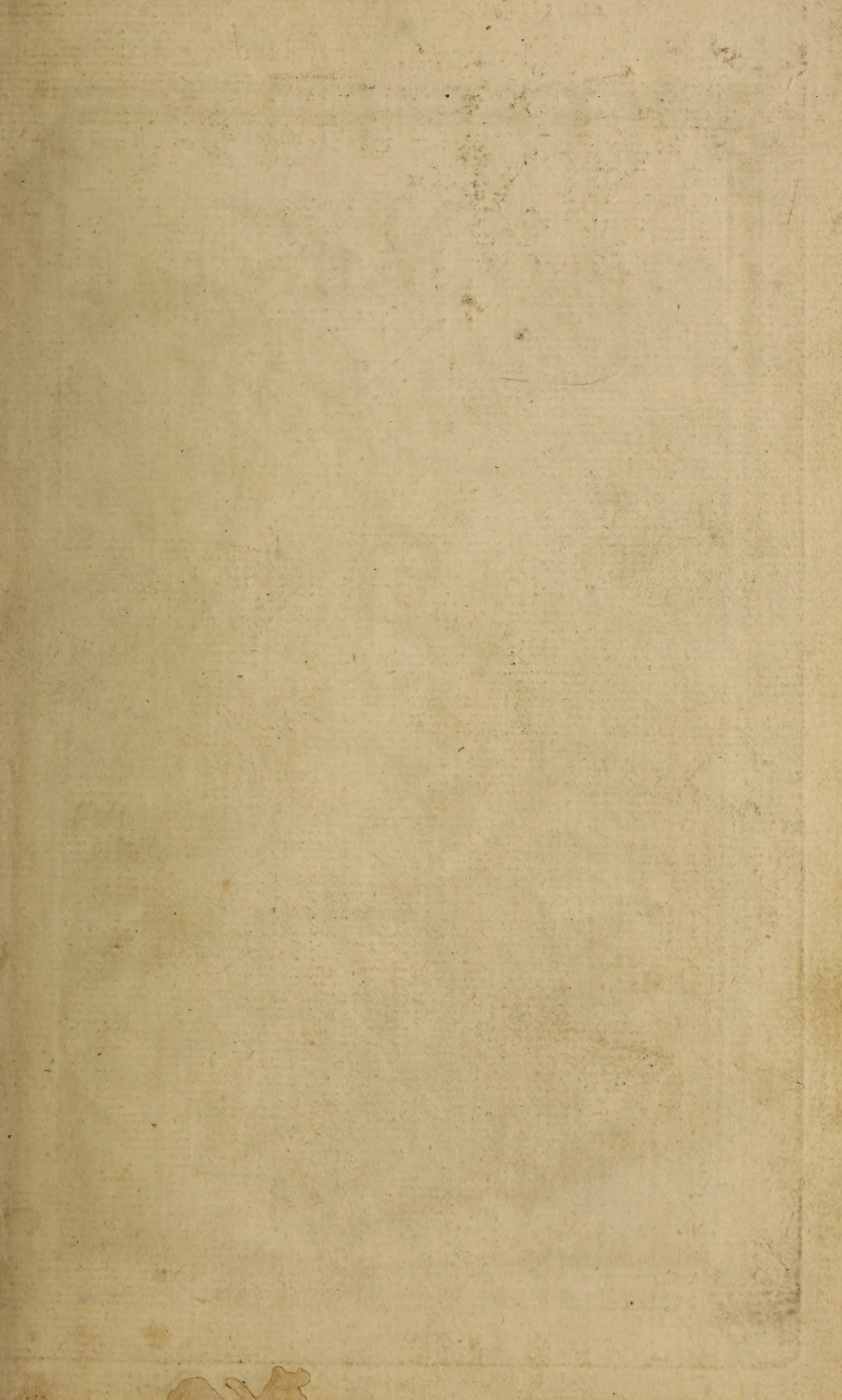
the enemy

Mr Croft,

From his sincere friend

H Bone

Janth 30 1840





CALLIOPE

OR

ENGLISH HARMONY.

A
Collection

of the most Celebrated English, and Scots Songs, Neatly Engrav'd, and Embellish'd with Designs adapted to the Subject of each Song taken from the Compositions of the Best Masters, in the most Correct Manner with the thorough Bass and Transpositions for the Flute proper for all Teachers, Scholars, and Lovers of Musick: Printed, on a fine Paper, on each Side which renders the Undertaking more compleat than any thing of the kind ever Publish'd.

VOL. the second.

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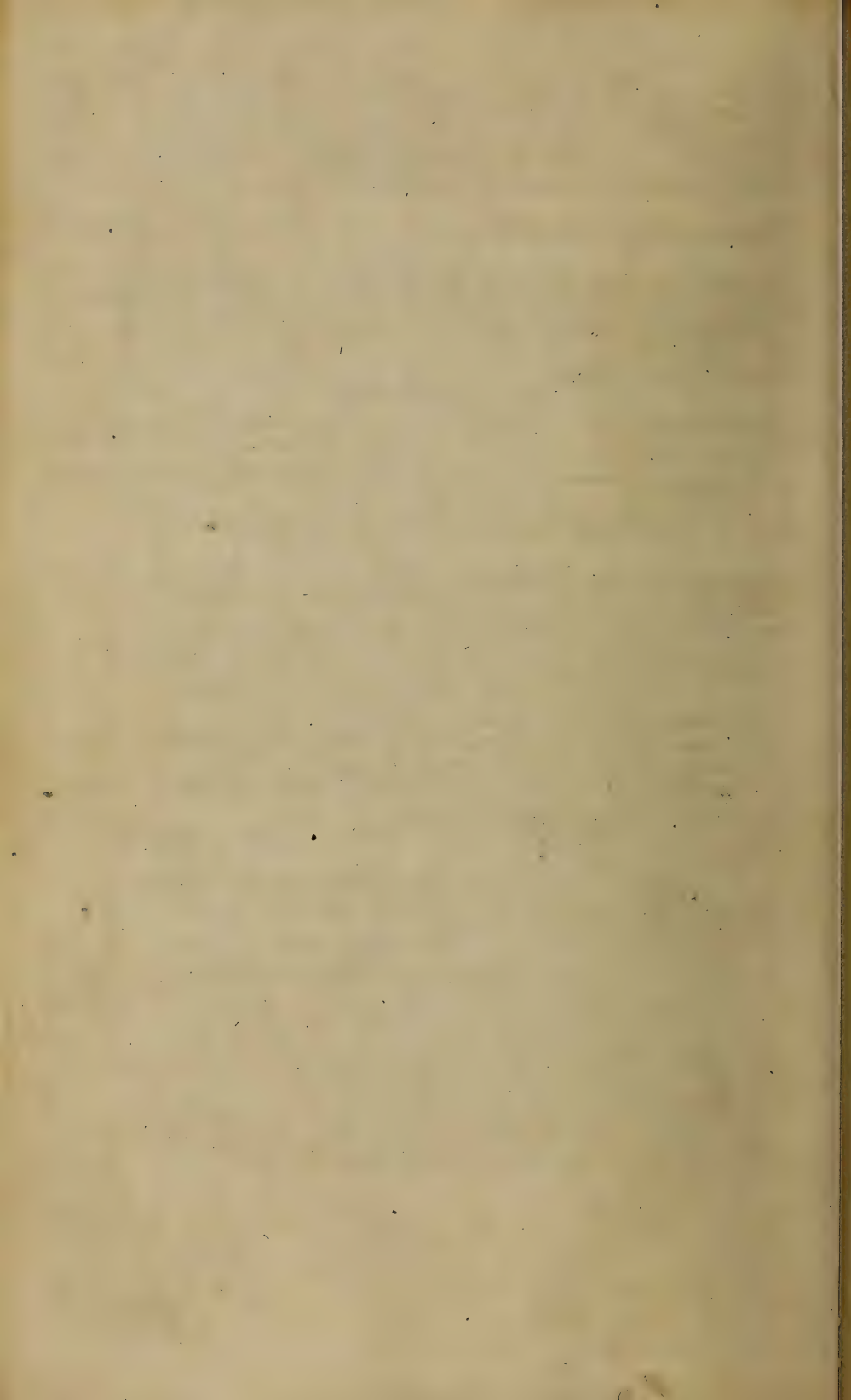
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Hen. Roberts fecit 1758.

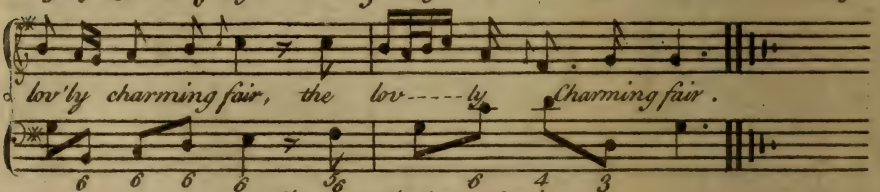
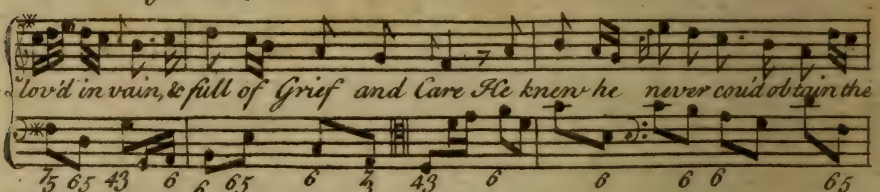
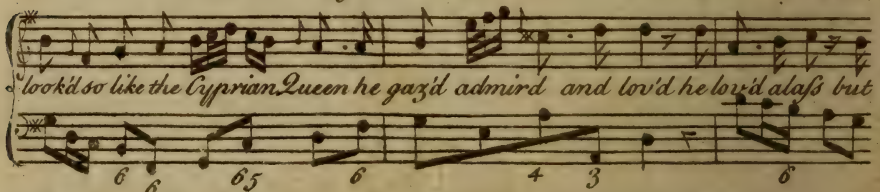
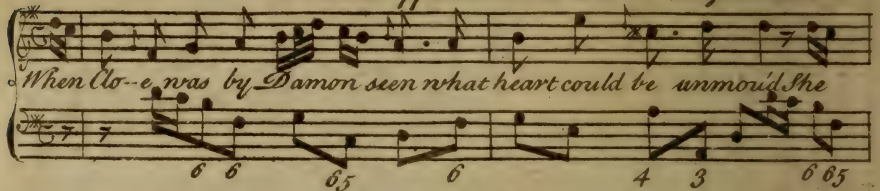
A New Song, the Music by M^r John Hudson

Love once was my joy and my Pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a--gain If the
fair one had been constant I had ever faithful prov'd; Thus cheerfully
with my darling liv'd Innocent and lov'd. When I call to mind her
Charms so Enduring ever pleasing they prompt afresh to love's alarms.
Love once was my joy & my pleasure, but ne'er shall be, so a--gain

Flute

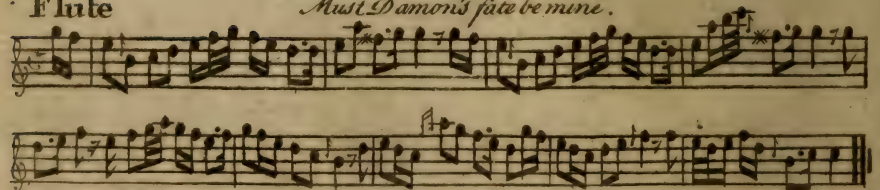


The Diffident Lover Set by M^r. Howard



Clo-e deserv'd a better Swain,
He not so fair a Bride;
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd:
Take pity then thou charming Maid,
For Clo-e's case is thine,
I dare not ask, so much I dread,
Must Damon's fate be mine.

Flute

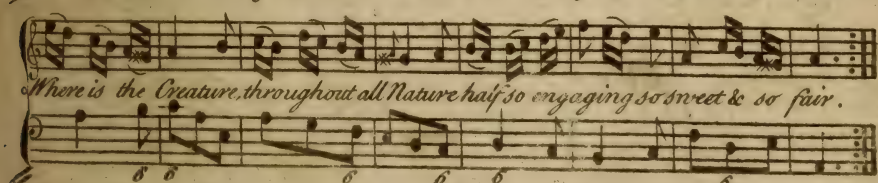
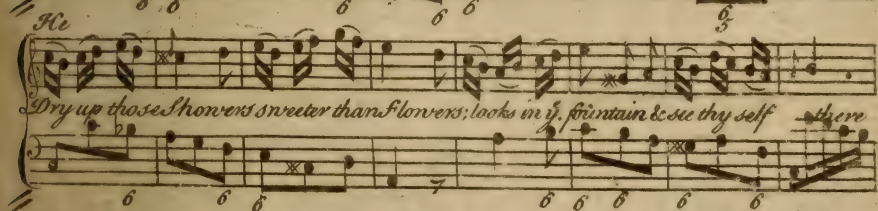
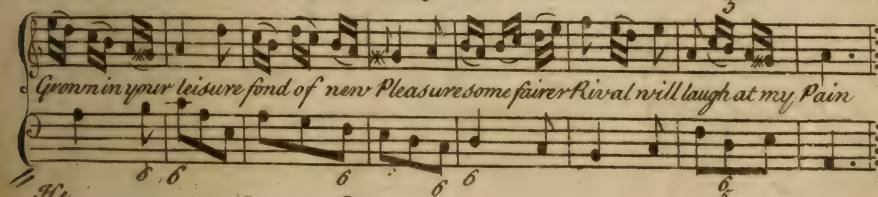
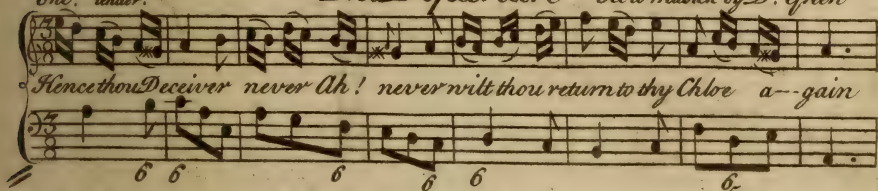




The Departure

Set to Musick by D.^r Green

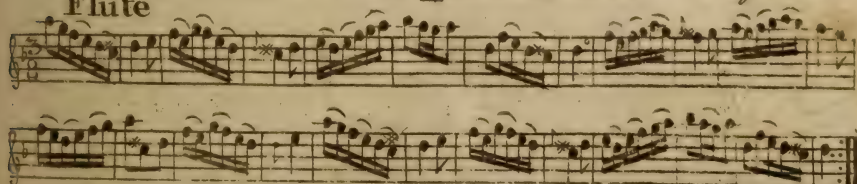
She. tender.

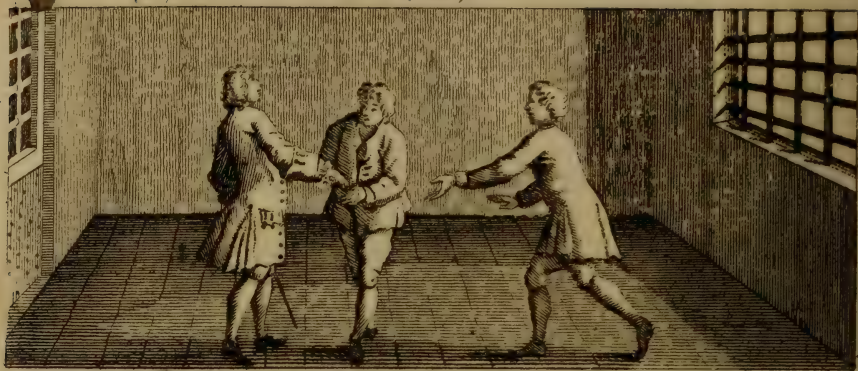


She. Go -- you'll deceive me --
No -- I'll believe thee
Lean on my Breast, & thy Constancy on me
Should you deceive me,
O'er ever leave me,
Chloe would languish & die with Despair.

He. My sweetest Treasure,
Every Pleasure,
Every Charm in my Chloe I find
And all the Graces
Of new cast Faces
Call but my Chloe back into my Mind

Flute





The Debtors welcome to their Brother *H. Roberts fecit 1759*

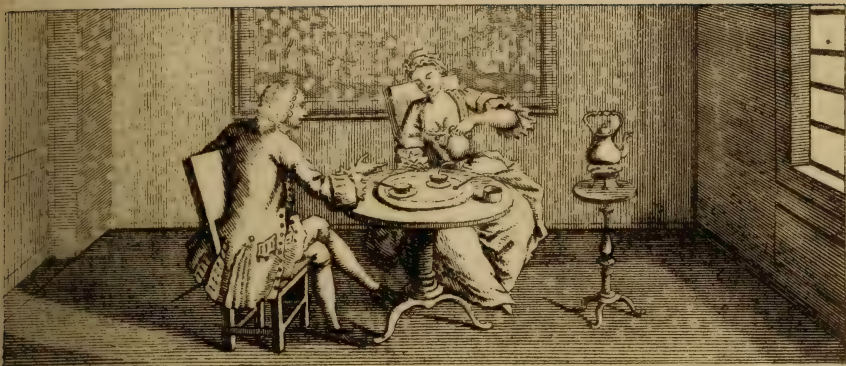
*Welcome welcome Brother debtor to this poor but merry place where no Bayliff dun or
Settor dare to show their frightful face But kind Sir as you're a Stranger down y^e Garrison you must
lay or your Cont will be in danger you must either Strip or pay.*

*Near Repine at your Confinement
From your Children or your Wife.
Wisdom lies in true Resinement
Through the various scenes of Life
Scorn to shew the least Resentment
Though beneath the frowns of fate
Knaves & Beggars find Contentment
Fears and cares attend the Great.*

*Though our Creditor's are spiteful
And restrain our Body's here
We will make a goal delightful
Since there's nothing Else to fear
Ev'ry Islands but a Prison
Strongly guarded by the Sea
Kings and Princes for that Reason
Prisoners are as well as we.*

*What was it made Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate
Twas because he could not Wander
Beyond the Worlds strong Prison gate
For the world is also bounded
By the Heavens and Pairs above
Why should we then be confounded
Since there's nothing free but Sore*

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit 1759

The Advice

Set by Galliard

The Lady that would know how to manage a Man let her listen and learn it from

me: His Courage to quail or his Heart to trepan As the time and Oc-

casions a-gree a-gree as the Time and Occasions a-gree.

*The Girl that has Beauty tho' small be her Wit,
 May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
 The Rake may repel, or may draw in the City
 By the use of that pretty Word--No.
 When the Powder'd Toupies in crowds round her Chat,
 Each striving his Passion to show;
 With-kiss me & love me my dear, and all that,
 Let her answer be still no, no, no.
 When a dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue a sleep,
 A Present a Treat or a Ball;
 She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
 And no, be her answer to all.
 But when master Dapperwit offers his hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A house, and a Coach and a Joindre in Land
 She's an Idiot, if then she says no.
 When'er she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom & clasp'd in his Arms,
 She let her say, No, if she can.*

Flute

Flute



Going out in the Morning

Flark away as the merry toid horn calls the hunters all up with y^e morn; to y^e hull & y^e Woodlands we

steer to unharbour y^e out-lying Deer. And all the day long this this is our song, still

hollowing & following so frolic and free. Our Joys know no bounds while we're

after the Hownds no mortals on Earth are so Jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat down the glen. When we sweep o'er y^e Vallies or climb,
 While the hull they all Echo Hoto; Up y^e health breathing Mountain Sublime,
 With a Bounce from his cover when he flies, What a Joy from our labours we feel,
 Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies; Which alone they who last can reveal,
 (Chorus) And all the Day long &c. (Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

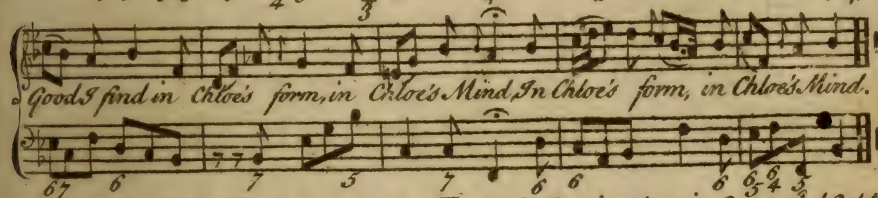
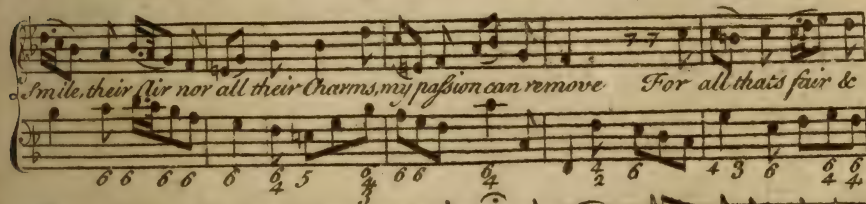
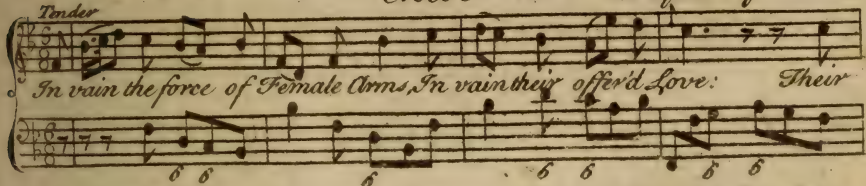
Flute



Chloe

set by D^r. Green

Tender

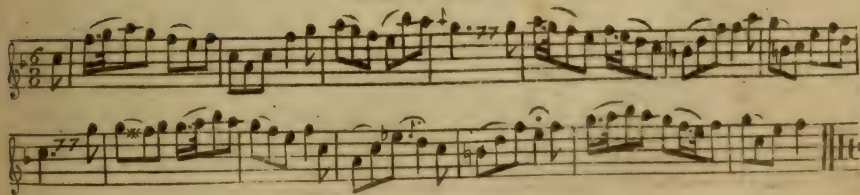


Let Celia all her Wit display,
That glitters while it kills;
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light, nor heat it feels;
For all that's bright and gay, I find
:S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Fair Flavia shines in Gems and Gold,
And uses all her Arts;
Not richest Chains my heart can hold,
Unpierced by Diamond darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
:S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Those Notes, sweet, Myra, now give o'er,
That once had Pow'r to wound;
When Chloe speaks they are no more,
But mix with common Sound:
All Grace, all harmony I find
:S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

FLUTE





Bessy Bell

H. Roberts fecit 1739.

O Bessy Bell & Mary Gray they are twa bonny lassies they Biggid a Bon'r on
 yon burn-brook & theekid it o'er wi' Rashes Fair Bessy Bell I lo'd yestreen & thought I
 neer could algar but Mary Grays twa panky Gen they gar my fancy fallter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-top;
 She smiles like a May Morning
 When Phoebus starts frae theis lap,
 The hills wi' hays adorning;
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waste and Feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka Grace she can command
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the Cran
 Her Gen like Diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up & bran,
 She kills whenever she dances;
 Blyth as a kid, with Wit at will,
 She's blooming tight and tall is;
 And guides her An's sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unc' sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa
 Ye are sic bonny Lassies;
 Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
 To ane by lan' we're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit
Allegro.

A Hymn to Venus

Set by M. Stubbley

Blest as thumortal Gods is he, The Youth who fondly
sits by thee and hears and sees thee all the
while so soft-ly speak and sweetly Smile.

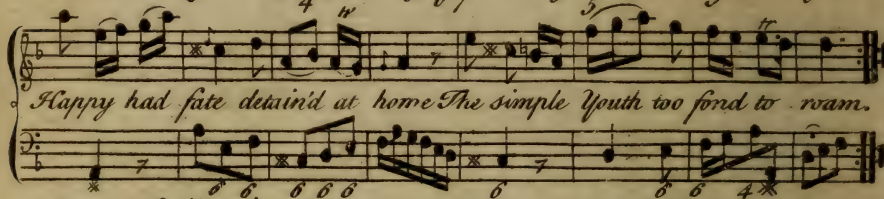
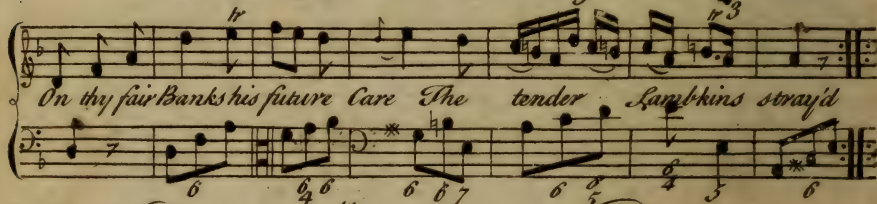
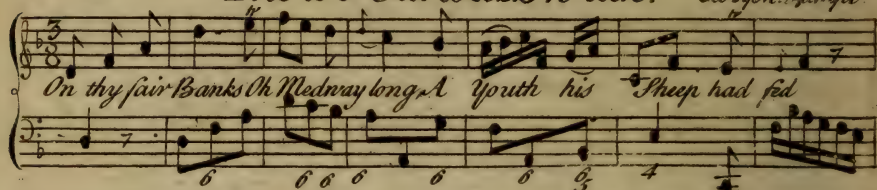
<p>'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest And mis'd such Tumults in my breast But while I gaz'd in Transports tost My breath was gone my voice was lost</p>	<p>My bosom glon'd the subtle Flame Run quick thro' all my Vital Frame O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung My Ears with hollow murmurs rung</p>
--	--

*In denvy damps my limbs were chill'd
My blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd
My feeble Pulse forgot to play
I fainted sunk and died away.*

FLUTE



The two Curious Swain. Set by M. Gampe

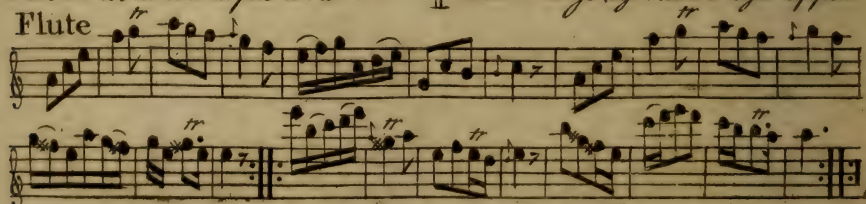


*Happy alas! till curious late
He listen'd to the Tale
Near Tunbridge salutary Springs
What beautys grace the Vale,
Beautys that make the barren Soil
And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile.*

*He came and Celia's dangerous Charms
Beheld with eager gaze
So round & torches glimmering light
Th' admiring Insect plays
Like that he gaz'd, & in his turn
He saw it shine and felt it burn.*

*Th' unhappy Youth by Love undone
By late experience found
That Celia's scorn deny'd the Cure
Whose Eyes had giv'n the Wound
Helpless & hopeless pin'd away
In tears by Night & Sighs by Day*

*By Collins's fate be warn'd to view
The fair with cautious Eyes
This Place is Cupid's Empire Seat
And who can shun surprize
Since few can hope & all must fear
Where Kingsley Mead & Byer appear*





Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife

Set by M^r Sacks

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife out of your wonted Favour,

To be the comfort of my life to be the comfort of my life & I was

glad to have her But if your Providence divine for something else de-

sign her. To 'bey your will at any time to 'bey your will at any

time I'm ready, sym I'm ready to re--sign her.

Flute



H. Roberts fecit

Roberts fecit
Sym. *A Favourite Song in Comus*

Pub: accord^d to Act of Parliam^t. 1779

Song

The

Allegro

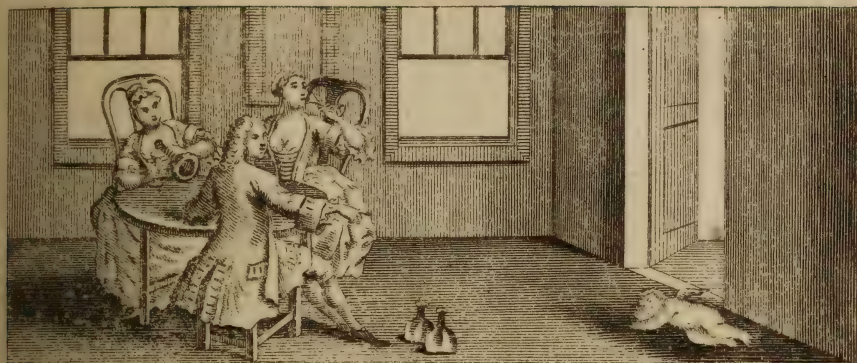
wanton God who pierces hearts dips in Gall his pointed darts but the

Nymph disdains to pine who bathes & wound with rosy wine rosy wine

rosy wine who baths y^e wound n^o. rosy wine Sym.

Farewel Sym. Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd

If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd sure the squeamish fops are free too rid me



As Artaria's part

Set to Musick by M.^r Arne

Published according to Act of Parliament 1739

of dull Company sure they're free sure they're free too rid me of dull
Company. Sym

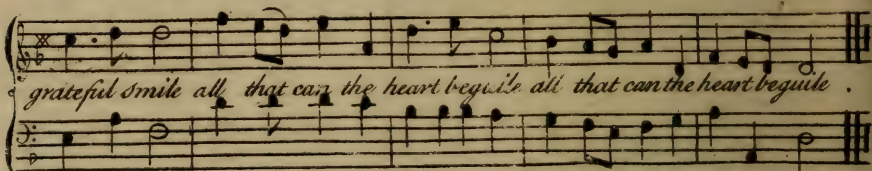
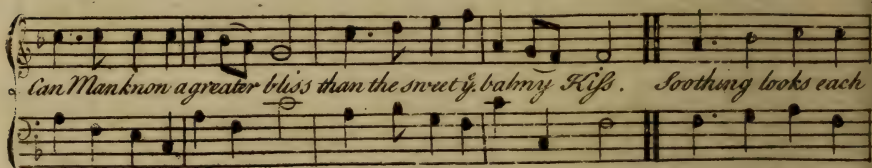
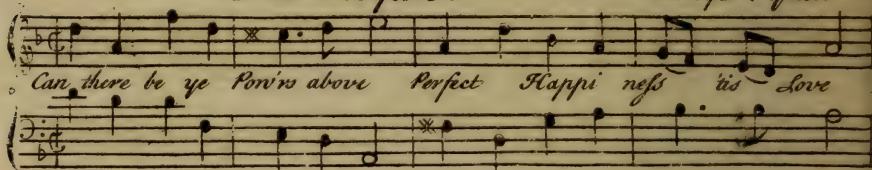
FLUTE

Sym. Song Sym.



The Request

set by D.^r Green

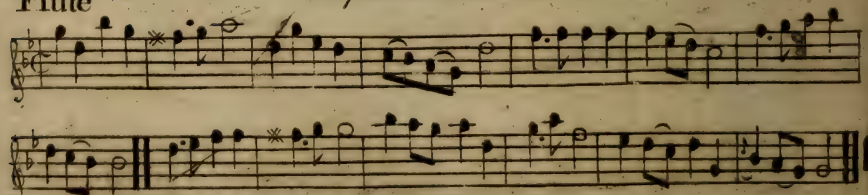


Why so often do I sigh
Pine alone yet know not why
Love has surely vanquish'd me
And makes me own his Deity
Mild as Queen of fond desires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires

God of love and pleasing Charms
Give the fairest to my arms
You who sighing lovers aid
Warm with love the lovely maid
Only this Task of thee
Conquer her as thou hast me
Conquer her as thou hast me

Wanton Cupids search around
Allarcadias ventant Ground
Tell the fair for her I sigh
Tell the fair for her I die
Venus Queen of fondest Love
To my wish propitious prove
To my wish propitious prove

Flute





The Forsaken Lady

Set by M. Lampe

Andante

Not this blooming A--pril season can relieve my aching heart
 spight of all the force of reason still I act a frantick Part As the
 Canker eats the Roses And the springing green destroys, To de
 spair my Rest op---po--ses, and con-sumes my rising joys

Gry Valley, field and Mountain
 Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove
 Warbling Bird & sparkling fountain
 Minds me of my luckless Love:
 When the Corns I discover
 Springing o'er the Primrose fair;
 These I sigh my gentle Sover!
 Would have crapt to deck my Hair.

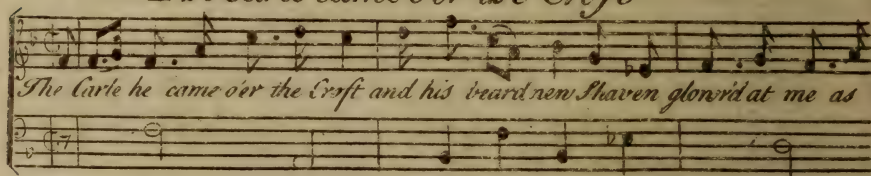
If I sadly sit reflecting
 By some bloomy Flowerhorn Tree;
 All my sorrows recollecting,
 Love's joy resembles Thee;
 He all flowery can appear
 To conceal his poison'd dart,
 But the Wretch that trusts his near
 Grasps at Thorn, & wounds the heart.

Flute



H. Roberts fecit

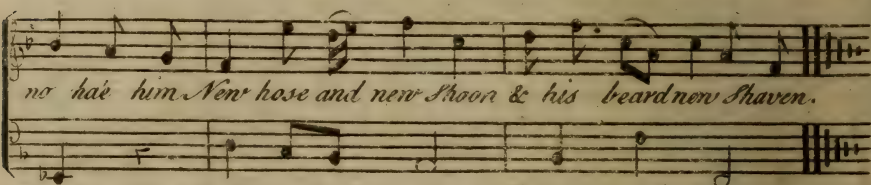
The Carle came o'er the Croft



The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his beard new Shaven glowrid at me as



he'd been daft the Carle trows if I'll ha'e him. Howt awa I winna ha'e him no for sooth I'll



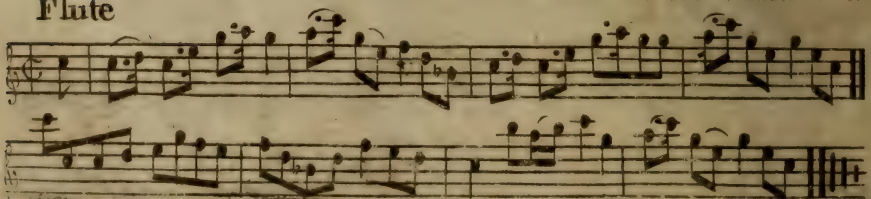
no ha'e him. Newt hose and newt Shoon & his beard new Shaven.

He gae to me a Pair of Shoon,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me dance till they were done,
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa, &c.
He gae to me a Pair of Gloves,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me stretch them on my soops,
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him
Howt awa, &c.

He gae to me an Ell of Lace,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me wear the Highland dress,
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa
He gae to me a Harn Sark,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He said he'd kiss me in the dark,
For that he trows I'll ha'e him.

Howt awa I maun ha'e him,
I forsooth I'll een ha'e him,
Newt hose and his newt Shoon
And his Beard new Shaven

Flute





Despairing Silvia set by M^r. Gestränge

Hear Fate to sigh to sigh in vain Des-pair-ing

Si-l-via Cries. De-bard the Free-dom

to Com-plain but through a Lov-ers Eyes

And those unguarded over speak
 Betrayers of my Heart
 For Ah! our wiles are all to weak
 These to Disguise by Art.

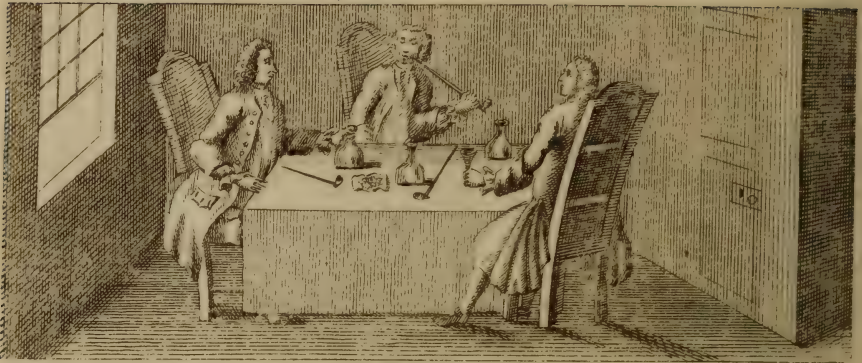
Thus hopeless must I e'er Remain
 Like Ghost about their Treasure
 Till spoke to first ne'er speak again
 Still waiting Strephons leisure.

Dear thoughtless man a stranger to
 The secrets of this Breast
 That's his from Inclination true
 More Constant than his Bless.

There could he see & Conscience know
 The Torments of Neglect
 They soon would teach him how to show
 More Love & less Neglect.

Flute

Flute



A Song

Set by M^r Harris

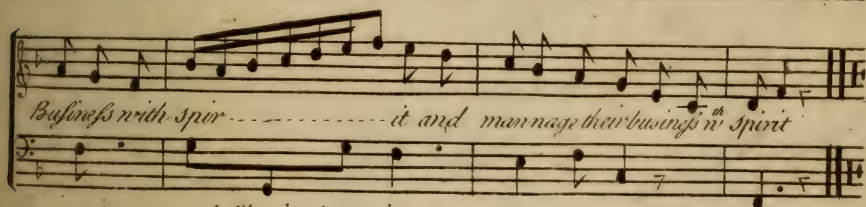
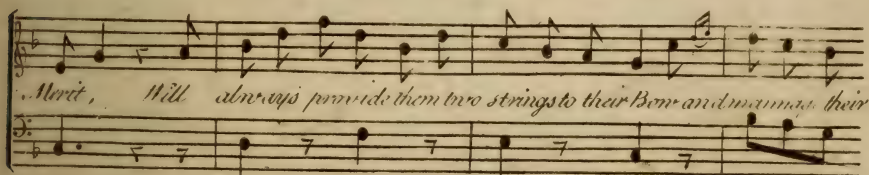
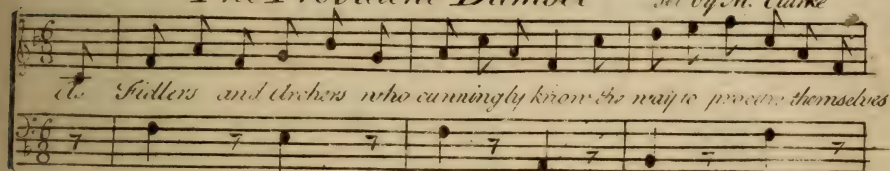
Since Celia's un-kind and my Passion disdains, A Bottle a
 Bottle and friend shall ease all my Pains thus thus remove from my
 Heart that absolute that absolute Fair and with Bumpers of Claret & with
 Bumpers of Claret I'll drive I'll
 drive I'll drive away Care.

Flute



The Provident Damsel

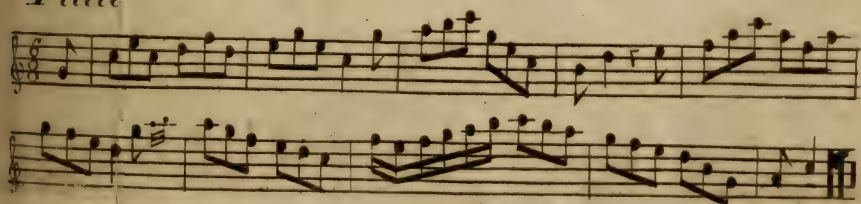
set by M^r Clarke



*So likewise the Provident damsel should do
Who would make the best use of her Beauty
If the mark she would hit, or her & son play through
Two lovers must still be on Duty
Two lovers &c.*

*Thus arm'd against Chance & secure of supply
Thus far our revenge we may carry:
One spark for our sport we may sell & set by
And to other poor soul we may Marry
And to other &c.*

Flute





Sym The Noon — tide Air

Andante

Would you taste y^e moon tide Air to yon fragrant bon'ir repair where

no even in the popular laugh of mantling vine will shelter you the mantling vine will

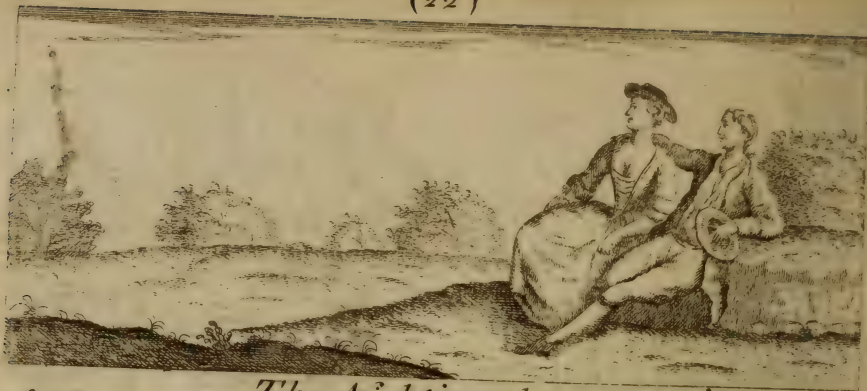
Shelter you

Down each side a fountain flows, twinkling

humming as it goes

lightly over the Holy ground

lightly over the mossy ground sultry Phalaris searching round sultry Phalaris searching round



The Nightingale

set by M^r. Carey

Gently

While in a Boner wth Beauty blast the loud & loud Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucindas Breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes

a wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd had mourn'd within the shade

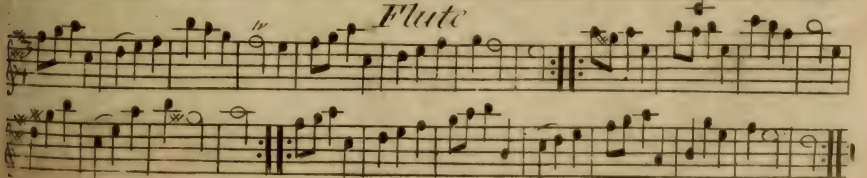
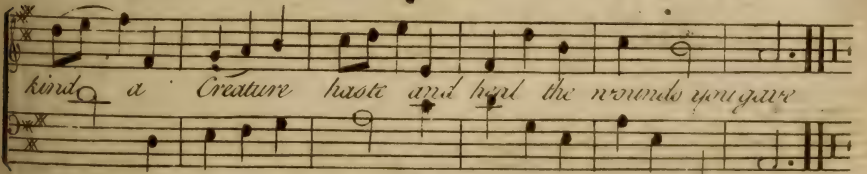
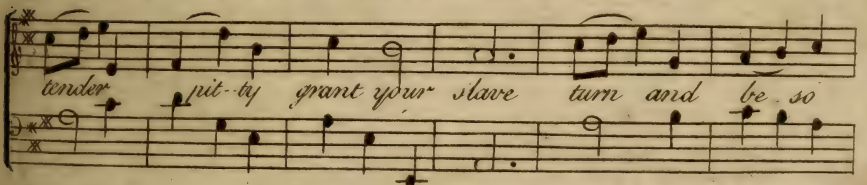
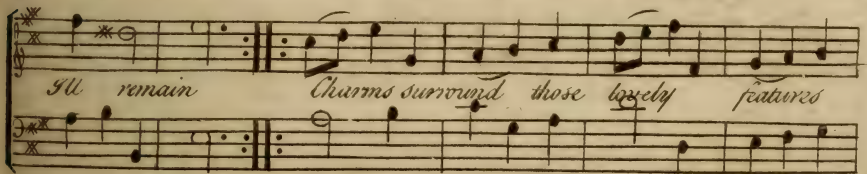
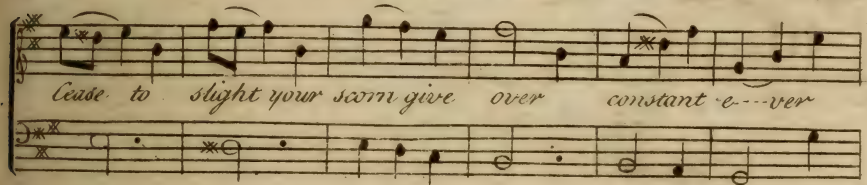
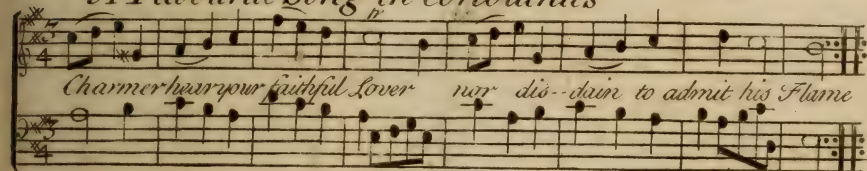
sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song, & warbled through the Glade.

Melodious Songs breath cry'd the Swain
 To shades to shades lets happy go
 Or if thou wilt with us remain
 Forbear forbear thy tuneful Woe
 While in Lucinda's Arms I lie
 To song to song I am not free
 On her soft bosom while I die
 I die - and find in thee

Flute

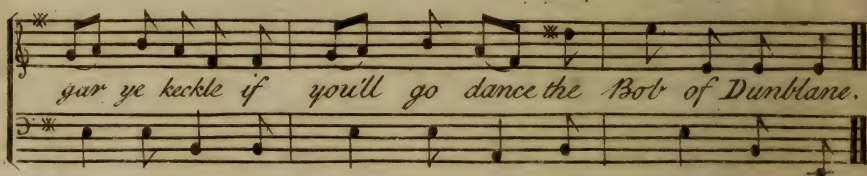
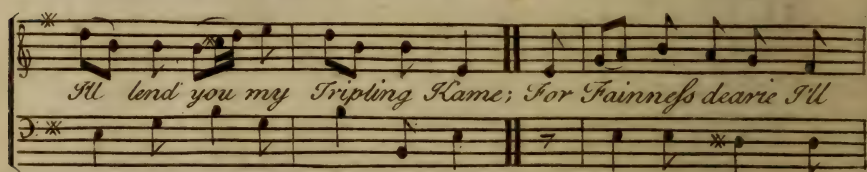
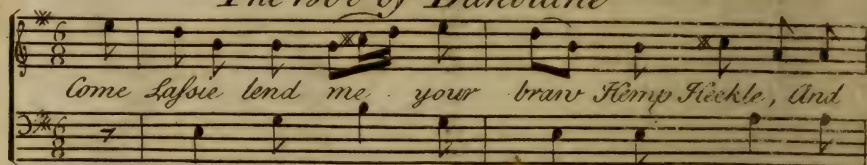


A Favourite Song in Coriolanus





The Bob of Dunblane

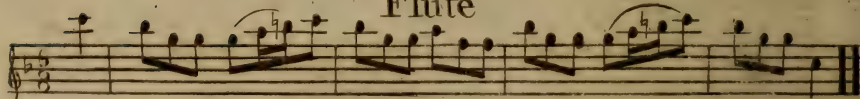


*Hast ye gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies
Busk ye brava, and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time of leading of Monks,
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.*

*Be frank my Lapsie lest I grow sickle
And tak my Word & offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it Mickle,
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.*

*The Dinner the Piper & Priest shall be ready
And I'm grow'n donye with lying my lane
Anway then leave baith Minny & Dady
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane*

Flute





Orpheus and Euridice

See by M^r Boyce

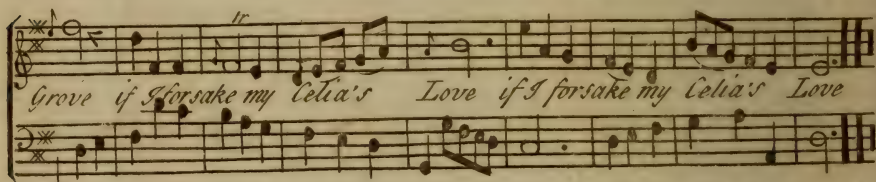
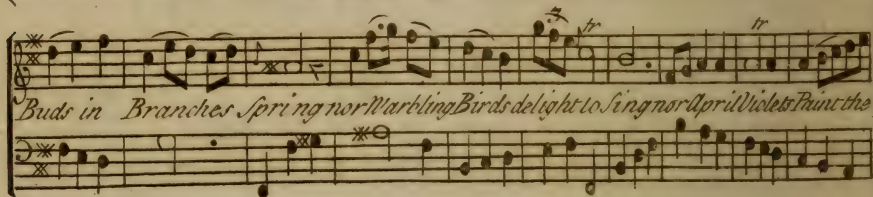
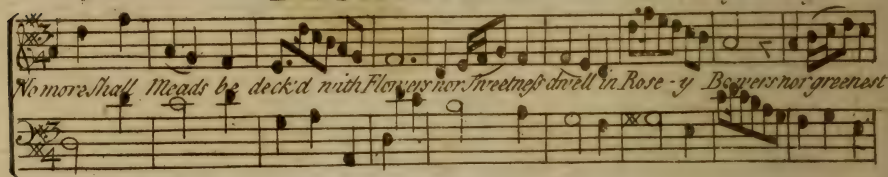
When Orpheus went down to the Regions below which M^{en} are forbidden to See He
 laid up his Lyre as old Historys Show to Set his Euridice free to Set his Euridice
 free All Hell was astonish'd a Person so wise should rashly endanger his Life and
 venture so far but how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his
 Wife how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his Wife.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
 Old Pluto had puzzl'd his Brain;
 But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,
 So he gave him his Wife back again, he gave him &c.
 But judy succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well;
 He took her again in Reward of his Art;
 Such Power has Musick in Hell, In Reward &c.



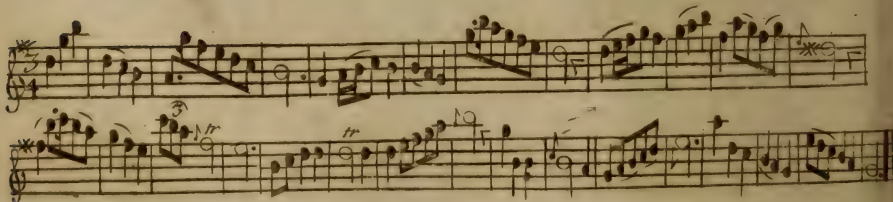
The Protestation

Set by Mr. Boyce



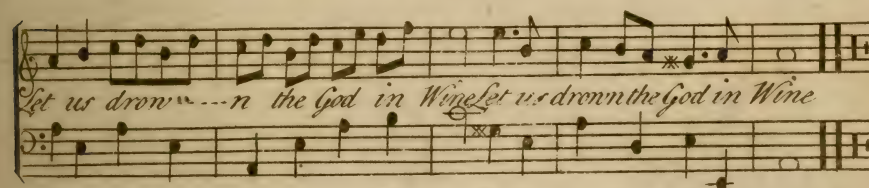
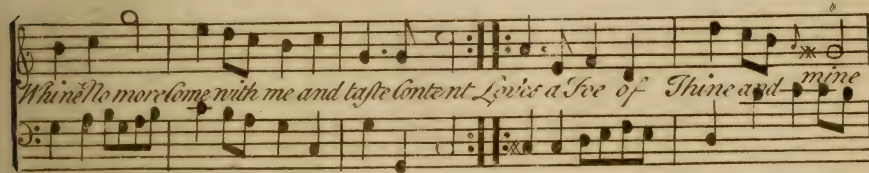
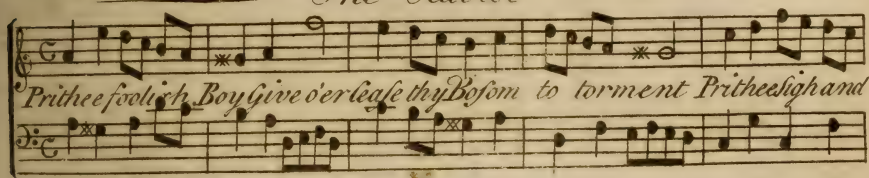
<p>The fish shall in the Ocean burn And Fountains Sweet Shall bitter turn The Humble Vale no Floods shall know When Floods shall Highest Hills o'er flow Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave If e'er my Celia I deceive If e'er &c.</p>	<p>Love Shall his Bow and Shafts lay by And Venus Doves want Wings to fly The Sun refuse to Shew his light And Day be turned into Night And in that Night no Star appear If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er &c.</p>
--	--

FLUTE



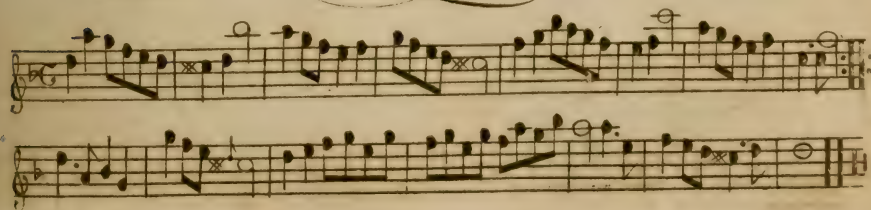


The Advice



Stella's fairer Shape and Eyes	Leave the Silly gaudy train
Charms too Lovely to Behold	And believe me when I say
Let us seek to Crown our Joys	All the Joys they give are vain
Where the Best Champaign is sold	Leave them then and come away
Love's a foe &c	Love's a foe &c

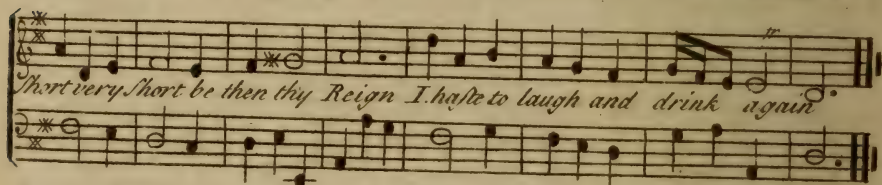
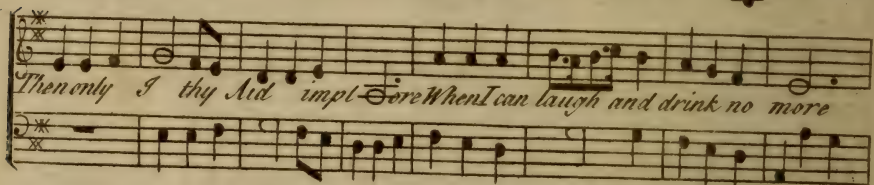
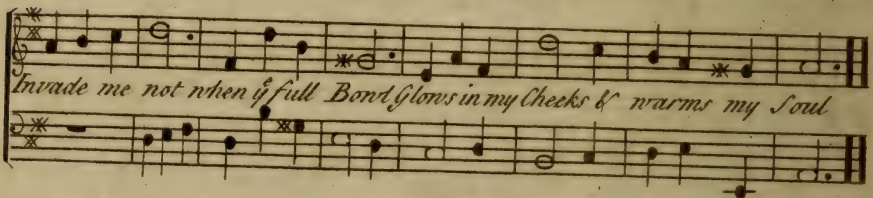
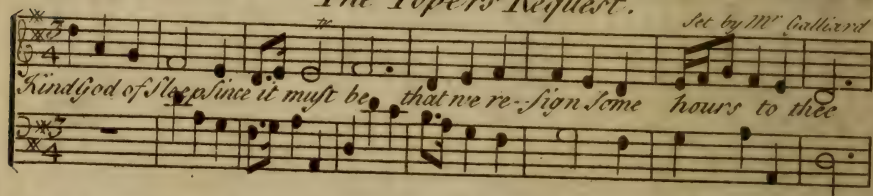
For the Flute.





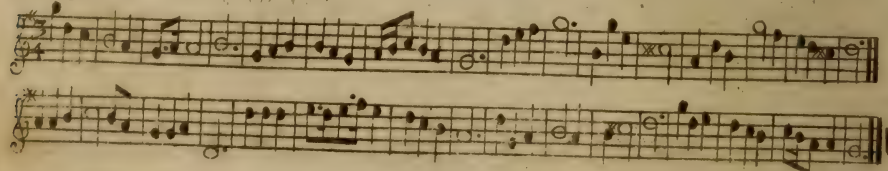
The Toper's Request.

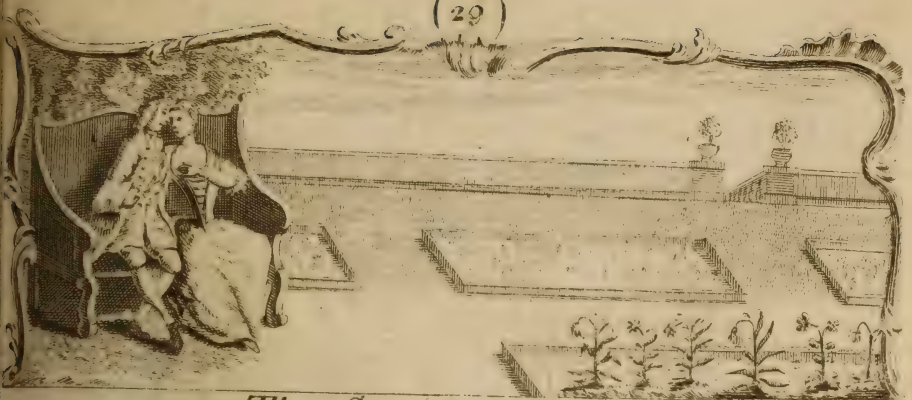
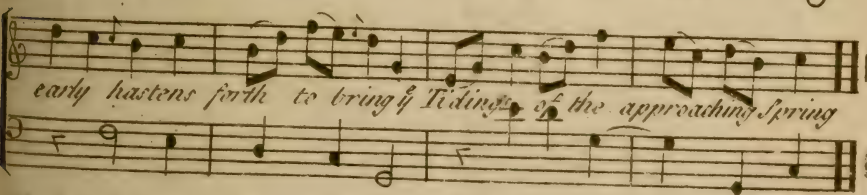
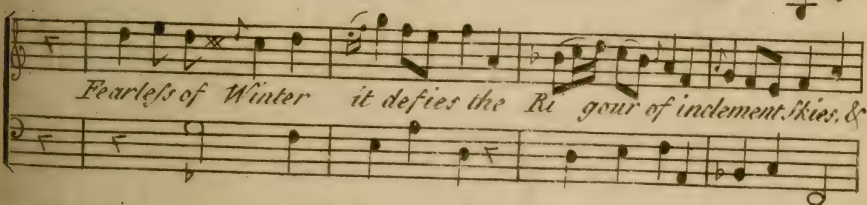
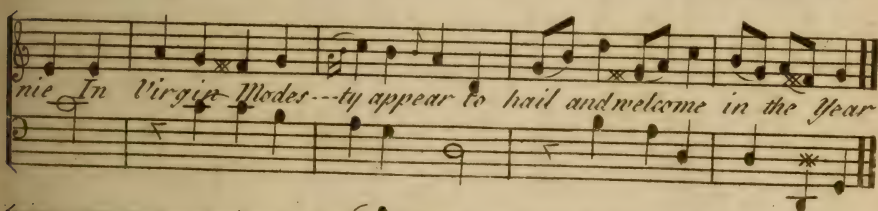
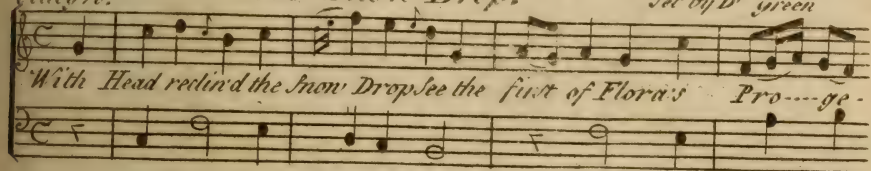
See by Mr. Galliard



But Oh if melting in my Arms, Then prithee gentle Slumber stay
 the Nymph adorn'd with all her Charms, And slow and slowly bring the day
 In pleasing Dreams should me surprise. If Fanny can such Bliss bestow
 And grant what waking she denies: Who would not be deluded so.

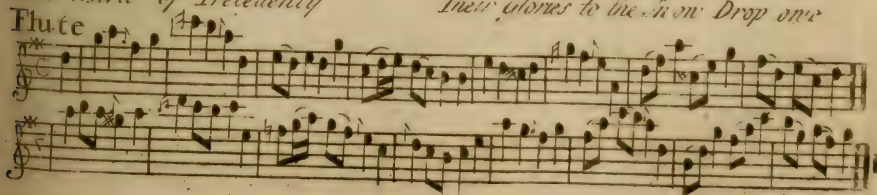
Flute



*Allegro.**The Snow Drop.**Set by Dr. Green*

The humble in its dress and plain
It whets in a beautiful Train
And claims how gaudy e'er they be
The Merit of Precedency

All that is gay or sweet disclose
The Pink the Tulip or the Rose
In fair Succession as they blow
Their Glories to the Snow Drop owe





The Rose

Go Rose my lilies bosom grace; how happy tho' I prove whilst I supply that
 Envid place with ne...ver fading Love there Phoenix like beneath her Eye in-
 -volv'd in Raptures burn and die Involv'd in Raptures burn & die

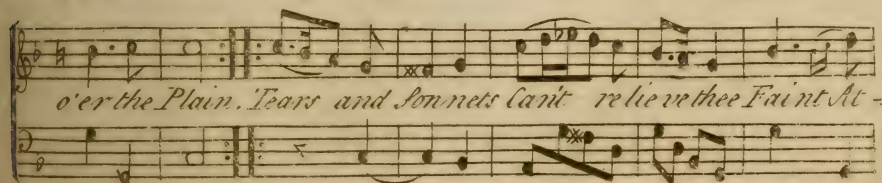
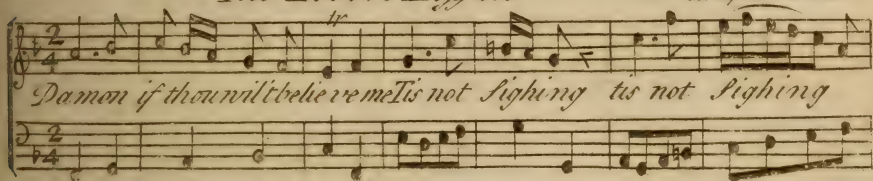
Know happyless Flower that thou shalt find
 More fragrant Roses there
 I see thy With'ring head redind
 With Envy and despair
 One common fate we both must Prove
 You die with Envy, I with Love

FLUTE



The Lovers Lesson

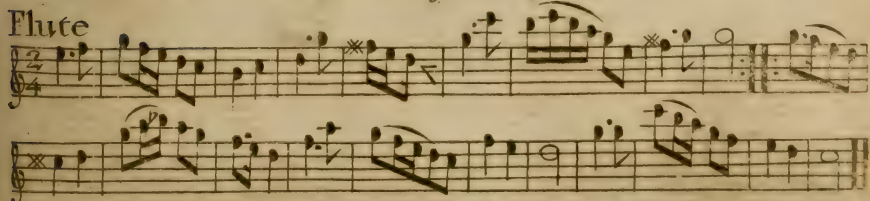
Set by M^r Froluer

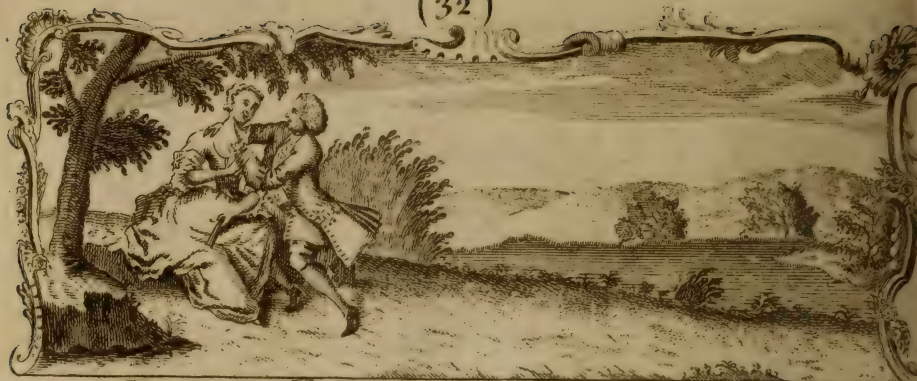


Urge but home the fair Occasion,
And be Master of the Field:
To a resolute Invasion,
Tis a Madnes not to yield.

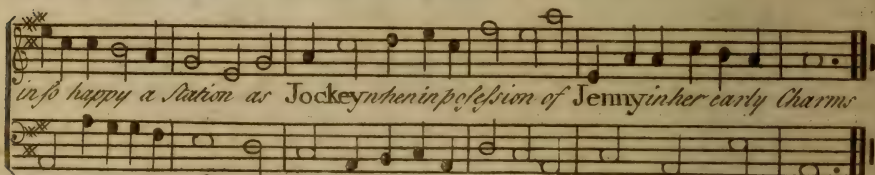
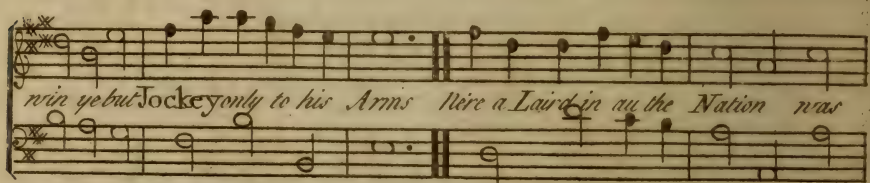
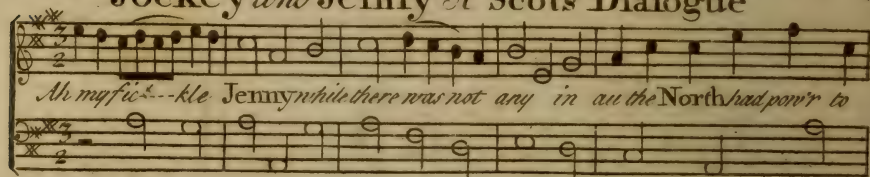
Love gives out a Large Commission
Still indulgent to the brave
But one Tip of base Omision
Love nor Woman yet forgave

Flute





Jockey and Jenny A Scots Dialogue



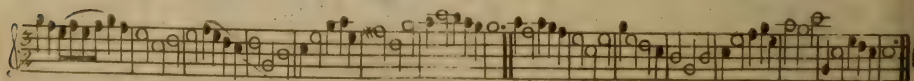
Jenny) Had you still addrest me,
As eance you carast me,
Nean other Lad had e're possast me,
But thine alean I now had been:
Had I only been in vogue w' ye,
And had you let none else colloque ye,
Nor rambl'd after Kathern Oggie,
I'd sped as wuel as ony Lucien.

Jockey) ³ Moggie of Dumferling,
Is now my ony Darling,
Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
And dances with a bonny Awe;
Moggie is so kind and tender
If fate was ready now to end her
I'd dye, if he wad Moggie spare.

Jenny) ⁴ Sawny me caresses,
Whose Bagpipe so pleases,
That never my poor Heart at ease is,
But when we are together beath.
I'd so heartily befriend him,
If Fate was ready now to end him,
I could I but from the Stroke defend him
A thousand times I'd suffer Death

Jockey) ⁵ Come let's leave this frooling,
My Heart ne're was cooling,
Nean ere but Jenny there was ruling
But thus our Hearts we fondly try.
Jenny) To thy Arms if thou restore me,
Should au the lairds ith land adore me,
Nay our Gued King himsel send for me
With thee alean I'd live and Dye.

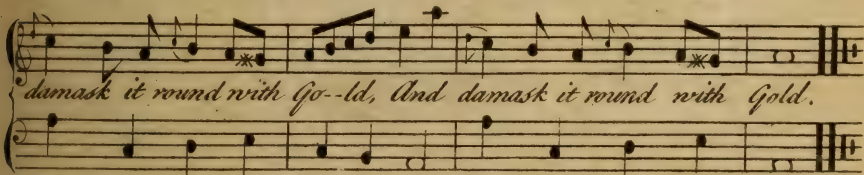
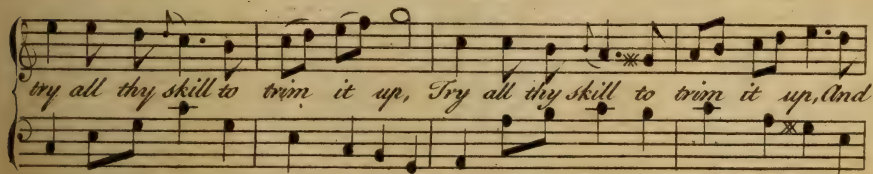
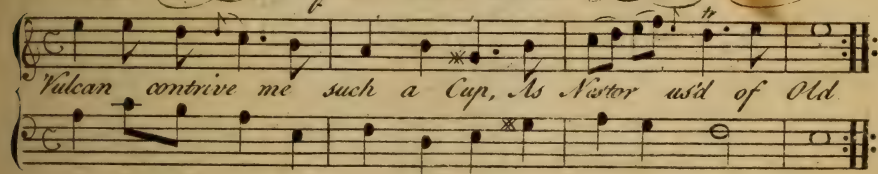
Flute





An Address to Vulcan,

Set by M^r. Fisher Tench.



Make it so large, when fill'd with Punch,
Up to the swelling Brim;
Vast toasts on the Delicious Lake, Vast &c.
(Like Ships at Sea) may swim like &c.

Carve me thereon a Curling Vire,
And add two lovely Boys;
Whose Limbs in am'rous folds entwine, &c.
The Types of future Joys &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,
May Love & Wine still reign;
With wine I wash away my Care
And then to my Love again

Flute





The Cuckon, a Favourite Song.

Sym
Allagn non troppo
 When daisies
 When shepherds
 pink & Violets blue and Ladies smocks all Silver white & Cuckon buds of yellow hue do
 pipe on Oaten straws & merry larks are Ploughmens Clocks & Turtles tread & Rooks & Daws &
 paint the Meadows wth delight
 Maidens bleach their Sun. Smocks
 The Cuckon then on every Tree
 Mocks married Men Mocks married men mocks married men for thus sings he Cuckon Cuckon Cuckon Cuckon
 Cuckon Cuckon
 O word of fear O word of fear unpleasing to a married ear unpleasing to a
Sym
 married ear.



The Inamour'd Swain

Set by M^r Howard

Tell me dear charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly cloy all but the joys of loving

thee & they alone immortal be they neither dull the mind or sense nor loose their pleasing

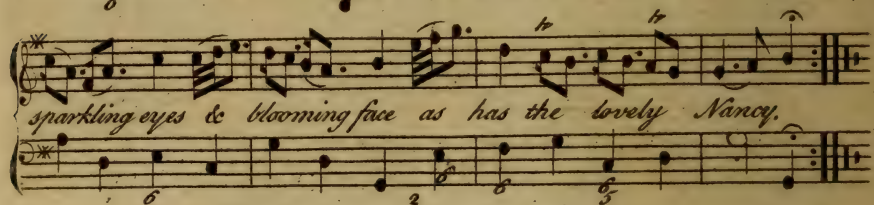
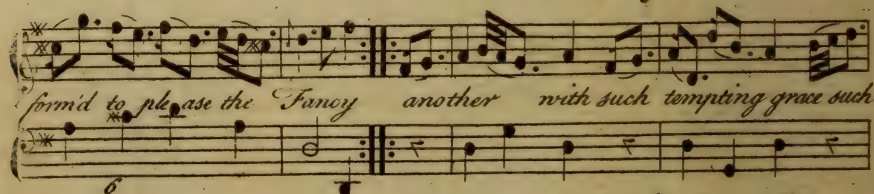
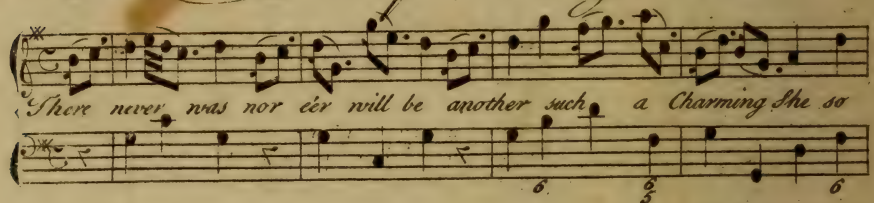
influence, they neither dull the mind or sense nor loose their pleasing Influence

*For ever I with fierce desire,
 Could gaze on thee & never tire;
 My ravish'd ears could all day long,
 Feast on the Musick of thy tongue;
 And when that fails yet still in you
 I something find that's always new.*

Flute



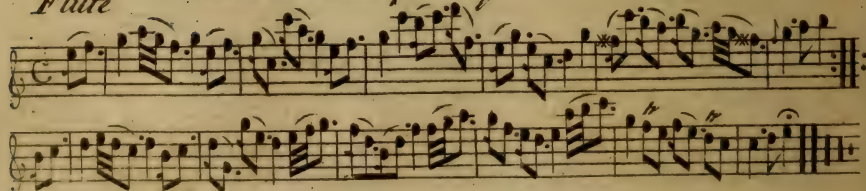
Lovely Nancy



Her shape so rare & breast so white,
Give admiration and Delight,
And at first sight entrance ye,
Her taper leg & tempting thigh,
No all comparison deſpiſe,
For ſuch alone has Nancy.

No borrow'd charms the fair one needs,
In vain for her the Ruby bleeds,
Or diamond ſtarrs you can ſee,
Thoſe jewels give but glim'ring ray,
Compared to the reſplendant day,
Shines all around of Nancy

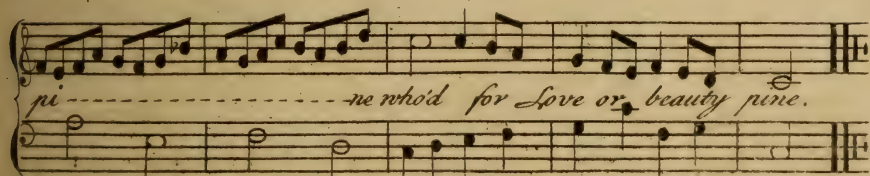
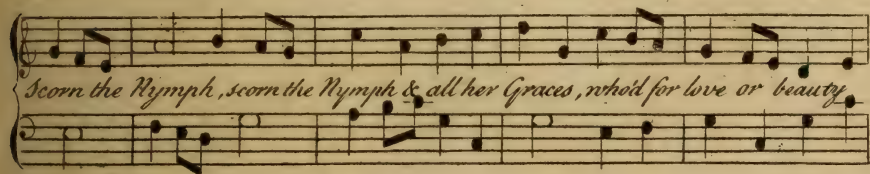
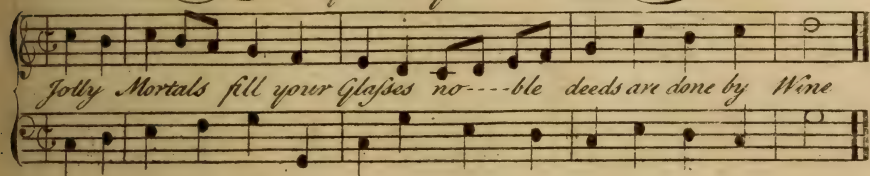
Flute





The Jolly Bachanahians,

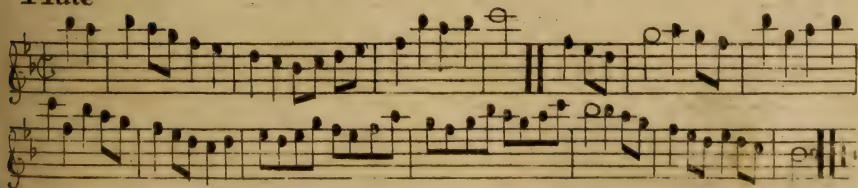
Set by Mr. Galliard.



²
Look within the Bowl that's flowing
And a thousand Charms you'll find
More than Phillis tho' just going
In the Moment to be kind
In the &c.

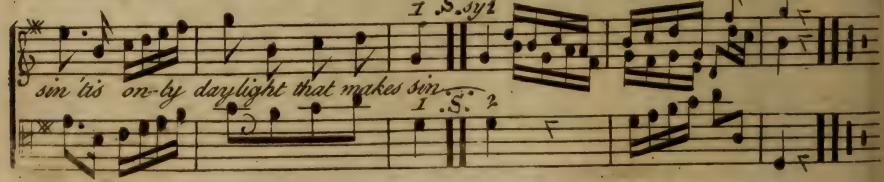
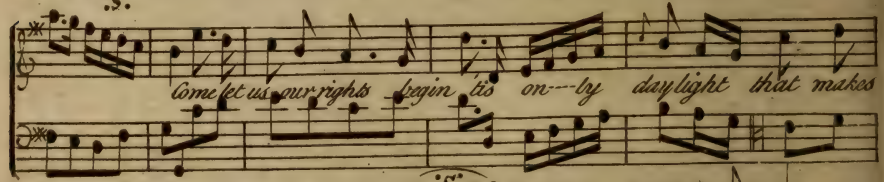
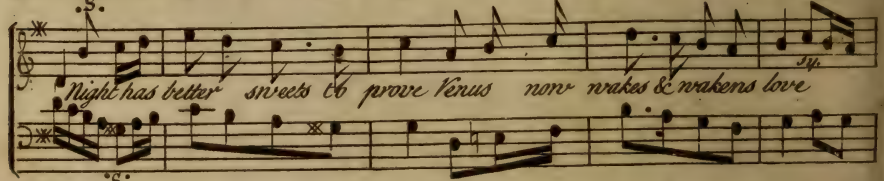
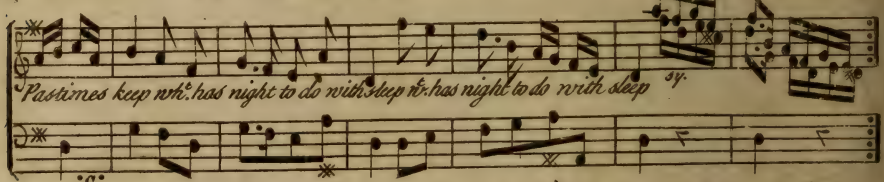
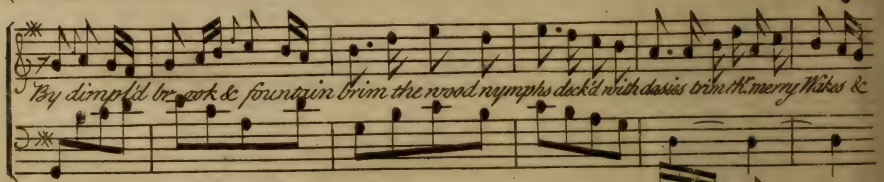
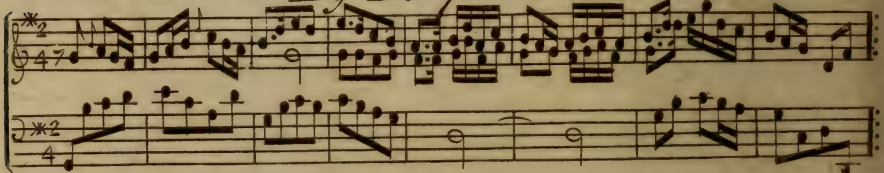
³
Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at Council board;
He subdu'd the World by drinking,
More than by his Conqu'ring sword,
More &c.

Flute





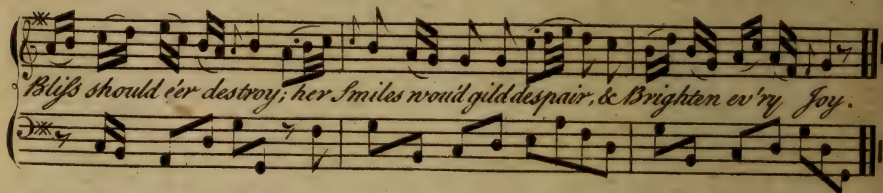
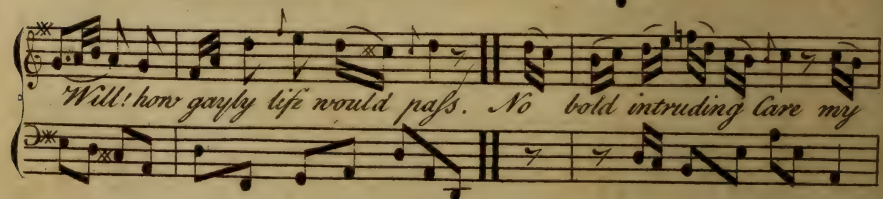
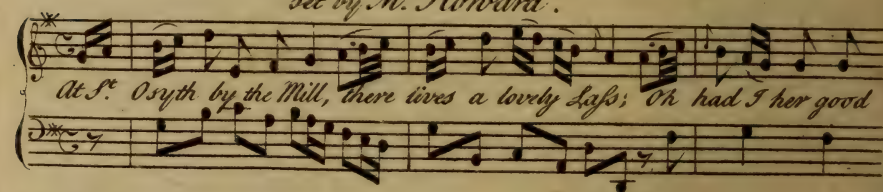
By Dimpled Brook





The Lass of S.^t Osyth.

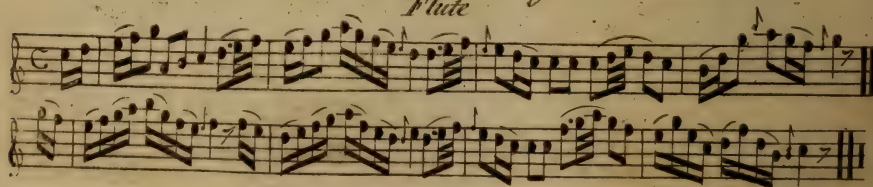
set by M.^r Howard.



*Like Nature's rural Scene,
Her artless beauties Charm,
Like them with Joy serene,
Our wishing hearts they warm.
Her wit with sweetness Crown'd
Steals ev'ry Sence away;
The listning Swains around,
Forget the short'ning Day.*

*Health, Freedom, Wealth & Ease,
Without her tasteless are,
She gives them pow'r to please
And makes them worth our Care.
Is there ye Fates a Bliss
Reserv'd my future care,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.*

Flute





The Power of Drinking

Play Care to the Winds thus I blow thee a way I'll drown thee in
 Wine if thou dar'st for to stay With bumpers of Claret my spirits I'll
 Wine if thou dar'st for to stay with bumpers of Claret my spirits I'll
 raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my Days

raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my days

God Bacchus This moment adopts me his Son
 And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown
 The sparkling liquor a new Vigour supplies,
 And makes the Nymph kind, who before was too wise

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me,
 Two bottles of Claret will make us agree
 Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,
 And her coy press wash'd down she'll fly to your Arms

Flute



The Bee,

set by M^r. Duncasse

To suck the flowers—sweet a little wanton Bee; The liquid Air did
beat and flew from tree to tree Dazzled by flow'ry scent and
eke by flow'ry hue, On Rosy sweets intent, to Delia's Cheek it flew

Surpriz'd, the tim'rous Fair,
It's fluttering Pinions prest,
Death arm'd him with despair,
He stung and sunk to rest.
Be still young Thirsus cry'd,
Some Magick words I'll say;
There's nought so sure beside,
Can Charm the Pain away.

This said, his lips he laid,
Close to the fair one's face;
Just where the wound was made,
And kiss'd th' envenom'd Place,
He suck'd the fatal Wound,
And drew forth all the smart;
But soon, alas! he found,
The sting had pierc'd his heart

Flute.



Chloe Weeping

Set by M^r. Lampe

What mean fair Cloe's mournful eyes, those sighs y^e heave her breast, oh speak dear
Sure some curst fate in ev'ry trye t'invade my fair one's Rest

Nymph declare y^e cause of so much anxious Pain; methinks those tears pronounce y^e loss of

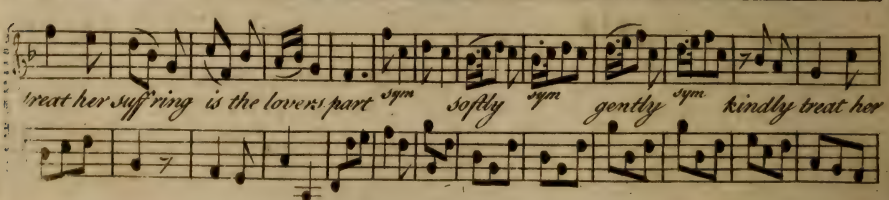
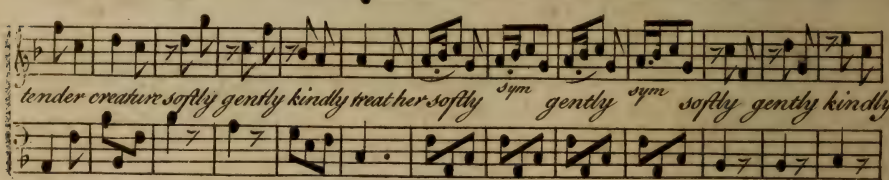
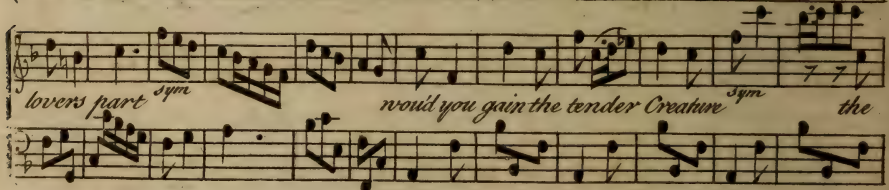
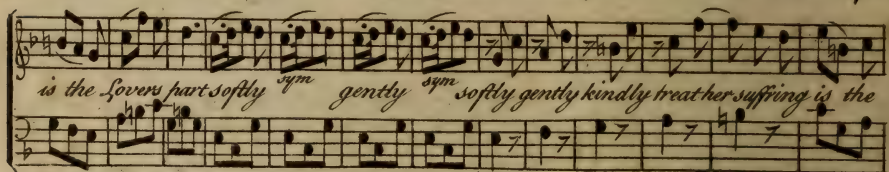
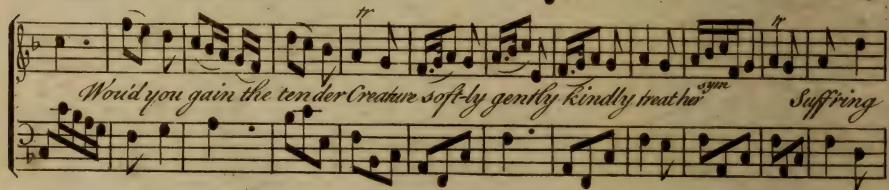
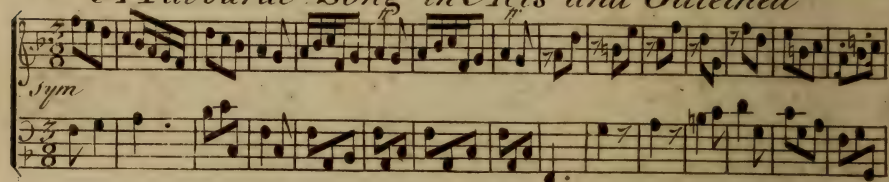
some dear lovely Swain; methinks those tears pronounce y^e loss of some dear lovely Swain

Those blooming Cheeks like Roses dy'd,
Thro' sorrow seem to fade;
Those Eyes the radiant Sun outv'd
O'ercast a gloomy Shade.
Sooner than they shall close with Grief,
Or Cloe near the Willow,
Kind Cupid send us both Relief,
And bless me on her Pillow.

Flute



A Favourite Song in Acis and Galethea





Compos'd by M.^r Handel

suffering is the lovers part *supr*

Beauty by constraint po-

ssessing you enjoy but half the blessing lifeless charms without y. heart lifeless char^{ms} without y. heart

beauty by constraint possessing you enjoy but half y. blessing lifeless Charms without y. heart

D: C

Flute

Song

D: C



A Favourite Song

The Charms n^o. blooming beauty shews, Infance's heavenly fair, We
to the lil-ly & the Rose, With semblance apt compare, n^o. semblance apt for Ah! how
soon how so on they a--ll decay, the Lil-ly dro-ops, the Rose is
gone and beauty fades awa-----y and Beauty fades a way

*But when bright Virtue stands confest,
 With sweet discretion join'd;
 With mildness calms the peaceful breast
 And wisdom guides the mind*

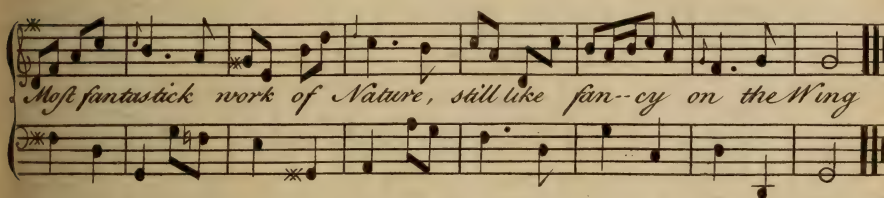
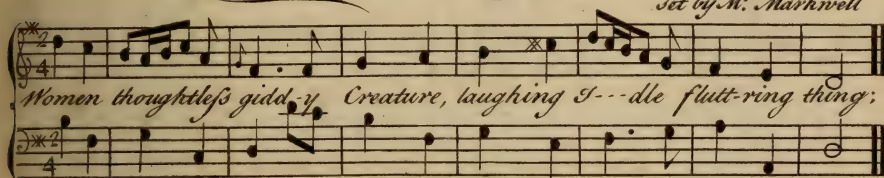
*When Charms like these conspire,
 Thy person to approve,
 They kindle generous chaste desire,
 And everlasting Love*

Flute



The Whining Lover,

set by M^r. Marshwell



²
Slaves to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving hating in extream;
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.

³
Lovely trifle! dear Illusion!
Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd for pain;
Man's chief glory and Confusion,
Of all Vanities most vain.

⁴
Thus deriding beauty's power,
We will call it all a Cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Kneeld and whin'd at Celia's feet.

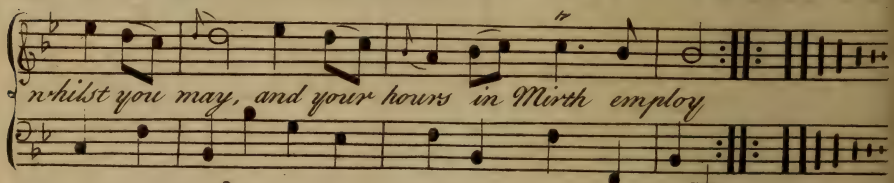
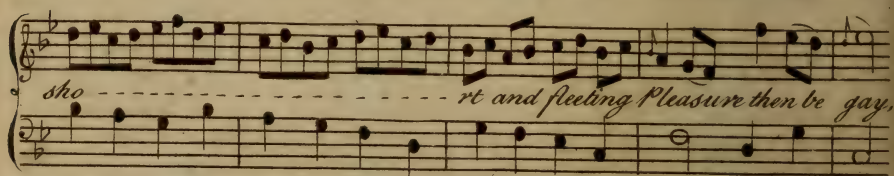
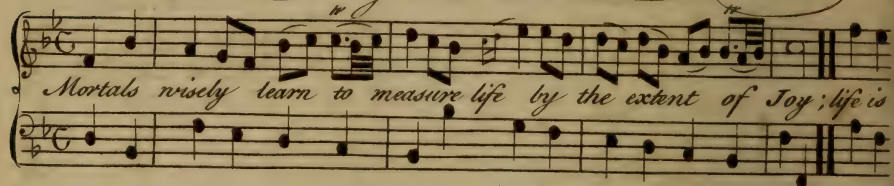
FLUTE





The Advice

Set by M.^r Handel

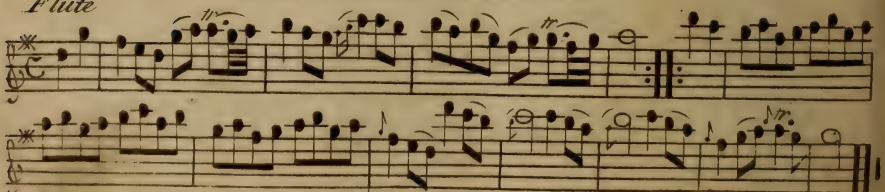


Never let a mistress² pain you,
 Tho she meets you with a frown;
 Fly to Wine, it will soon unchain you,
 Cheer thy Heart,
 And all smart,
 In a sweet oblivion down.

If loves fiercer flames should sieze thee³
 To some gentle Maid repair;
 She'll with soft Endearments ease thee
 On her Breast,
 Lull'd to Rest,
 Cas'd of Love and free from Care

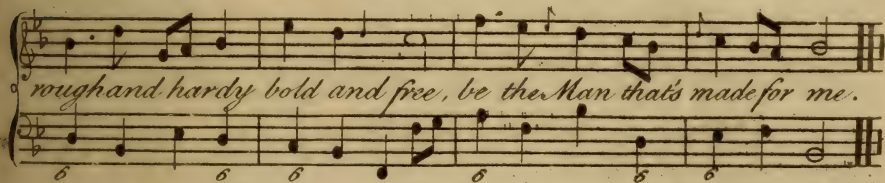
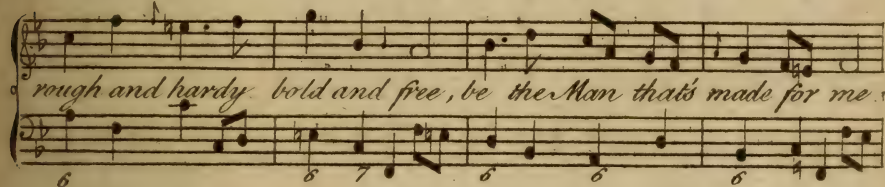
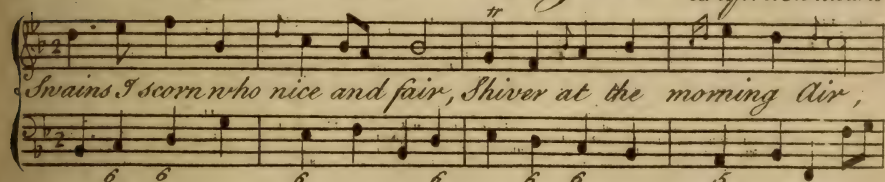
Friendship, Wine and Love united,
 From all Ills defend thee; Mind;
 By them guarded and delighted,
 Happy State,
 Smile at Fate,
 And leave sorrow to the Wind.

Flute





The Amazon set by Mr. S. Howard



Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
Fops alone them selves care's;
Let them without Rival be,
They are not the Men for me.

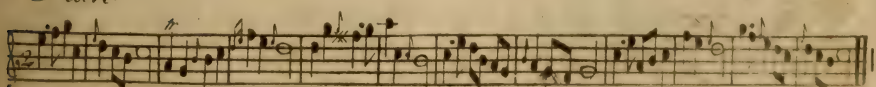
He whose nervous Arm can dart,
The Jav'lin to the Tygers heart;
From all sense of danger free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

While his speed outstrips the wind
Loosly wave his locks behind;
From fantastick Popp'ry free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

Nor simpering smile, nor dimpled cheek,
Spoil his manly sun burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be
He's the Man that's made for me.

If false he proves my Jav'lin can
Revenge the Perjury of Man,
And soon another brave as he
Shall be found the Man for me.

Flute





The force of Love

Ah! cruel Blood, y fate what canst thou now do more ah! tis now to late Phi
 lander to restore Why should the heavenly pow'r's persuade poor mortals to be
 lieve they guard us here & reward us there yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Ponyard then she took and held it in her hand
 And with a dying look cry'd thus I fate command
 Philander ah my Love I come to meet thy shade below
 Ah I come she cry'd with a round so wide there needs no second blow

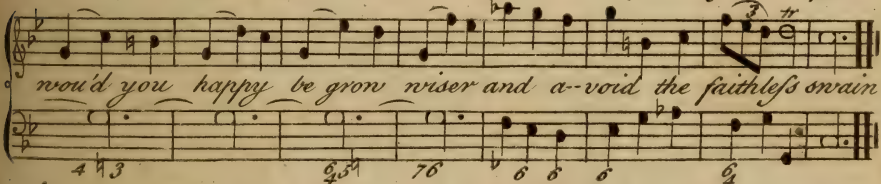
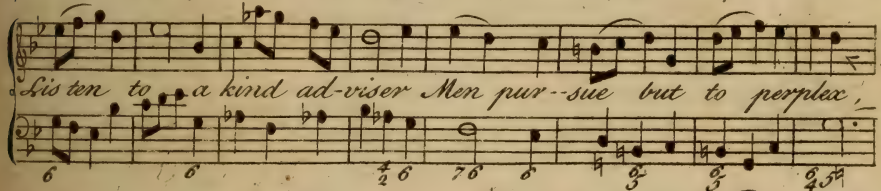
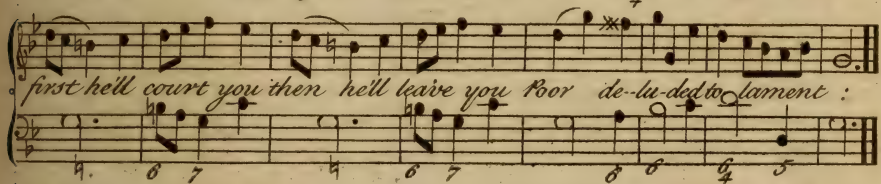
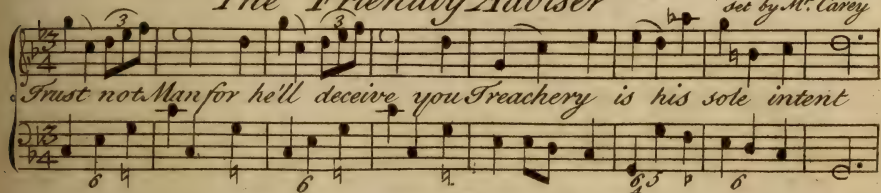
In purple waves her blood ran streaming down the floor
 Unmov'd she saw the Flood and blest her dying hour
 Philander ah Philander still the bleeding Phillis cry'd
 She wept a while then forc'd a smile then clos'd her Eyes & dy'd

Flute



The Friendly Adviser

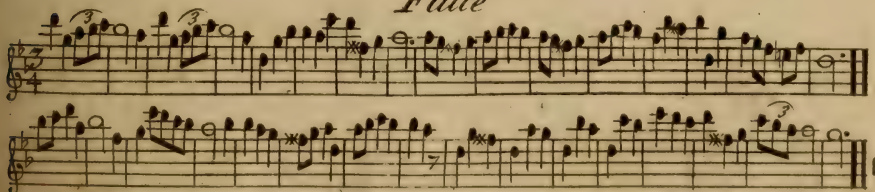
set by M^r. Carey



Formid by nature to undo us,
They escape our utmost heed
Oh! how humble when they woo us
Oh! how vain when they succeed.

To the Bird when once deluded
By the artful Fowler's snare,
Mourns out Life in Cage secluded;
Virgins then in time beware.

Flute





A Favourite Song

As Cupid roguishly one day had all alone stole out to play & Muses caught y^e
little little little knave & captive love to beauty gave the Muses caught y^e little little little

knave & captive love to beauty gave The Saug- - - - - ing done soon

mist her son & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted ru - - - - - n dis

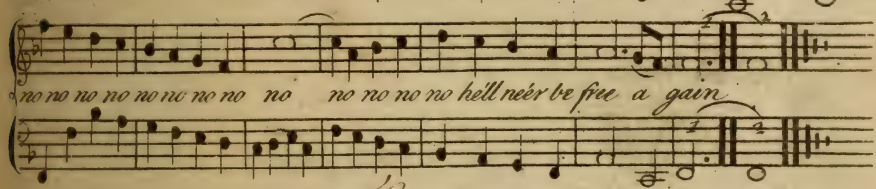
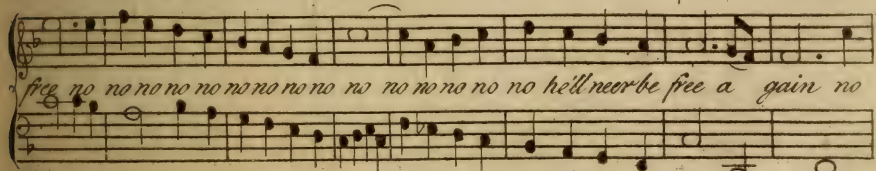
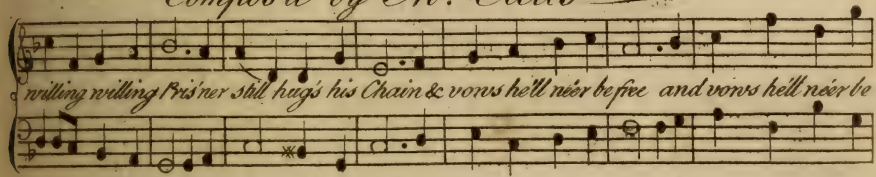
trac - - - - - ted run & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted run and still his

liberty to gain his liberty to gain offers his Ransom but in vain in vain in vain the

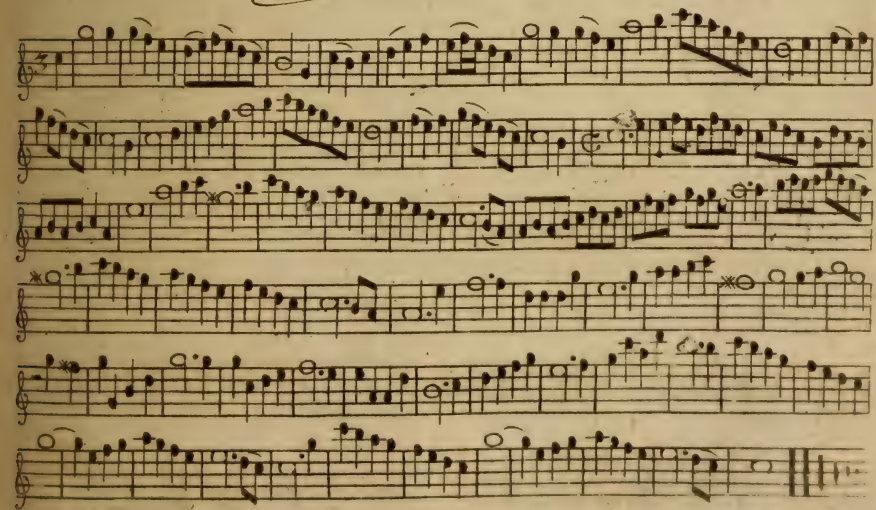
liberty to gain his liberty to gain offers his Ransom but in vain in vain in vain the



Compos'd by M^r. Eccles



Flute.





The Lark

Set by M. Lampe.

*Oh pretty tuneful flutt'ring thing, raise rise thy gently thrilling Note, Oh mount & cut thy
Mark the fond echo's round thy sing & steal thy Music from thy throat*

*yielding Air, with spreading wing & downy breast, see Phoebus waits to meet thee
there & greet thee now a welcome guest & greet thee now a welcome guest.*

*Thou soon the piping Shepherd hears,
And imitates thy warbling strain;
With sweeter sounds you charm our Ears,
And silence the presuming Swain.*

*Glad thro' the bending Corn I stray
While you aloft at pleasure rove
And hallowing hail the new-born day
With songs of Mirth & Notes of Love.*

*Aid with thy Harmony my Muse!
And to thy Music tune my Song
May all the Nine their Warmth infuse
But soft as thine, as sweet and strong*

*My Fanny then thy Voice shall charm
With me thro' flow'ry fields to rove
Whilst taught by thee, my lays shall warm
Her tender breast to glow with Love*

Flute



Bacchus & Venus United.

Claudio to manly sports & generous wine twelve circling y^r his spo ----- *rrful*
A Jol. by Son of Bacchus uncontrould stranger to care his hou ----- *rs un*

heart inclin'd; The God of wine so much engro ----- *sd his heart Venus with*
heer'd roll'd;

all her charms possess'd no pa ----- *rt Venus th. all her char. possess'd no part.*

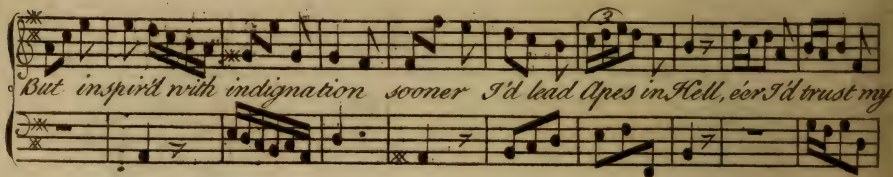
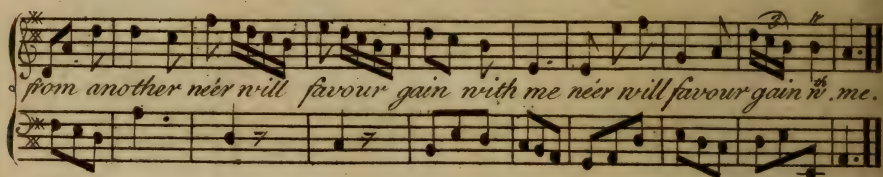
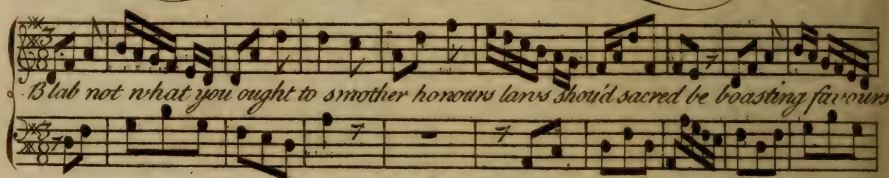
Cupid enrag'd drew his unerring dart, Love triumph's now o're Claudio's manly,
And in revenge shot quite thro' Claudio's head. But still allows the life-reviving bowl
The joundn s'nain still loath to leave his glass. When love & Wine in mutual converse meet
Or to confess fair Delia's Charms surpass, Mortals like Gods are render'd then compleat
Now pensive strives in vain to avoid Love's snare. Bacchus & Venus should be hand in glove
Wine but his second, Delia, his first Care. He that would life enjoy must drink & love.

Flute

tr



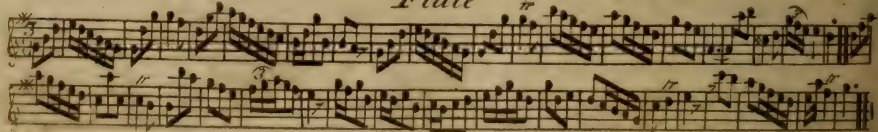
The
TELL TALE



He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal,
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure
Cautious should his joy conceal,
Cautious should his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save,
One where truth and prudence center,
And as sacred as the Grave,
And as sacred as the Grave.

Flute



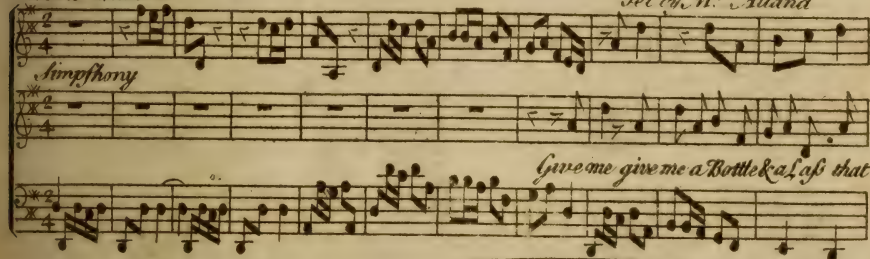


The Amorous Lad

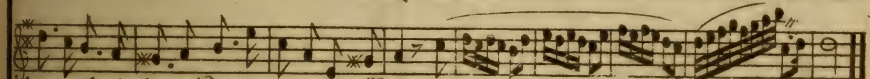
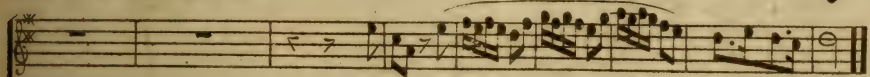
Violino Unisoni

Set by M.^r Alland

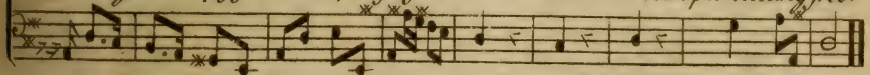
Sinfonia



Give me give me a Bottle & a Glass that

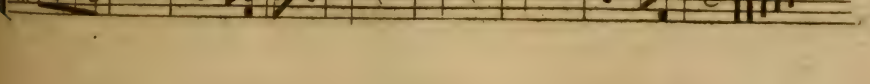
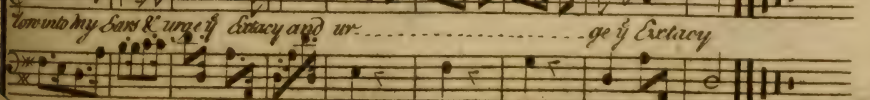
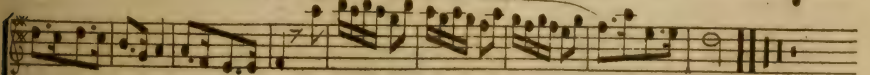


hates a Lucky hour his pass from amorous sport free from care..... rous from..... ting free.



Piano

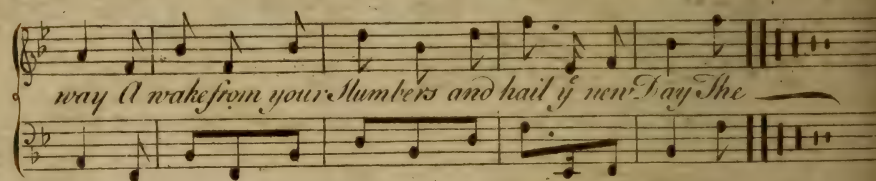
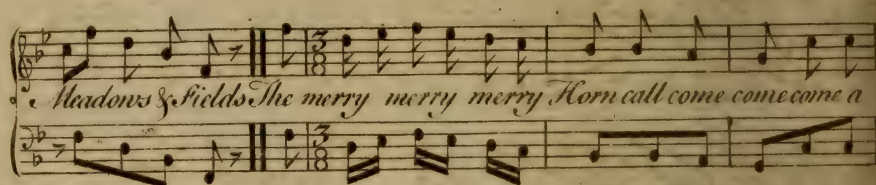
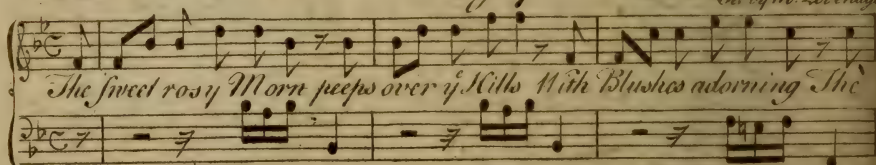
who moves by no nicely Deary darts whisper





The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Set by M^r Lovenidge.



2
The Stag rouz'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to y^e Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.
Then follow, follow, follow;
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure & Vigorous
Health you embrace.

cho.

3
The Day Sport when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brusk Lover
Fresh Charms for y^e Night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown y^e Day.

cho.

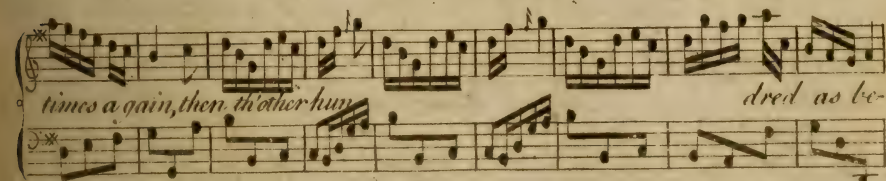
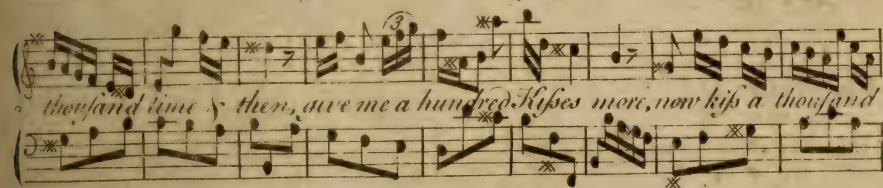
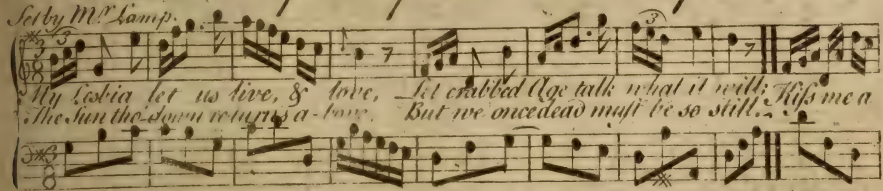
FLUTE.





The faithful Courtship.

Set by M^r Camp.



And if, when we have done all this, — Thus we will love & thus we'll live, —
That our sweet Pleasures may remain, While all our passing Minutes slip,
We will continue on our Bliss, — We'll have no time to vex or grieve,
Unkissing of them all again. — But kiss, & unkiss till we die.

Flute.





A Favourite Song

Symphony

Song:

Ye Mortals that love drinking apply your selves to me tis I destroy dull

thinking I'm nought bute Sol-ti-ty

Song:

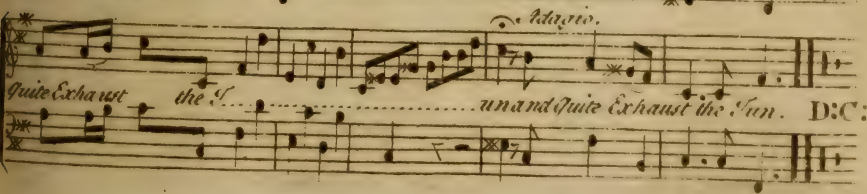
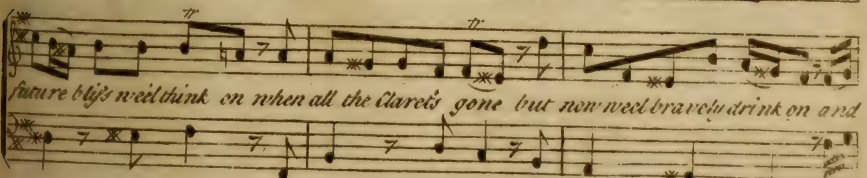
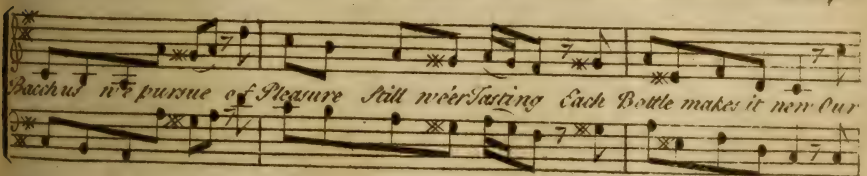
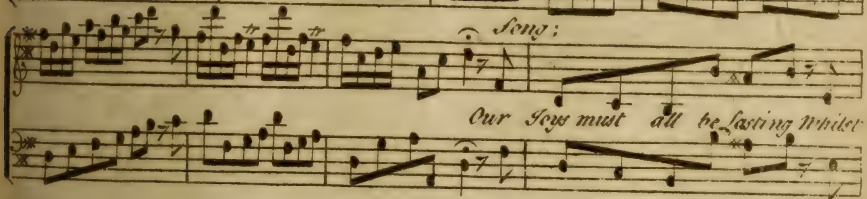
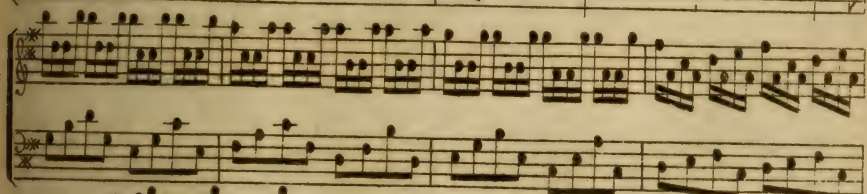
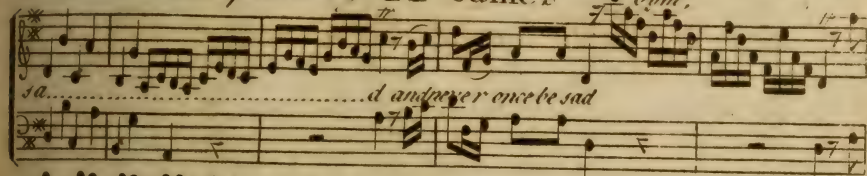
Let Whining panyglers Con-

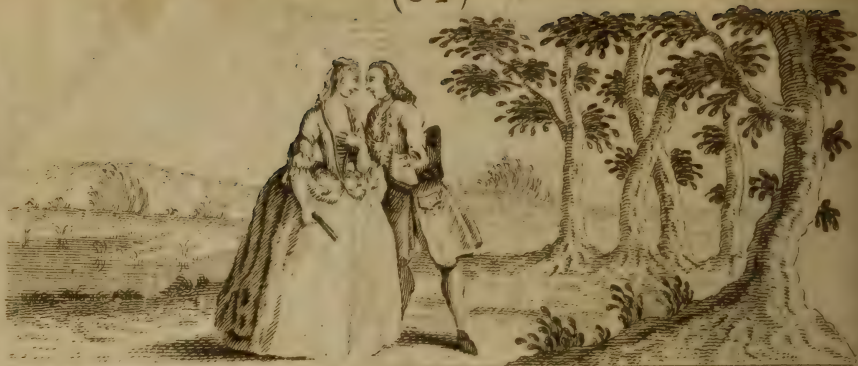
-temn the Quaffing Lad We'll freely take our Glafkes and never once be



Composed by M^r James

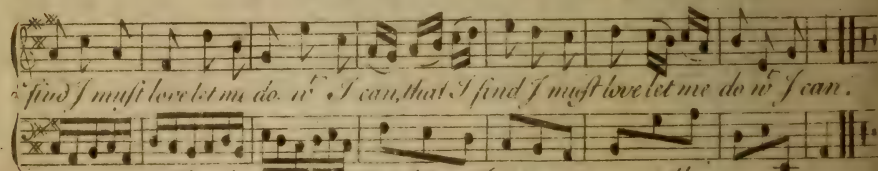
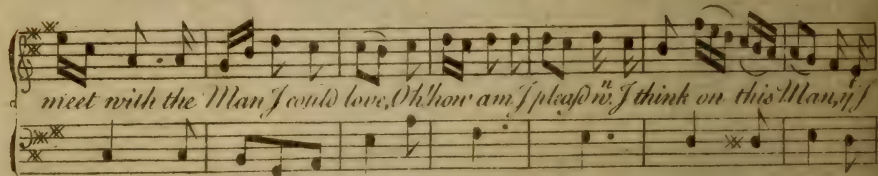
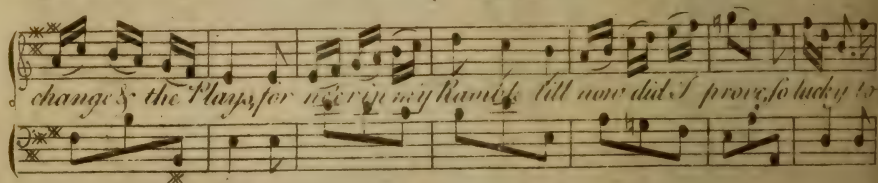
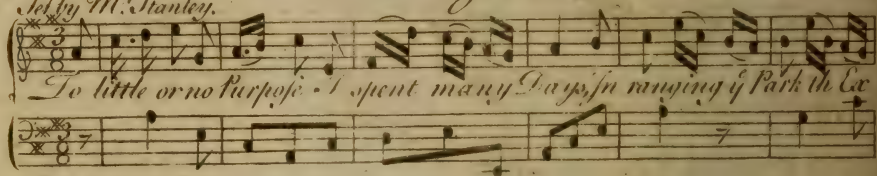
Sym;





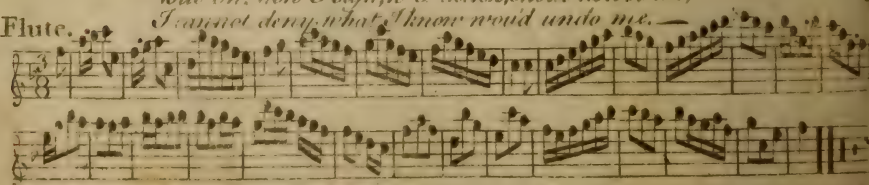
The Ladies Passion Fixt.

Set by M. Stanley.



How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
 Than had I a Fever when I should be well;
 My Passion shall kill me, before I will shew it,
 And yet I would give all y^e World he did know it,
 But Oh! how I sigh, w^h I think, should he woo me;
 I cannot deny what I know would undo me.

Flute.

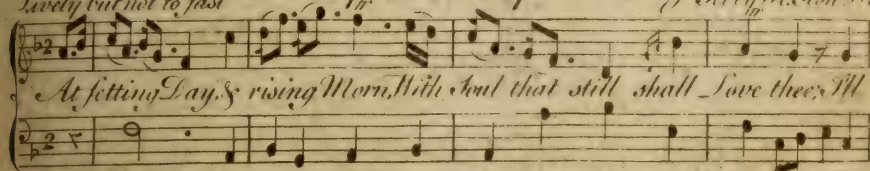




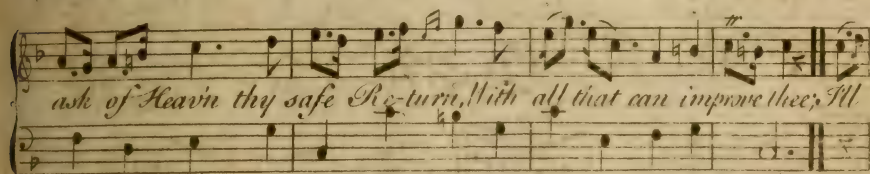
The Faithful Shepherdess.

Lively but not to fast

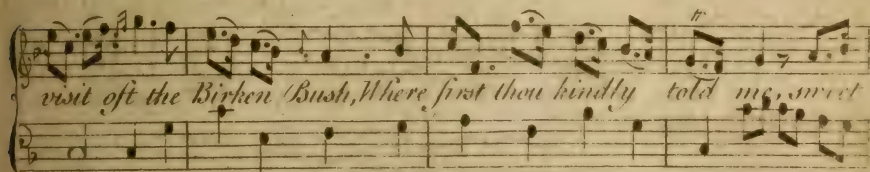
Set by M. S. Non.



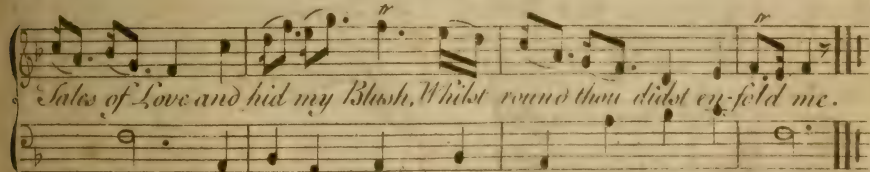
At setting Day, & rising Morn, With soul that still shall Love thee, I'll



ask of Heav'n thy safe Re-turn, With all that can improve thee, I'll



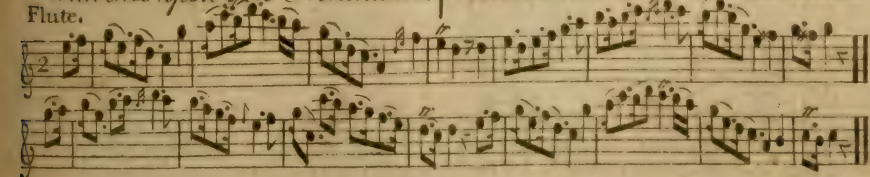
visit oft the Birken Bush, Where first thou kindly told me, sweet



Sales of Love and hid my Blush, Whilst round thou didst en-fold me.

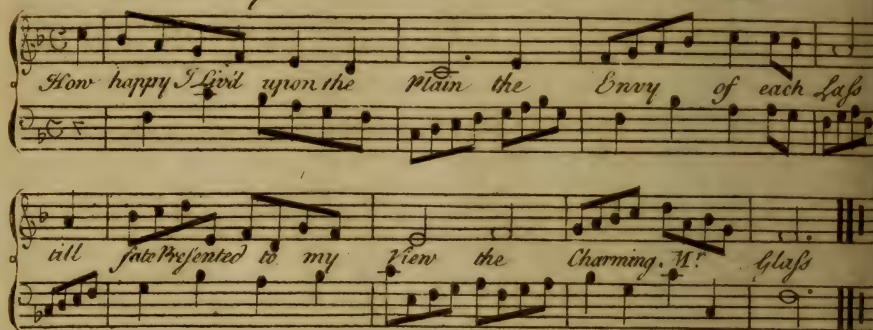
<i>To all our Haunts I will repair;</i>	<i>There will I tell of Trees & Flow'rs,</i>
<i>By Greenwood shaw or Fountain;</i>	<i>From Thoughts unseign'd & tender;</i>
<i>Or where if Sommer Day I'd share,</i>	<i>By Yon's you're miracle love is yours,</i>
<i>With thee upon yon Mountain.</i>	<i>A Heart which cannot wander.</i>

Flute.





Sylvia Wounded



*But melancholy now and sad,
 The tedious minutes pass,
 All wonder at the fatal Cause,
 But oh! the Cause is Glafs.*

*When Sprightly Musick us'd to play,
 I tripp'd it on the Glafs;
 No Dance or Musick now can please
 Like Voice of M^r Glafs.*

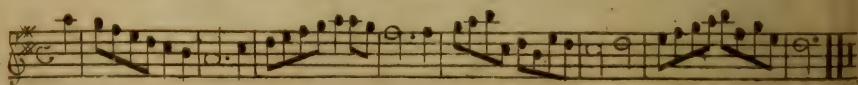
*My parents with Industrious care,
 Did mighty sums amass;
 No one deserves those sums to share,
 So well as M^r Glafs.*

*Let other nymphs try every art,
 To wed a Wealthy Art;
 But had I millions to bestow,
 I'd give it all to Glafs.*

*I us'd to be devout at Church,
 As any Nun at Mass;
 But all my adoration now,
 Is plac'd on M^r Glafs*

*Then cease your plaints ye anxious Swains
 Vain are your sighs alas,
 My Pity all you can obtaine,
 My Love for M^r Glafs.*

FLUTE





Advice to Celia.
a New Song.

Shun not Celia's Loves soft Pleasures, Cause they will not
always last, Thus the Miser least his Treasure E'er should
end Dares never Part, E'er should end Dares never Part.

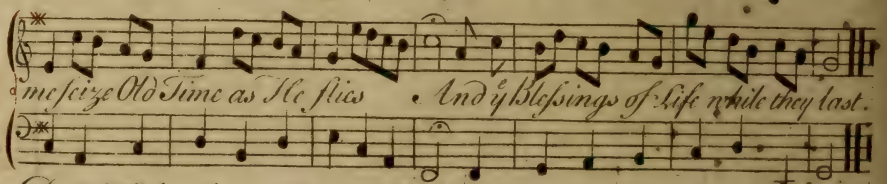
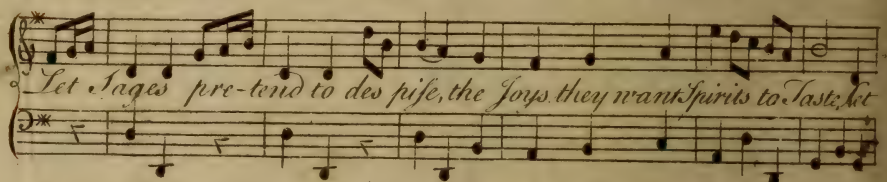
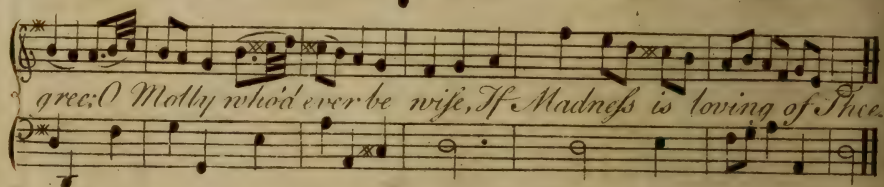
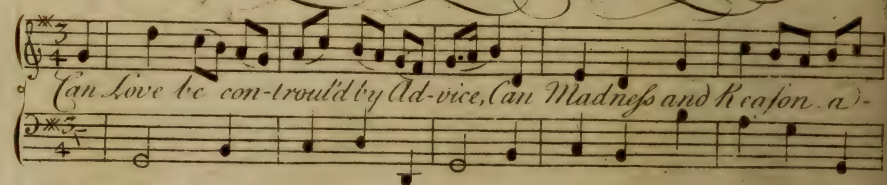
2
Beauty's but a fading Flower -
Would you therefore Love refuse -
Or because there's one last Hour -
Would you all the others lose -
Would you &c.

3
Wisely, seize y^e present Blessing
What the joy of Blessing ends -
Oft repeated Joys possessing -
Bid the Wumber make amends.
Bid the ye.

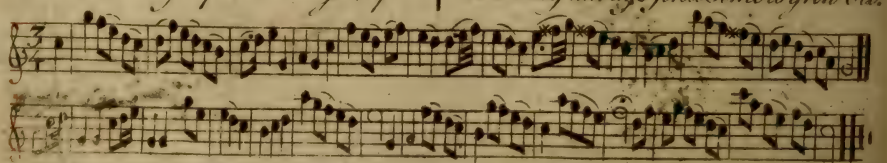
Sings.



The Modest Question.



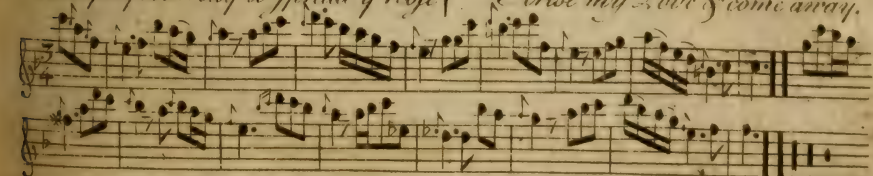
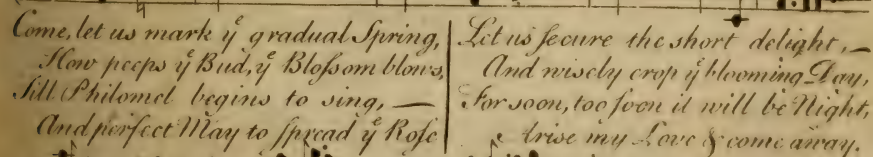
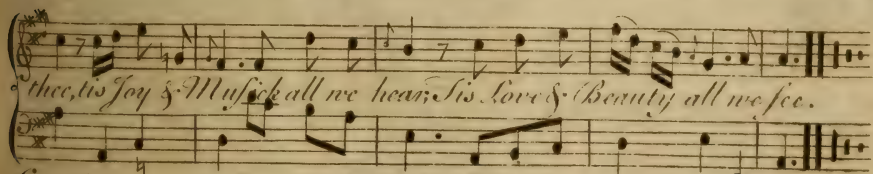
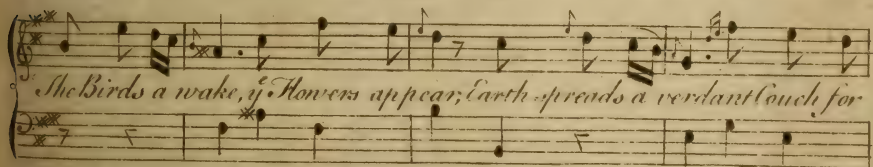
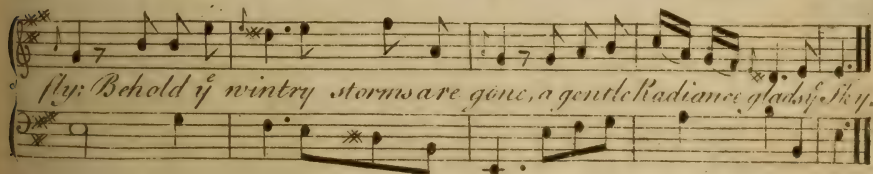
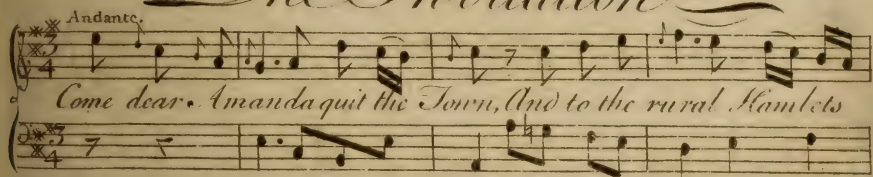
Dull Wiſdom but adds to our Cares,	Then Molly for what ſhould we ſtay,
Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy;	Till our beſt Blood begins to run Cold;
Too ſoon we may meet w. th grey Hairs,	Our Youth we can have but to Day,
Too late may repent being Coy;	We may always find Time to grow Old.

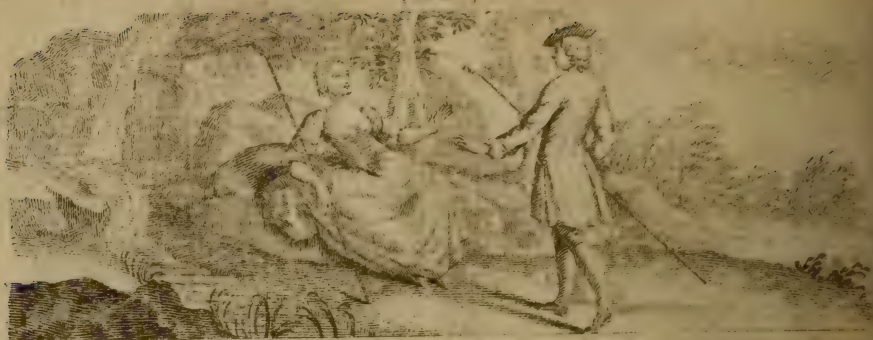
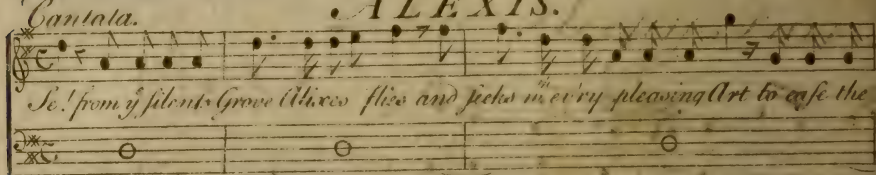




The Invitation

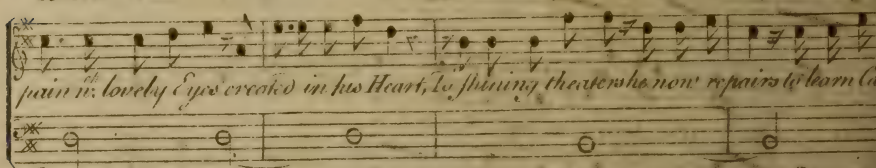
Andante.



*Cantata.**ALEXIS.*

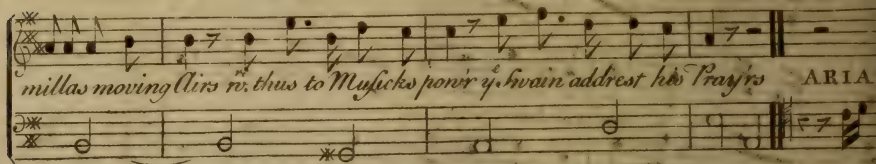
Se! from y^e silent Grove Alceas flies and seeks in ev'ry pleasing Art to ease the

Recit.



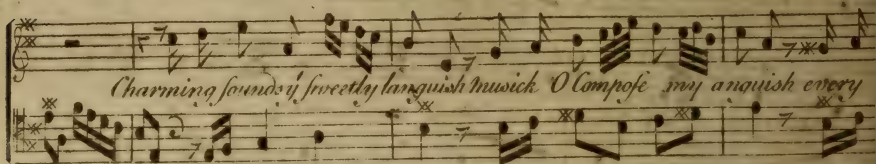
pain in lovely Eyes created in his Heart, to spinning threads who now repairs to learn Ca

Slow

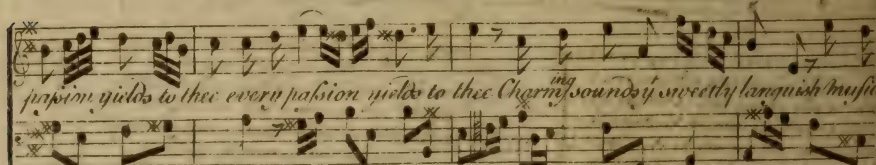


millas moving Alas wth thus to Musicks power y^e Swain address his Prayers

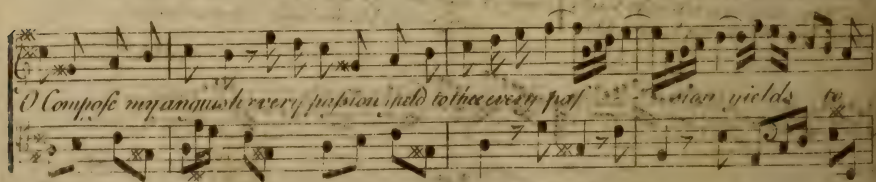
ARIA



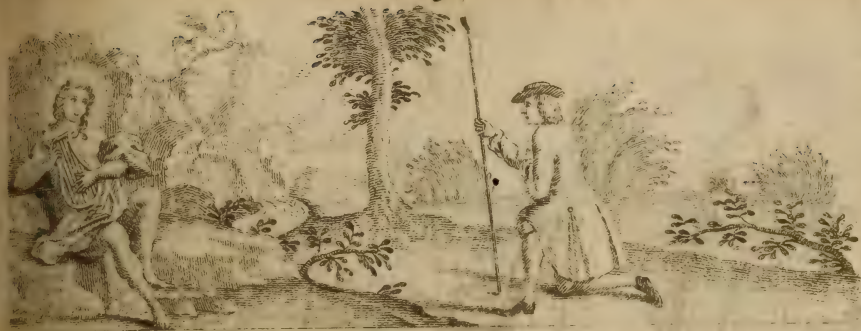
Charming sounds y^e sweetly languish Musick O Compose my anguish every



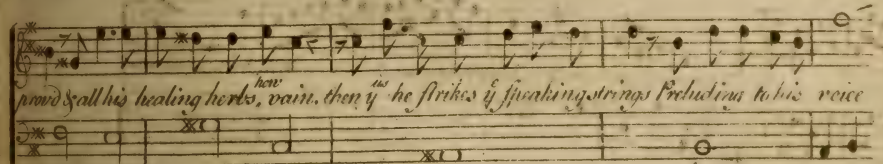
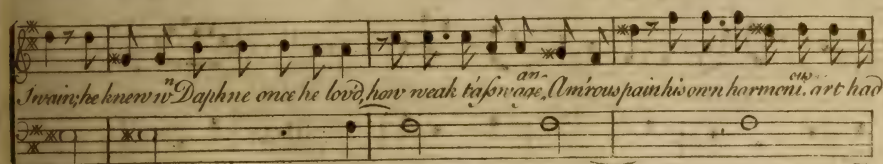
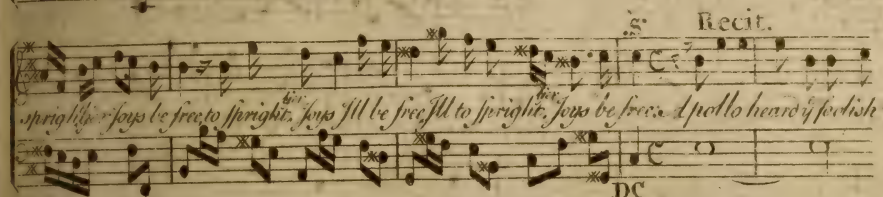
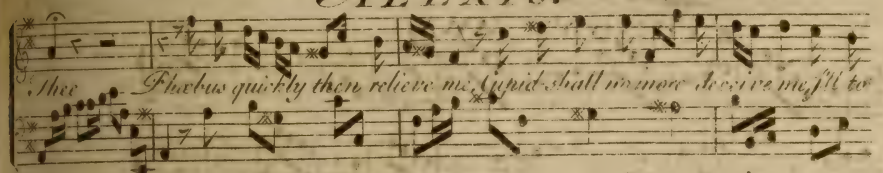
passion yields to thee every passion yields to thee Charm^{ing} sounds y^e sweetly languish Musick



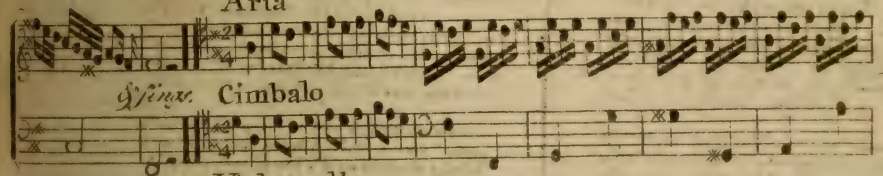
O Compose my anguish every passion yield to thee every pas^{sion} yields to



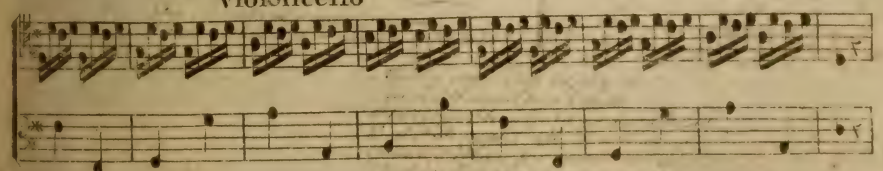
ALEXIS.



Aria



Violoncello





ALEXIS.

Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee *Sounds tho' charming can't re*

live thee do not Shepherd then do cure thee. Musick is the Voice of Love.

Musick is the Voice of Love *Sounds tho' charming can't re live thee*

do not Shepherd then do cure thee. Musick is the Voice of Love. Musick



ALEXIS.

is the Voice of Love Musick is the Voice of Love

If the tender mind be

lieve thee soft re - lenting kind on senting will a lone thy pain re move will a

lone thy pain re move soft re lenting kind on senting will a lone thy pain re move

D.C.

Set by W. Lippus



The Lover.

Set by Mr. Howard

If Love be a Fault & in me thought a Crime how great my offence, bear you
 witness O Sun, The Stars & y^e Nights, & y^e hours as they roll, y^e know may be
 felt, but are nice to be told. One Day past away, & saw nothing but love, & I
 neither came on, & y^e same thing did prove. O Sun it grew tired still to
 look on the same, but I grew more pleas'd as y^e next morn'g it came.

I find you all Day, & all Day with new gust,
 And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first:
 Thus fleeting time passes it down on its Wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings.
 If this be a Crime, be my Judges ye Fair,
 And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
 The Cause of my Death, was for loving too well.



Andante **The Lass of the Mill.** *Set by M^r Lampe!*

At the Brow of a Mill a fair Shepherdess dwelt, Who if tango of Ambition Or Love had never felt;

A few sober Maxims still run in her Head, that was best for to earn e'er she eather brown Bread, y to

rise with y^e Lark was con-ducive to Health, And to Solks in a Cottage Con-tentment was Wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in y^e Valley below,
Who at Church & at Market was reckond a Beau,
Would often times try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And Rest on his Pitchfork to tell her his tale,
That wth ease his Addresses soon gain'd on her heart
Being artless herself, she suspected no Art.

But no sooner had melted y^e Ice in her Breast,
The heat of his Passion y^e Moment decrased,
And now he goes flaunting all over y^e vale,
And boasts of his Conquest to Richard & Hall,
Tho he sees her but seldom, he's always on his feet,
And n^o e'er he mentions her makes her his pret.

He flatter'd protested he kneeld & implord,
And his lies he wth Oaths woud still grace like a word,
Her Eyes he commended wth Language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on y^e tortures he felt in his Breast,
With sighs & wth Tears he so softend her Mind,
That in downright Compassion to love, she inclin'd.

Take heed therefore Maidens of Brittain's gay y^eth,
How you venture your Hearts for a look or a smile,
For young Cupid is artful & Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale,
Who to Court you & tempt you will try all his skill,
But remember y^e Lass at the Brow of y^e Mill.

Another Tune to the same Words.



The Amorous Protector

set by M. Lamy

Of e'ery sweet that glads the Spring, a tribute
to thy Charms I'll bring; I'll i-mi-tate the bu-sy
Bee, to make a fra-grant Crown for thee.

When from y^e plains we're chaced away, And when to rest her Eyes incline,
By the pierce God that rules the Day; And light nor they no longer shine;
I'll lead thee to y^e Sheds and Streams, The fairest fleece of e'ery Sheep;
To shield thee from his scorching Beams, My love shall press in peaceful Sleep.

From all the Ills that Night invade,
I'll guard the dear, the beauteous Maid;
My tender faithful Care shall prove,
None watch so well as those that love.

(Flute)

Flute



The Maids Repentance

Set by M. Gower

Ye Gods! I foot-ish---ly de-nied my Strephon's last Address,
Pro-vok'd he now no more re-ply'd, but left me in distress,

Oh Cupid! send your surest dart, & straight Command his stay, let
him once more but Ask my heart, I'll ne-ver more say, nay.

Thus happy moments oft we lose,
By some ill fate inspir'd, —
At once Capriciously refuse, —
The thing we most admir'd; —

No more I'll blame loves ruling Power
Or Curse his just Decree;
'Twas I that fix'd th' unlucky hour,
And 'twas confirm'd by me.

Flute



Advice to Britain. By M. Sparrow.

Sym.
Allegro

Rouse Britons, Drive the foe would slily work thy

Woe, Let haughty Bourbon know we will be

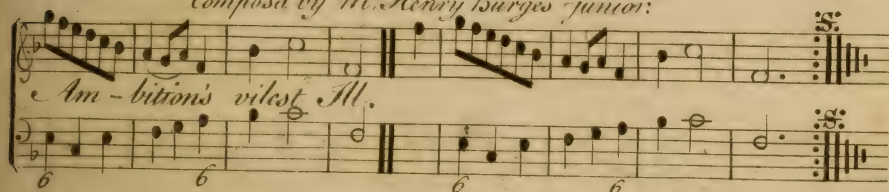
Dreaded Still: Assert thee on the Main make all

their Efforts vain, whose wiles makes Discord reign and

fill the world with pain, Ambitions vilest Ill,



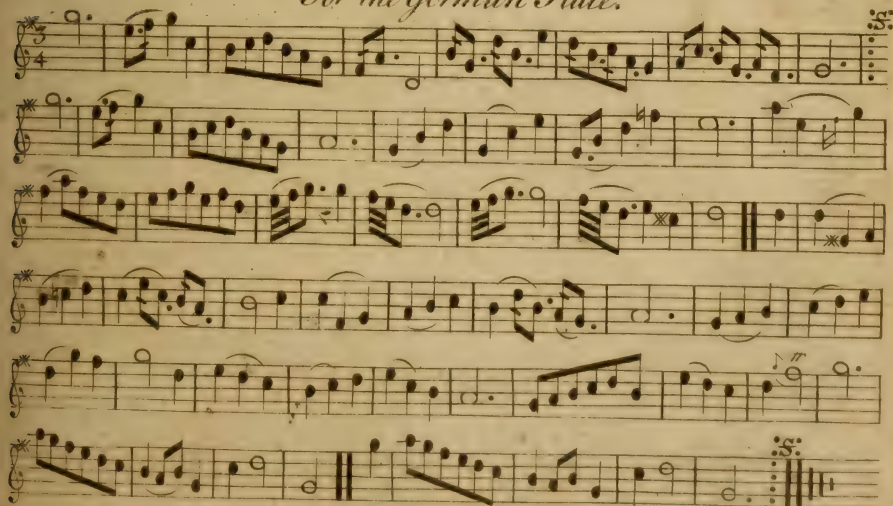
Compos'd by Mr. Henry Burges junior:



*Should Bourbons Force appear
Against this Isle in War —
Cease we th' intestine jarr —
And in one Mind unite —
Then vainly what's design'd —
We'd give up to the Wind —
And to their cost they'd find
With an unconquer'd Mind
A Briton still can fight.*

*The Bloody Front of War —
O Britons! never fear —
But let us bravely dare —
And make our Annals shine
And let 'em once more see —
We can set Europe Free —
And plough each distant Sea
With lawless Liberty —
In spite of Bourbons line.*

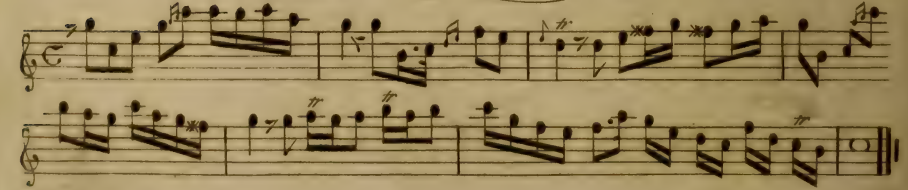
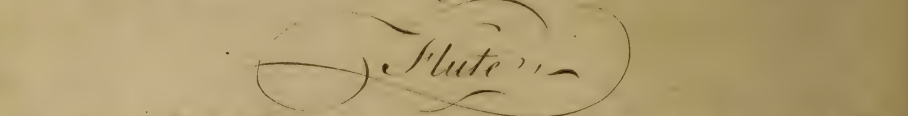
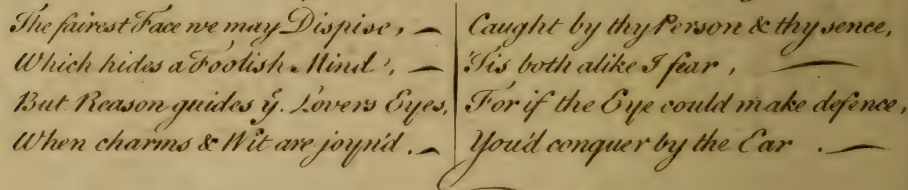
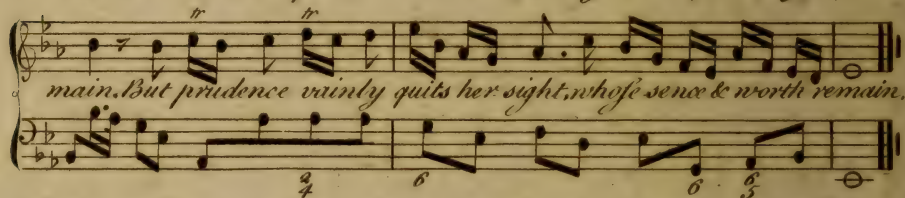
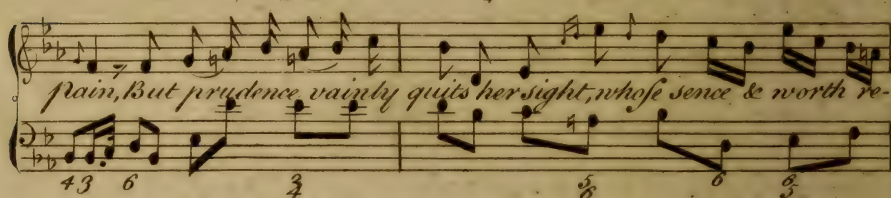
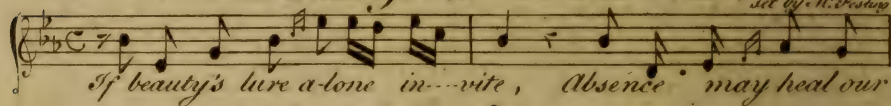
For the German Flute.



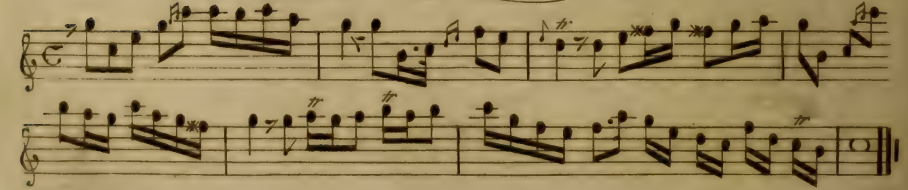


Address to Celia

Set by M. Westrup



Flute





The Moderate Lover

set by W. Lampe

Tell me not of a face that's fair, nor lips & Cheek that's red, Nor of a rare set-
Nor of the tresses of her hair, nor curls in order spread;

raphical voice, like an Angel sings, Tho' if I were to take my Choice I

would hav all these things, But if thou wilt have me love & it must be a She; The

only Argument can move is if she will love me, Is that she will love me

The glories of your lady's be,
But Metaphors of things,
And but resembles what we see,
Each common object brings,
Roses out red their lips, and Cheeks,
Lillies their Whiteness stain,

What fool is he that shadows seeks
And may the substance gain?
Then if thoult have me love a Lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the Glass,
That's with good Claret kind.

Flute



Love's Bacchanal.

Set by M^r Vincent.

Strophon why that Cloudy Forehead Why so vainly cross'd those Arms silly Swain thy Aspect
 6 6 7 7 6 3 4 6 6 6 6 6 7

horred rather frightens her y^e Charms Rouse each dull & drooping Spirit sling away thy
 3 4 6 6 5 6 6 5 7 3 3

Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rous Claret makes thee love & raptures Breath.
 6 5 4 7 7 7 7 7 7 6 5 4 3

Sacrifice this Juice prolifick —
 To each Letter of her Name —
 Gods they deem'd it a Specifick
 Why not Mortals do y^e same

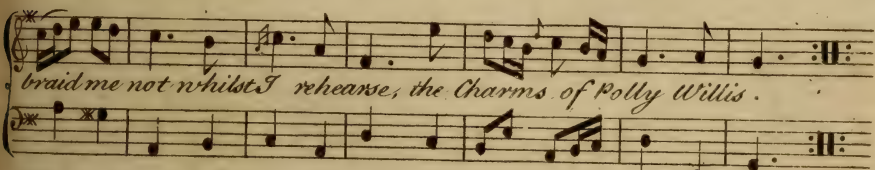
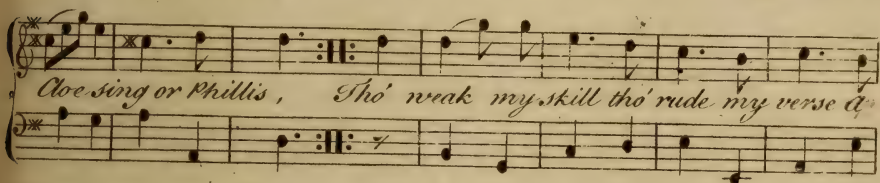
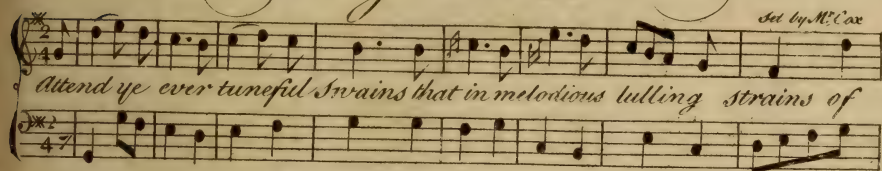
See if high charg'd Goblet smiling —
 Bids thee Strophon drink & prove
 Wine's the Liquor most bequiling
 Wine's y^e Weapon conquers Love.

Flute



Polly Willis

Set by M. Cox



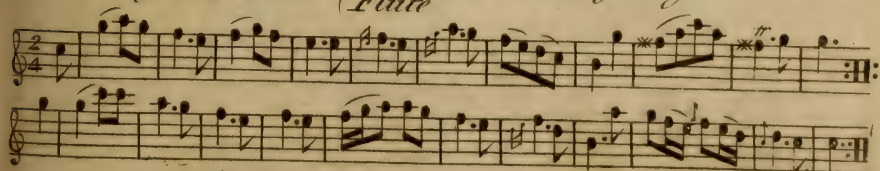
*Tho' languid I and poor in thought
No simile shall here be brought
From Roses Pinks and Lillies
Some meaner Beauties they may hit
But sure no Simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.*

*A simile to match her hair
Her lovely forehead high and fair
Beyond my greatest skill is
How then ye gods! can be express'd,
The Eyes, the lips the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.*

*She's not like Venus on the Flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amavillis;
From all that's lovely bright and fair
Of pleasing Shape & killing Air,
And that is Polly Willis.*

*Tho' time her charms may wear away
All beauty must in time decay
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm which shall for life endure
I mean the spotless mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.*

Flute





Stella and Flavia

Set by M. Howard

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour do various hearts surprize in Stella's Soul is
all her pow'r & Flavia in her Eyes in Stella's soul is all her pow'r &
Flavia's in her Eyes. more boundless Flavia's conquests are and Stella's
more confin'd All can discern a face that's fair but few a heart'nly Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns,
To rule o'er barren Sands
Then boast fair Flavia boast thy face
Thy Beauties only Store
Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.



Bacchus Defeated

the Words & Musick by M. Philips

Bacchus must now his power resign I am the only God of Wine I am the only
 God of Wine It is not fit a wretch should be in Competition set with me
 who can drink ten times more who &c. ten times more who &c. ten times more than he ten times
 more ten times more ten times more-----re who can drink ten times more than he

Let other Mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life with Anxious Care
 A tedious life &c.
 Let the ambitious toil and think
 Let states and Empires swim or sink
 My sole ambition is
 My sole &c.
 My sole ambition is to drink

Make a new world ye powers divine
 Stock it with nothing else but Wine
 Stock it with &c.
 Let Wine its only product be
 Let wine be Earth be Air and Sea
 And let that wine be all
 And let that &c
 And let that wine be all for me.



The happy Beggars

Tho' Begging is an honest trade it's wealthy knaves despise yet rich men may be begg'd &

we that beg may rise, The greatest kings may be betray'd & lose their sovereign power But

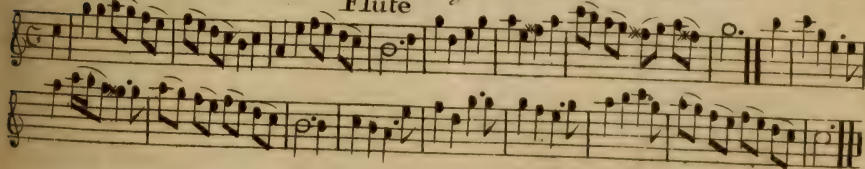
he that stoops to ask his bread but he that stoops to ask his bread can never fall much lower.

*Tho' Foreigners have snar'd of late and spoil'd our begging trade,
Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade
Some say they for Religion fled, but Wiser People tell us —
They were forc'd here to seek their bread, for being too rebellious*

*Let heavy taxes greater grow, to make our Army fight —
Where tis not to be had you know, the king must lose his right
Let one side laugh the other mourn we nothing have to fear
But that great Lords nill beggars be to be as great as we are*

*What tho' we make the World believe, that we are sick or lame
Tis now a virtue to deceive, our teachers do the same,
In trade dissembling is no Crime and we may live to see,
That begging in a little time the only Trade will be.*

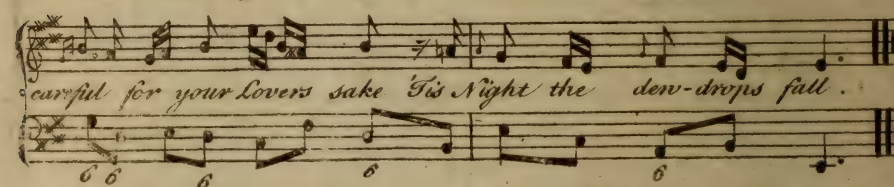
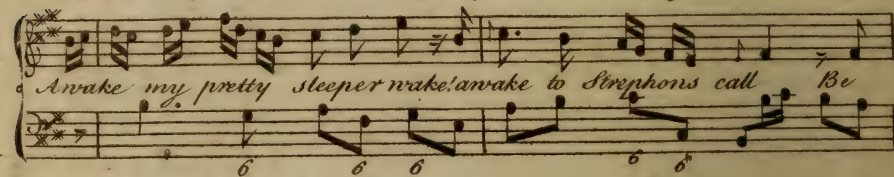
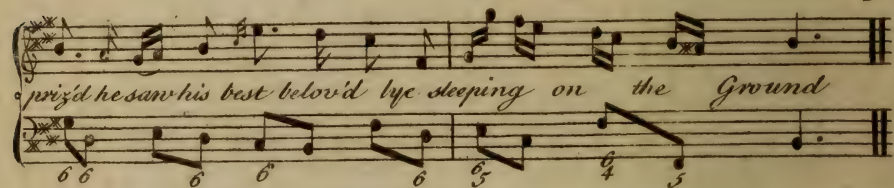
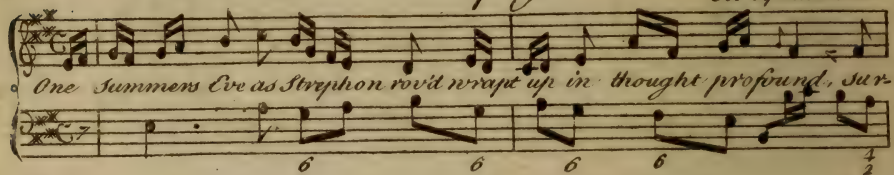
Flute





The Sleepy Fair.

Set by M. Howard



Then to her Cheek his lips he laid
And gently stole a kiss
She still slept on he not dismay'd
Repeats the transient bliss
She wakes and thus with angry tone,
Away Away she cries
Then fast ring bids the Swain be gone
Then sight and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid
Can sighs proceed from hate?
My doubts are gone then down he laid
Resolv'd to share her fate,
Defend'd from the noxious Air
Within his Arms she lay
And tho' the swain oft wak'd the fair,
She said no more till day.

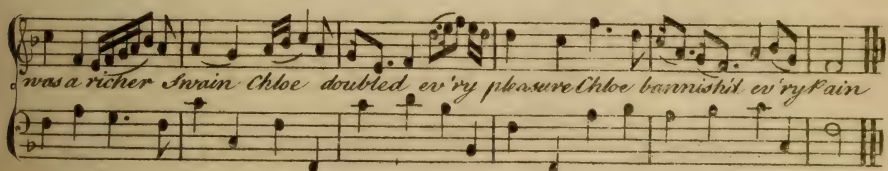
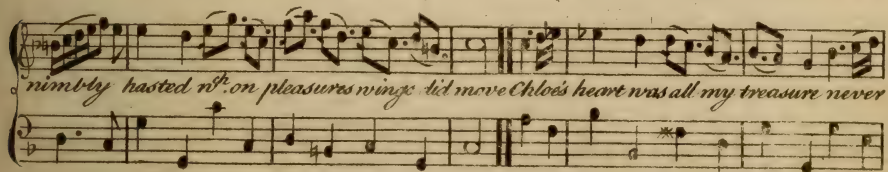
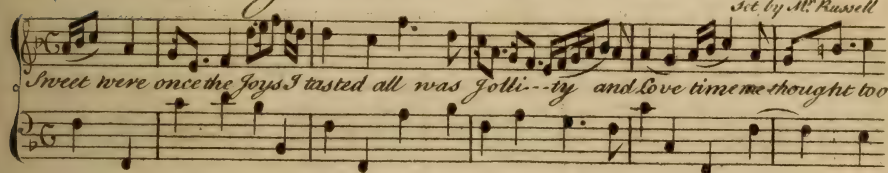
Flute





The Jealous Swain

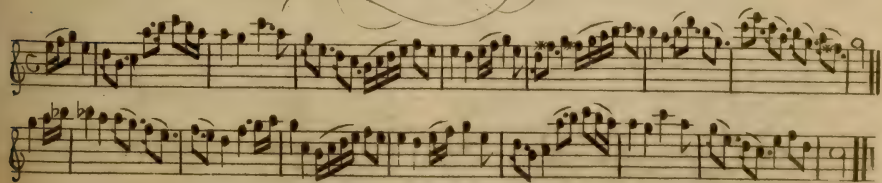
Set by M^r Russell



But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliss on Earth to see,
All their bit'nest Curves joining,
Dash'd my Cup with jealousy;
Now where ev'ry my Pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh and heart felt groan,
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
I'll dispute a tott'ring Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing
What conceal'd is always best,
Jealousy loves Child and ruin,
Leave oh leave my tortur'd breast,
With the slave thy power confessing
Thou to Venus mildly deal,
They who shun or slight thy Blessing
Should alone thy torments feel.

Flute





A Cure for Love

Set by Mr. Stanley

Long by an Idle Passion tost by love undone my reason lost how many fruitless
 tears it cost to free me from the snare ----- rt to free me from my smart
 I raved I sigh'd but all in vain could not my liberty regain or break the little
 tyrants chain alas how weak my Art ----- t Alas how weak my Art
 At length I flew to Pride for Aid
 But equally by that betray'd
 To every Power in vain I pray'd
 But none would pity show.

||

Till reason to my breast once more
 Did all my former peace restore
 And brought Content not in the power
 Of Strephon to restore.

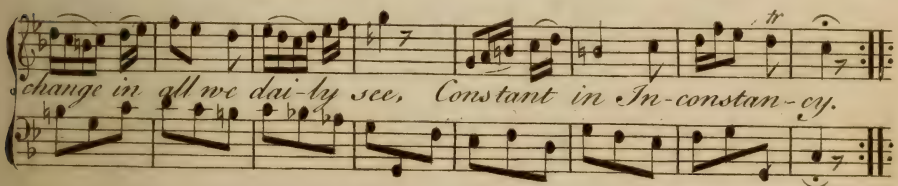
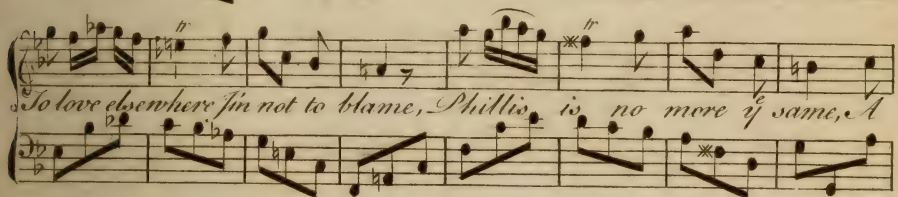
Flute





The Inconstant

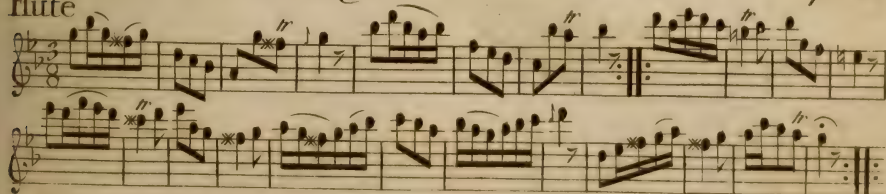
Set by Mr. Lampe.



Chloe triumphant rules the Day,
Then for Celia must give way, —
But when Clarissa comes in sight,
Cecilia is forgotten quite —
No fair one long can pleasure me,
Constant in Inconstancy. —

Almighty Love disdain restraint,
Ever will for Freedom pant, —
Nor can you me Inconstant call,
Who by turns love always all,
Then blest'd be dear Variety,
Constant in Inconstancy. —

Flute





Philander's Vow.

Set by M.^r Boyce.

Tender

In vain Phi-lan-der at my Feet you urge your Guilty
 Flame With well dis-sem-bled Tears entreat New Oaths &
 impious Vows re-peat and wrong Loves sacred Name

Ah! cease to call that passion Love
 Whose end is to betray
 Too soon should I comply you'd prove
 What sensual views your Ardour move
 And your Affection I sway.

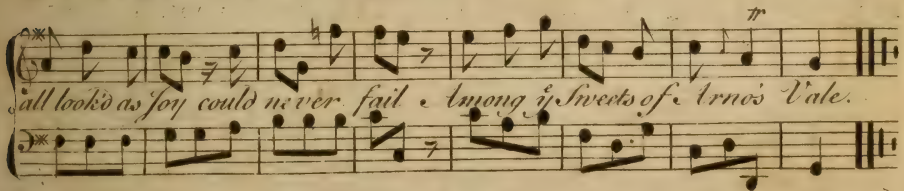
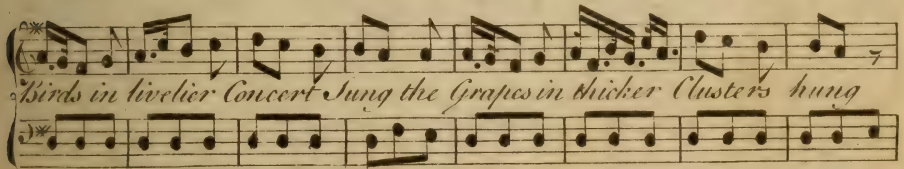
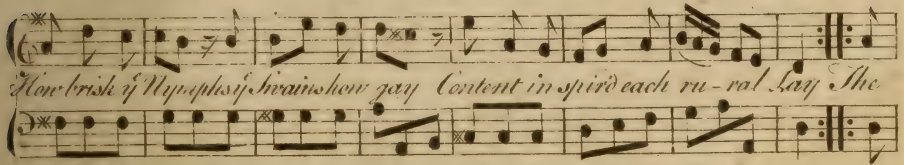
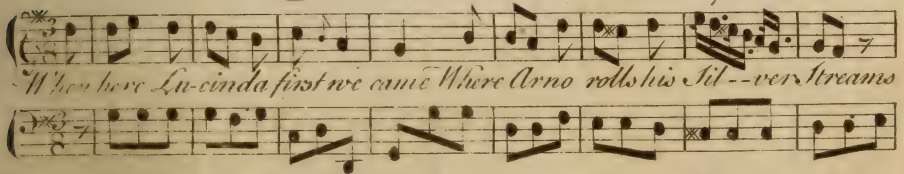
And when to all my fondness blind
 You'd chase me from your Breast
 Deluded Wretch! when could I find
 That calm Content that peace of Mind
 Which I before possess

Musical notation for the final section of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests.



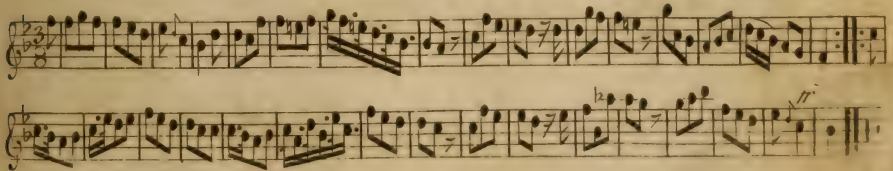
Arno's Vale

Set by M. Holcombe.



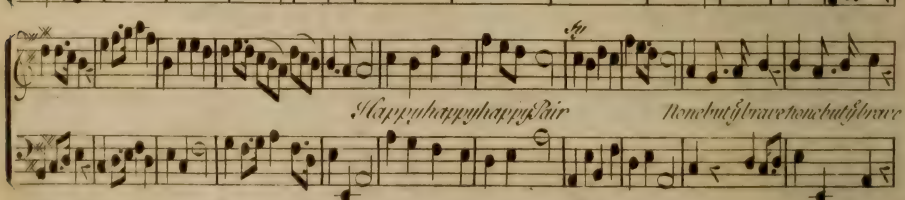
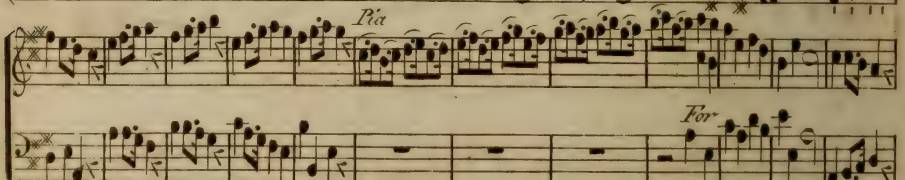
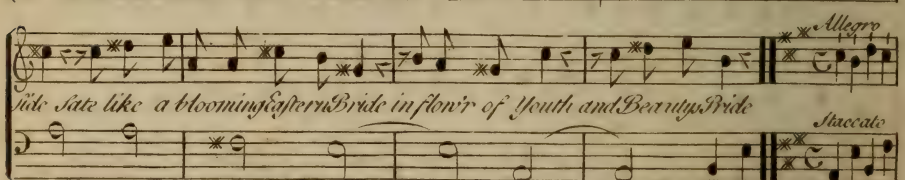
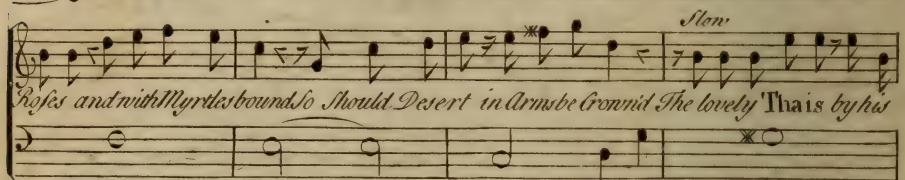
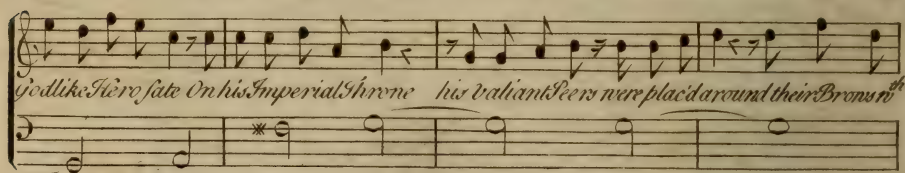
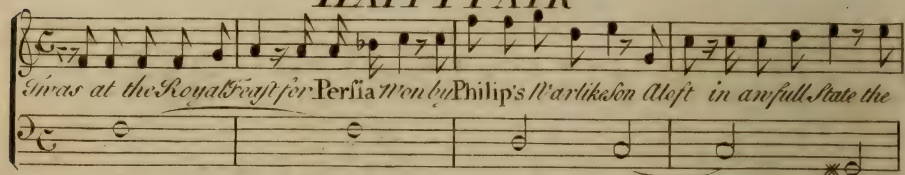
But now since good Palemon dy'd
The chief of Shepherds & the Pride
Now Arno's Sons must all give place
To Northern Swains an Iron race

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er—
Thy Notes Lucinda please no more
The Muses droop the Goths prevail
Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale.





HAPPY PAIR





A FAVOURITE Song.

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair none but thy brave none but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

happy happy happy Pair happy ha

happy happy happy Pair

None but thy brave None but thy brave None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair None but thy brave de-

None but thy brave

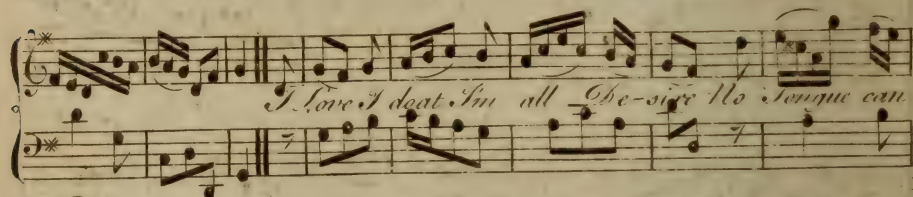
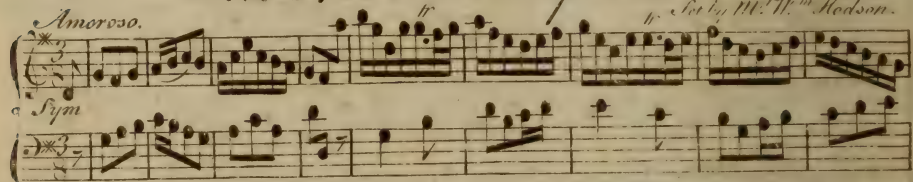
None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair.



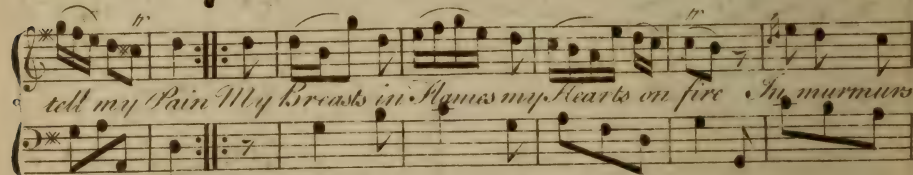
The Lover's Complaint

Amoroso.

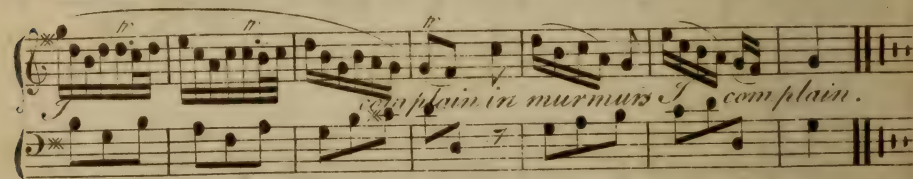
Set by M.^r W.^m Hodson.



I Love I doat I'm all Obe-sic'd No Tongue can



tell my Pain My Breasts in flames my Hearts on fire Thy murmurs



complain in murmurs I complain.

- 2 Thro' ev'ry Feature reigns a Charm
Immortals own her Sway
Her Frowns tenthousand Breasts alarm
So rob their Souls of Day.
- 3 Her Smiles extatic Pleasures give
Dispell my gloomy Woe
Make drooping Nature learn to live
No anxious Cares I know.
- 4 Some Soul enchanting pow'r oh! move
This too divinely Fair
Tell her how I'm distress'd by Love
How Tortur'd by despair:



The Mutual Lovers.

Amoreoso Set by M.^{rs} M. J. Hodson.

Sym Say mighty Love &

teach my Song to whom if sweetest joys be long & who the Happy Happy

Pair Whose yielding hearts & Joining hands find Blessings twisted

with their Bands to soften a - - - - - It their Care to soften all their Care.

Not if wild Herds of Nymphs & Swains
Who thoughtless fly into the Chains
As Custom leads the way
If there be Bliss without Design
Ivy and Oaks may grow & twine
And be as blest as they.

Nor minds of melancholly Strain
Still silent or that still complain
Can the dear bondage bless
As well may Heav'nly concerts spring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a string
Or none besides the Base.

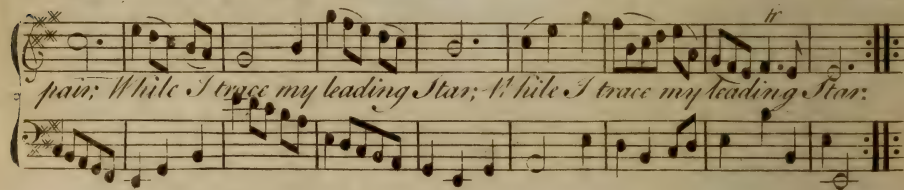
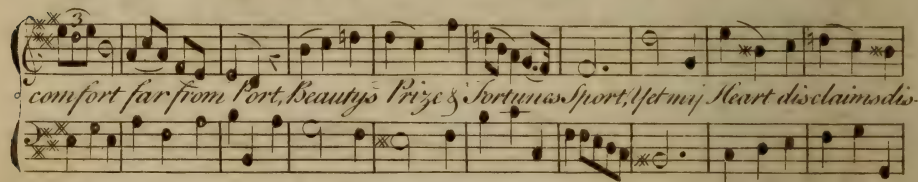
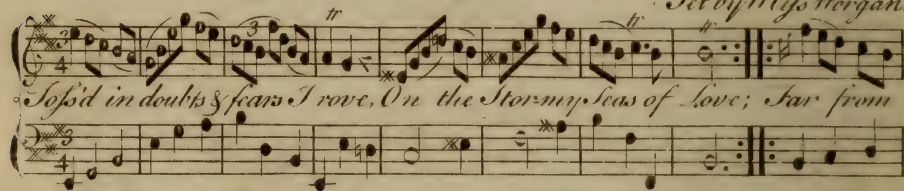
Two kindest Souls alone must meet
Tis Friendship makes if bondage sweet
And feeds their mutual Loves
Bright Venus on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone
And Cupid's Yoke if Loves.



H. Roberts fecit

The Constant Lover:

Set by Miss Morgan.



But reserv'dness like a Cloud,
Does too oft her Glories Shroud,
Pierce y^e Gloom reviving Sight,
Be auspicious as your Bright;
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your Ardour Sinks or Swims.

Flute

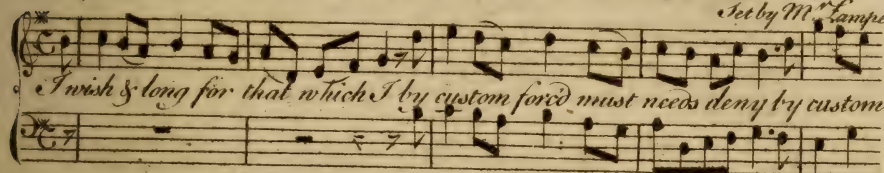




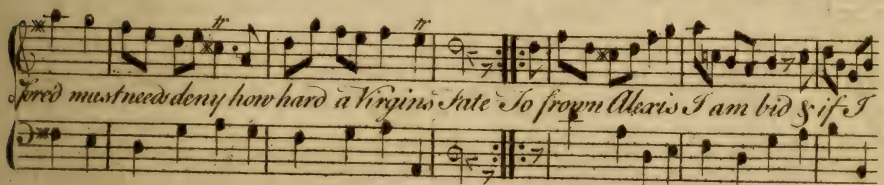
Hen. Roberts sculp.

Love and Honour.

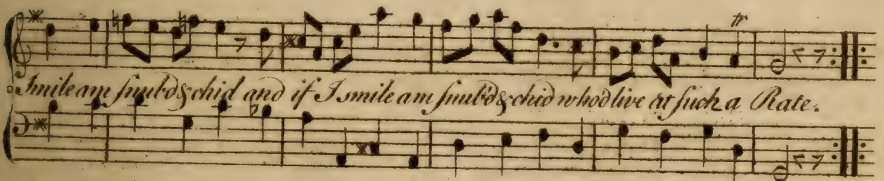
Set by M^r Lampe.



I wish & long for that which I by custom forc'd must needs deny by custom



Forc'd must needs deny how hard a Virgin's Fate To srowm Alas! I am bid & if I



Smile am frowl'd & chid and if I smile am frowl'd & chid who'd live at such a Rate.

*In vain alas is all disguise —
My words but contradict my Eyes
my words &c*

*He reads my passion there
O love! what is there to be done?
Must I what most I covet shun
must I &c*

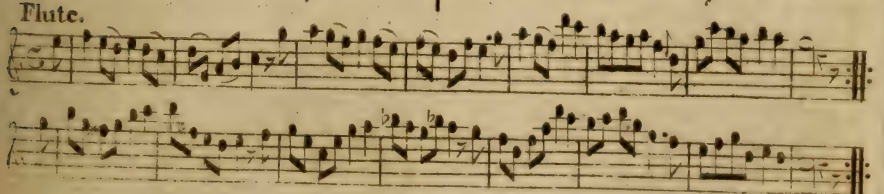
And bid if Youth despair: —

*Forbid it all y^e powers above!
Cupid prevailing God of Love —
Cupid &c*

*Decreed us for each other —
Let Hymen light his Torch I dare
Be his without a blush or fear —
Behis &c*

To immitate my Mother: —

Flute.





Hail Windsor:

Set by M^r. Taverner.

Larghetto *Hail Windsor crown'd in*

lof thy Sonns in Nature wantons at her Will decks ev'ry vale with fruits & flowers in

wa ring trees adorns each Hill *Like*

Mars in Venus in his Arms like his thy Strength like hers thy

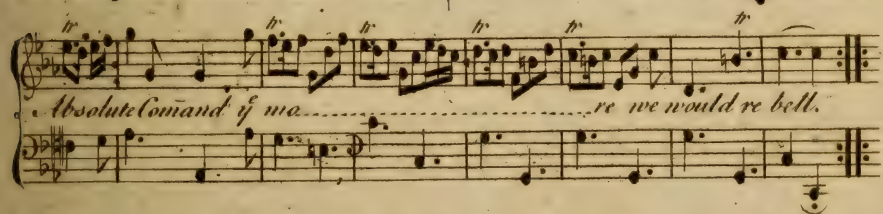
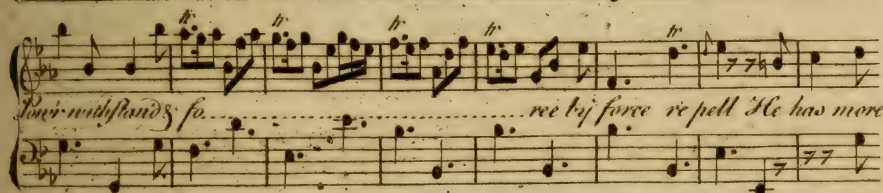
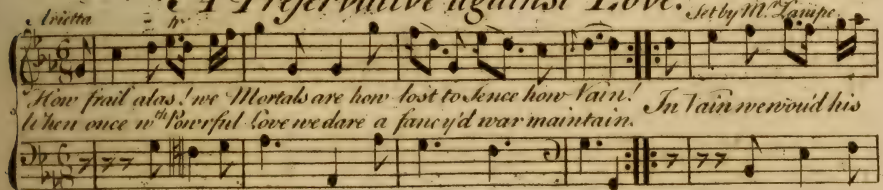
Charms like his thy Strength like hers thy Charms

When'er thy Plains I stretch mine eyes,
Pleas'd in thy Prospects unconfin'd,
A thousand Scenes before me rise,
A thousand Beauties charm my Mind,
Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Stephen views his lovely fair;
From charm to charm in raptures lost,
Yet not her face, nor Shape, nor Air;
Nor yet her Eyes transport him most,
But tis the Heavenly finish'd whole,
With matchless Grace delights his soul.

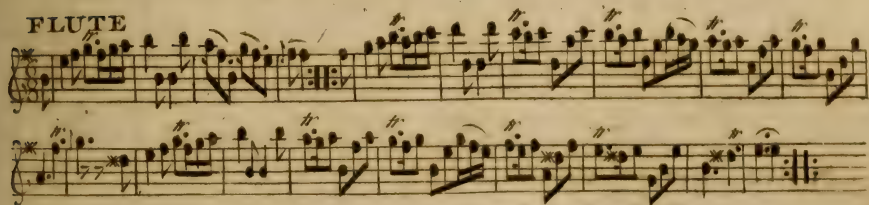


A Preservative against Love. Set by M^r Lampe



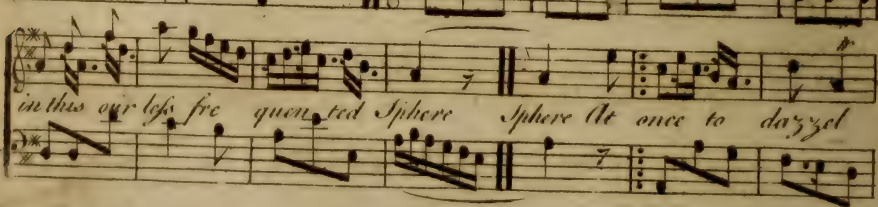
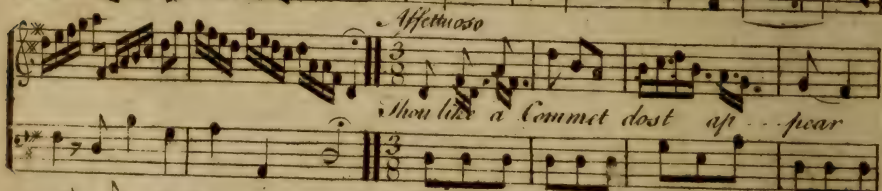
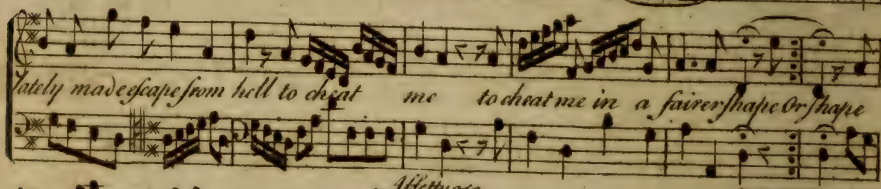
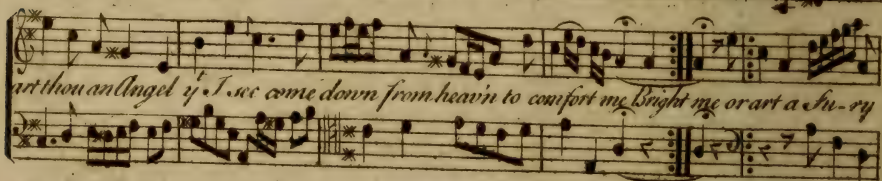
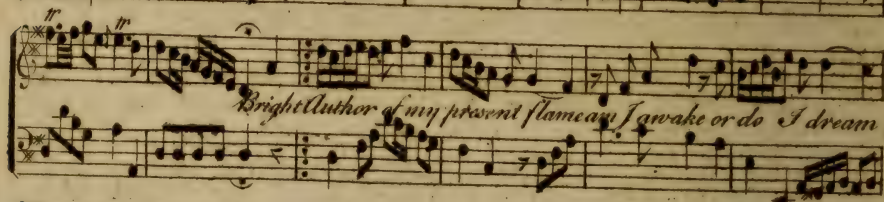
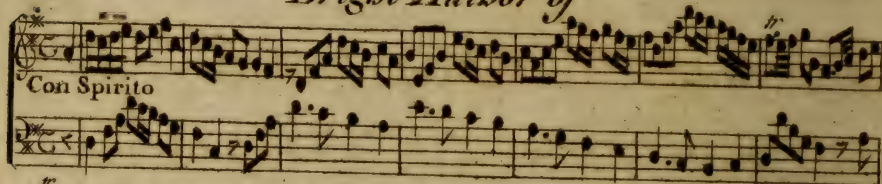
*'Tis only flight can make us blest -
And free us from Loves Dart
One Moments stay destroys our Rest
But this preserves the Heart
So shall our Lives in peace be Free -
Each day new pleasures prove
He that's possess'd of Liberty
Desires the shafts of Love.*

FLUTE





Bright Author of





my present Flame.

Set by M. Travers.

and sur prize wth Love our Hearts wth light our Eyes with Love our Hearts with

light our Eyes. At Eyes But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain cōn like a Blazing Star retire again But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain cōn like a Bla-

zing Star retire again cōn like a Bla-

zing Star retire a gain.



The Relief.

Now if busy day is o'er, So if Bottle let us fly, if our Spirits will restore, & delight the
Heart in joy. & delight in heart in joy. Banish
Sorrow, spleen & care, & every anxious thought remove, raise up mind above despair, fill up soul with nought but love.
Fill the Soul with nought but Love.

FLUTE

Flute part of the musical score, consisting of four staves of music.



Barberini's Minuet.

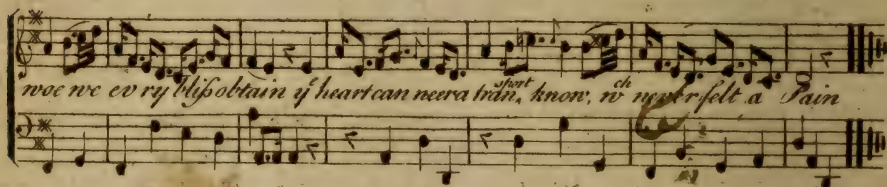
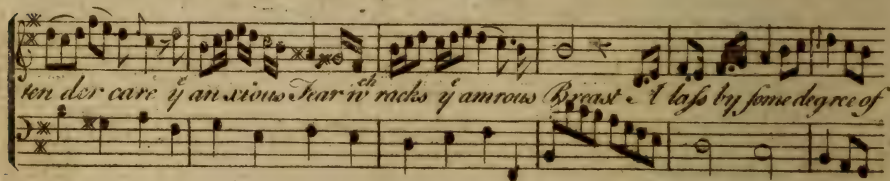
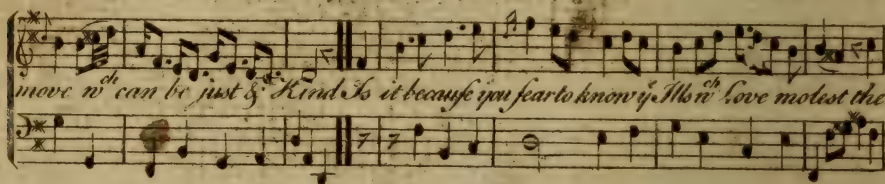
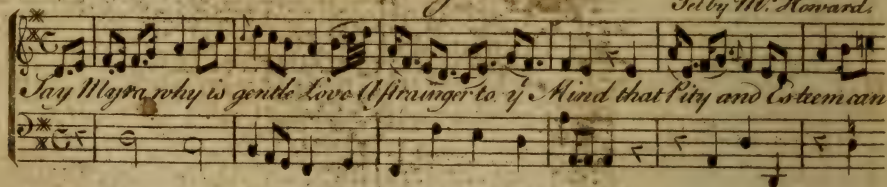
Set by Sig. Hofse.

Think'n to Pleasure if sports do invite you times on if thing & is fleeting away and as y bright
 Season of youth does excite you Craving dearmments in mirth whilst you may As time approaches by
 kindly Advances With truly graceful and free open fancies of Song & brisk dances intreat him to
 Stay His golden treasure if prudently measure let innocent pastime & virtuc delight you
 Virg & innocence alway are gay those who inherit such freedom of spirit live live
 live live those who inherit such freedom of spirit live & enjoy true delight every Day.

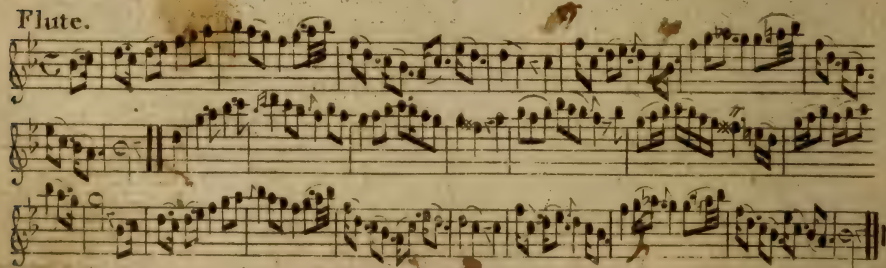


Myra

Set by M. Howard.



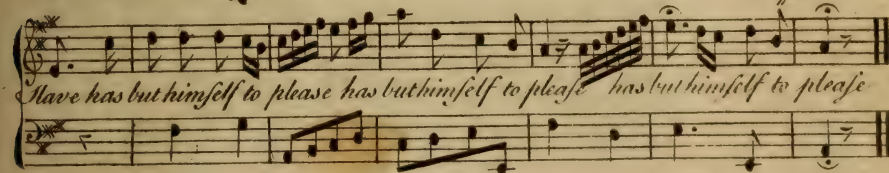
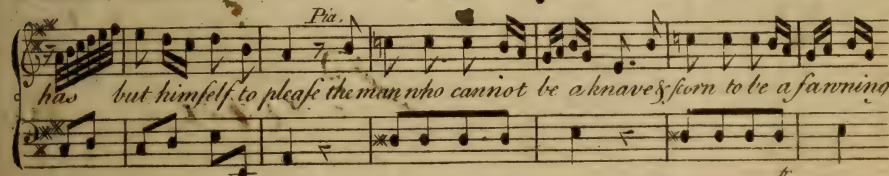
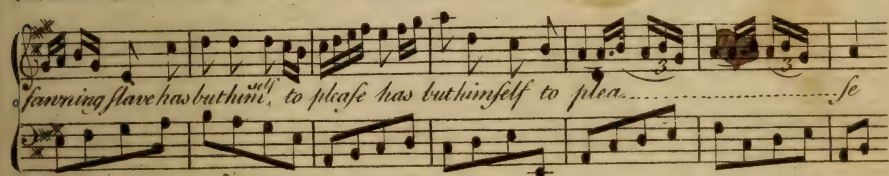
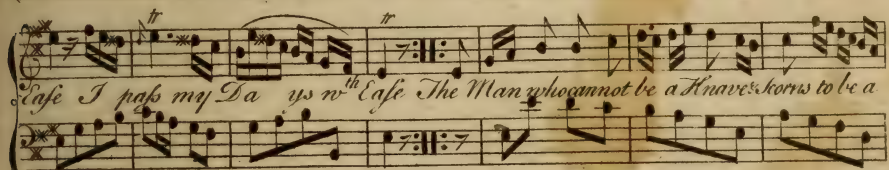
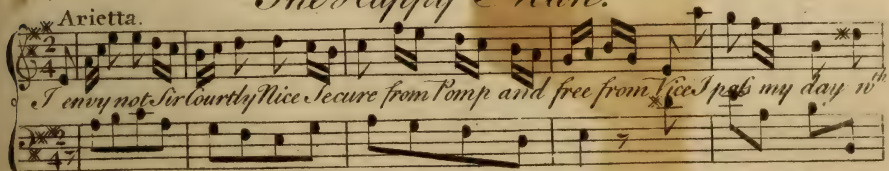
Flute.





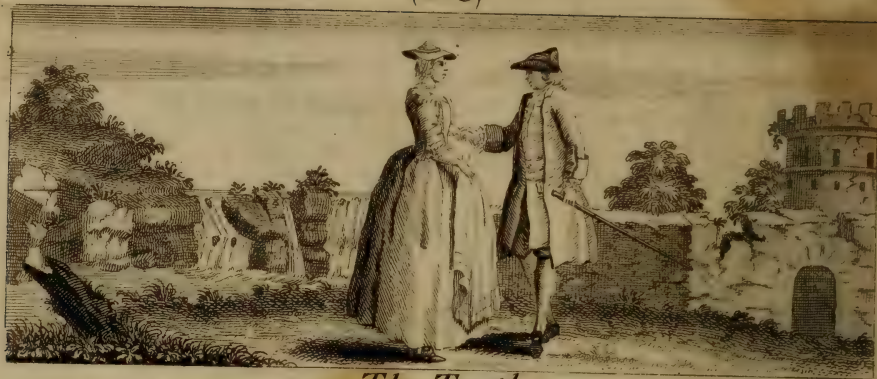
The Happy Man.

Arietta.



The World & all its glittering Toys —
Consist in Hurry, Show and Noise
Whilst in a Croud we live
Thank Heav'n! I share a better Fate
And blest enjoy in humble State —
The sweets that Quiet give —

My Book my Garden, Field & Fair
Are all my Pleasures, all my Care —
Nor wish I greater Bliss —
Each Day to see fresh beauties rise —
From those and Isabella & you —
Still sweetened by a Kiss.



The Truth.

Set by M. Ruytel.

To curb our Will with vain pre tence Phy. lo. so. phy her force em.

plays And tells us in dis pight of Sense that life af fords us real joys

Such I dle whims my Heart ab jures Envy me not Im mortal

Love? If I pre fer my Bliss to Yours clasp'd in the Arms of her I Love

Since you have given desires to Men -
 Leave us at least th' Enjoyment free -
 Must I be happy only then
 When I alas! shall cease to be -
 Such Idle whims my heart abjures
 Envy me not immortal love
 If I prefer my Bliss to yours
 Clasp'd in y^r Arms of her I love

For the German Flute.



Paternal Love.

Set by M^r Lampe

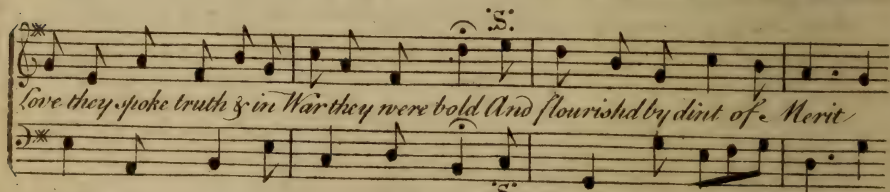
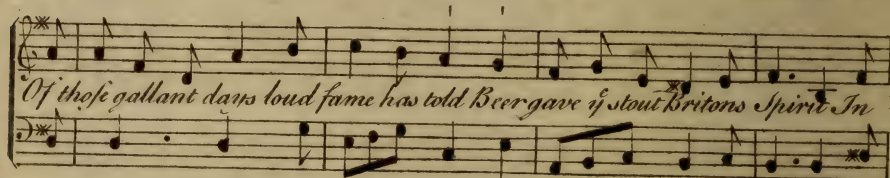
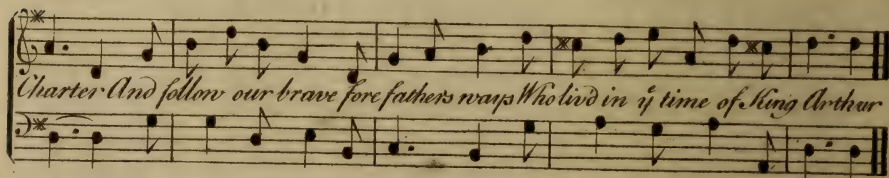
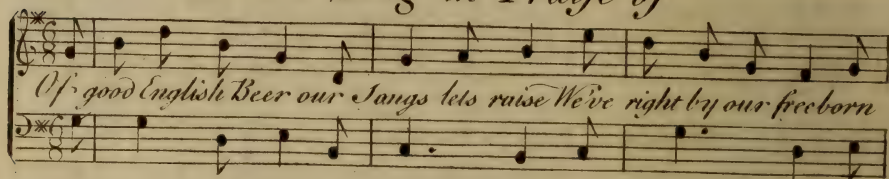
The parent Bird whose little Nest is by its tender Young possesst with
Spreading Wings & downy Breast does cherish them with Love But soon as Nature
plumes their Wings & guides their flight to Groves and Springs quite unconcern'd the
parent Sings re gardless where they rove re gardless where they rove

*Whilst hapless we of human Race —
 The lasting Cares of Life embrace —
 And still our best affection place —
 On what procures us pain —
 Tho Children as their years increase —
 Increase our fear & spoil our peace —
 Paternal Love can never cease —
 But ever will remain.*

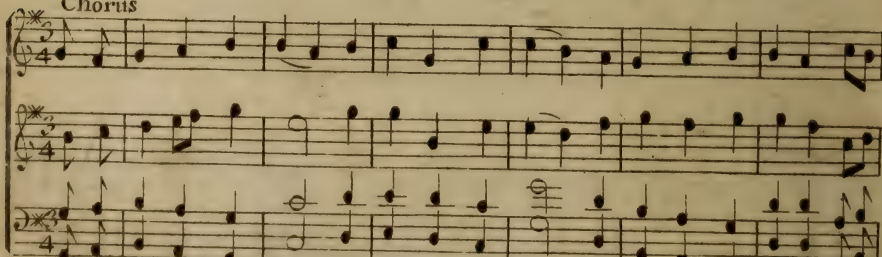
Flute.



A Song in Praise of



Chorus



Then like them Crown our Bowls our plentiful brown Bowls & take em off clever so all



old English Beer

By Mr. Leveridge.

true English Souls to all true English Souls & old England old England for ever
 hurrah old England for ever
 hurrah old England for ever
 old England old England hurrah old England for ever

The glory in Love or War they won —
 By fighting retreats and sallies —
 Was from y^e production of their own —
 Good Beer & roast Beef in their bellies —
 All foreign attempts they did disdain —
 To fird with Resolution —
 For Liberty if they woud bleed evry tain —
 To keep their old Constitution.

Chorus

Like them let us fill & drink & Sing —
 To all who our state are aiding —
 To Commerce if all our wealth does bring —
 And every branch of our Trading —
 By Commerce all grandure we sustain —
 That makes us a pow'rful Nation —
 Then let us agree & with vigour maintain —
 Our Trade and our Navigation.

Chorus

FLUTE.

FLUTE.



The Power of Beauty.

Allegretto

Is there a Charm ye Powers above To ease a wounded Breast thro'
Heavens Glasp to look at Love to wish and yet to rest Let Wisdom
boast tis all in vain An Empire o'er the Mind tis Beauty Beauty holds the
Chain And triumphs o'er Man kind And triumphs o'er Mankind

Thrice happy Birds who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong
Your feather'd Notes reward the Lay
And yield to powerful Song
By Nature fierce without Control
The human Savage ran
Till Verse refine his Stobborn Soul
And civiliz'd the Man

Verse turns aside the Tyrants Rage
And cheers the drooping Slave
It wins a smile from hoary Age
And disappoints the Grave
The force of Numbers must succeed
And sooth each other Ear
Tho' my fond Cause should Phœbus plead
Hid find a Daphne here

Did Heav'n such wondrous Gifts produce
To curse our wretched Race
Say must we all the Heart accuse
And yet approve it Face
Thus in the Sun bedropt with Gold
The basking Adder lies
The Swain admires each shining Fold
Then grasps the Snake & dies
Then grasps the Snake & dies



The Nut-brown Maid.

Set by M^r Howard S^r

Invas

in the Bloom of May when odours breathe around when Nymphs are blithes gay &

all with mirth abound That happily I stray to view my fleecy Care where I behold a Maid no

Mortal e'er so fair no mortal e'er so fair.

*The wore upon her Head —
A Bonnet made of Straw —
Which such a Face did shade
As Phæbus never saw —
Her looks of Nut brown hue
A round card Coife conceald
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting Breeze reveald —*

*Around her slender Waiste —
A Scarp embroider'd hung —
The Lute her Fingers grac'd
Accompani'd with a song —
With such a pleasing Note
Current might reveal
Or Philomela's Throat
That Warbles thro' the Vale —*

*Not long I stood to View —
Struck with her Heavily Air
I to the Charmer flew —
And caught the yielding Fair —
Hear this ye scornful Belles
And milder ways pursue —
She that in Charms excells —
Excels in kindness too —*



The Happy Couple.

By Roberts Sculp.

Staccato.

Sym.

At Winton on the Hill There lives a happy Pair The
In vain his Name is Will And Molly is the fair Ten Years are gone & more Since
Hymen joind these two their Hearts were one be fore The sacred rites they knew

Since which Auspicious Day
Sweet harmony does Reign
Both Love and both obey
Hear this each Nymph & Swain
If haply Cares invade
Is who is free from Care
Th' impressions Lighter made
By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd with a Calm retreat
They've no ambitious View
In Plenty live not State
Nor Envy those that do
Sure Pomp is empty Noise
And Cares Increase with Wealth
They Aim at truer Joys
Tranquillity and Health.

With Safety and with Ease
Their present life does flow
They fear no raging Seas
Nor Rocks that lurk below
May still a steady Gate
Their little Bark attend
And Gently fill each Sail
Till life it self shall end.

FINIS



The Power of Gold

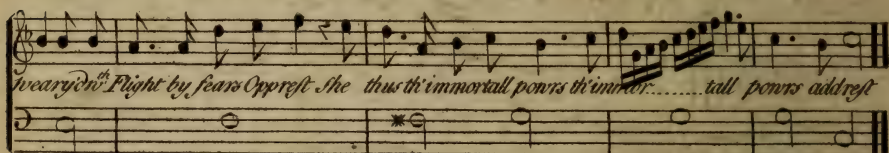
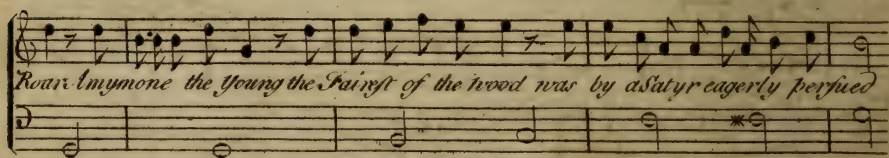
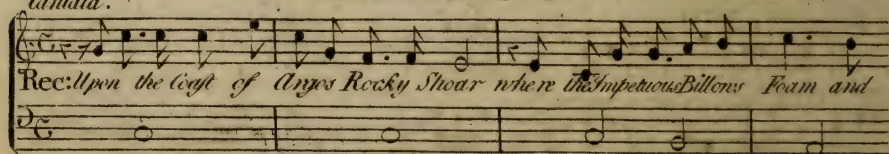
Set by Miss Morpau

The Bloom of Beauty quickly fades an age des-pis'd as
 Soon suc-ceeds loathing the Lover flies a face des-
 -pis'd of Youthfull Charms and Grace Yet Gold whilst we do
 thee Enjoy we need no other Charms Employ Medea's arts to
 thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

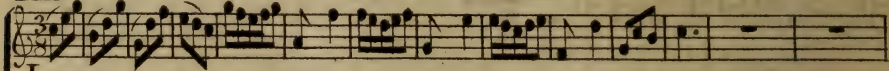


AMYTIONE

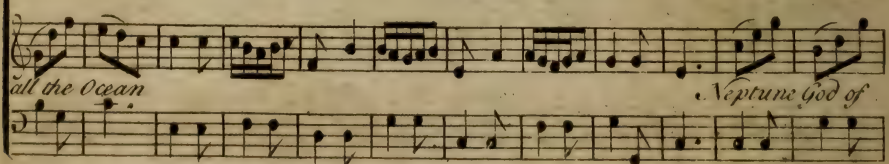
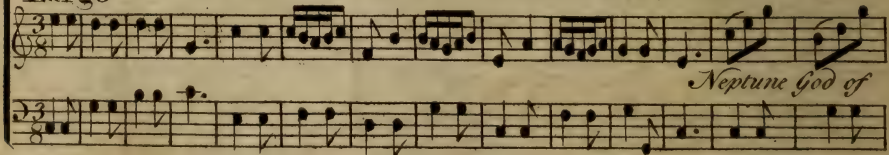
Cantata.



Air



Largo





AMYMONE

all the Ocean hear a tender Maid's devotion Ease my A..... anguish Set me free

Ease my A..... anguish Set me free from Furious love de...liver

me from furious love deliver me

al



AMYTONT

Myself my life shall it be lost shall it be lost shall it be lost in flood's air

no refuge they remain for me remain for me but of De of Abyss of Sea

The trembling Amphitrua thus in tears Implore the watry God to dissipate her fears the God appears

the satyr flies while Neptune view'd the fair his wond'ring Eyes confess'd his flame and own'd his

vast surprise. forgot his Greatness he her fear while thus in sweetest Sounds he Charm'd her Ear.



AMYMONE

Vivace

Triumph triumph

Triumph triumph Charm ^{the} Creature over

your prey

noxious Vampi lover tri

... triumphing conquest of your Charms

While Neptune Courts you to his Arms



Solo *AMYMONE*

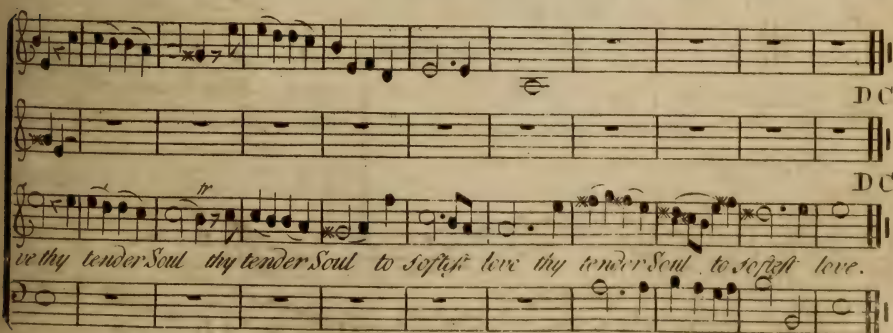
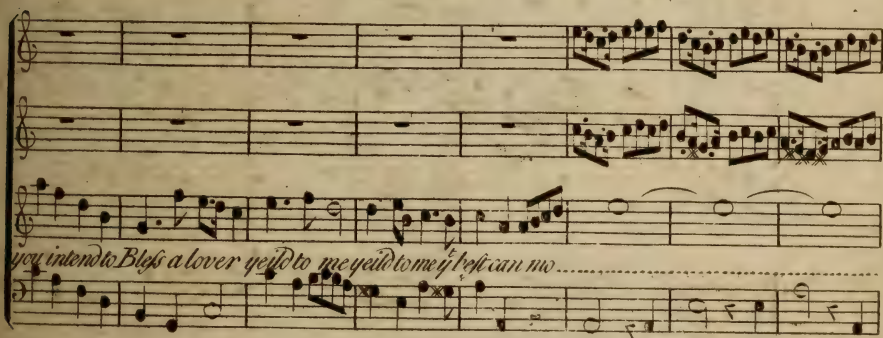
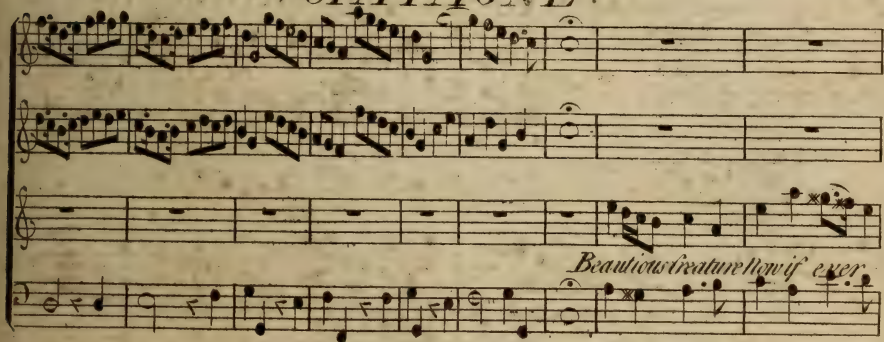
Tri... umph Tri... umph in the Conquest the

Conquest of your Charms

Tri - umph in the Conquest the Conquest of your Charms



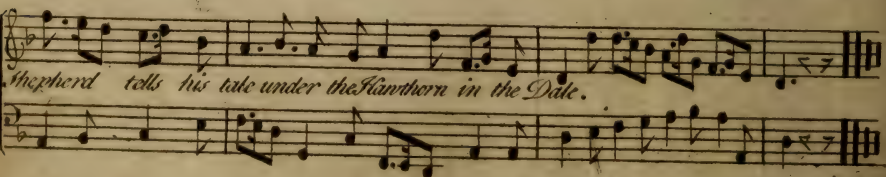
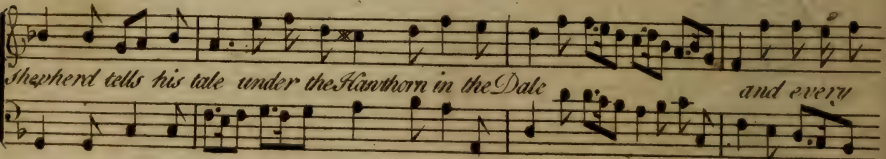
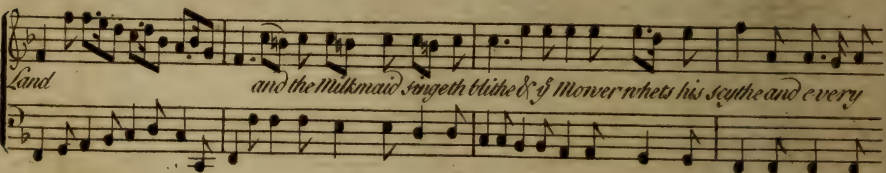
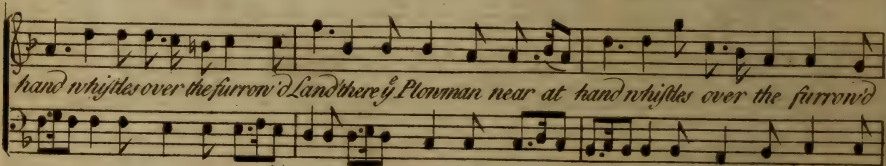
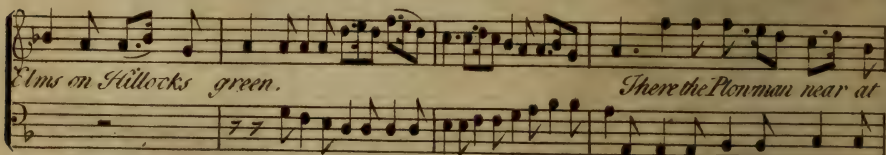
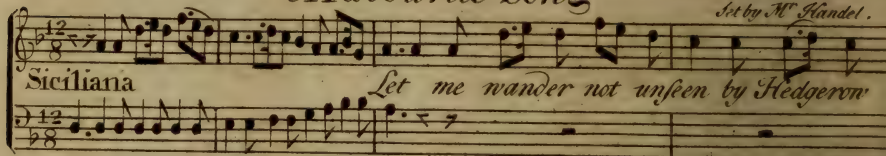
AMYTONE.





A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Handel.





Love reveal'd.

Set by M.^r W. Hodson

Affettuoso

Why should I my Passion smoother Or the Man I love torment
 my Iron may drive him to a nother then too late I may
 y re pent then too late I may re pent.

How often he has fondly woo'd me
 Yet I always seem'd Coy
 Tho' in melting Strains he sued me
 Against my Will I did deny

Thus we force our Selves to suffer
 And slight w^e we so much prize
 Yet tis easy to discover
 Our own Thoughts within our Eyes

I cannot resist no longer
 Hes if only Man I love
 And my Passion grows y^e stronger
 Since he does so constant prove

All Endeavour to regain him
 And his constant Love requite
 Tho' so long I did disdain him
 In him alone I take delight

Sweet Endearments may allure him
 Never can I be at rest
 Till for ever I secure him
 Its he alone can make me blest

Flute



A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Boyce

Fairst of the Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swain's Abode

See yon fertile Vale along the new worn Path & Flocks have trod Pursue & Print their

Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade and they shall guide thee to the Shade Fairst of the

Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swain's Abode see yon fertile Vale along yon new worn Path & Flocks have trod Per-

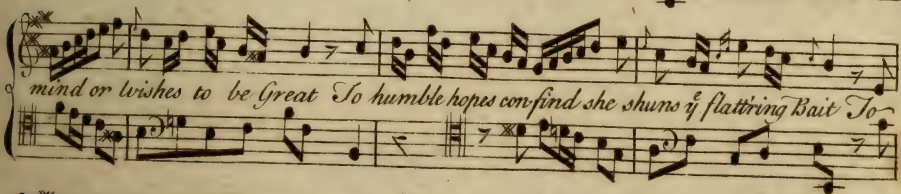
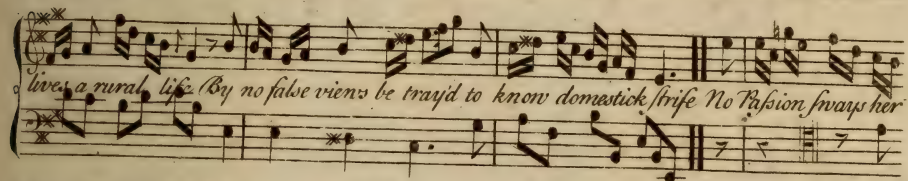
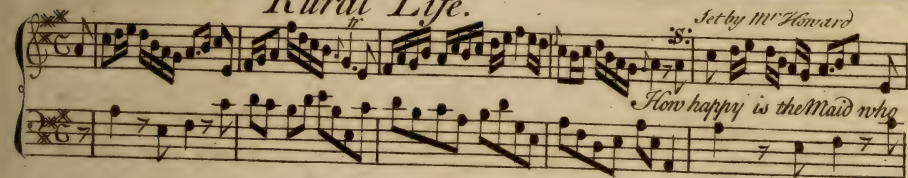
sue the Prints their Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade & they shall guide thee to the Shade

Flute



Rural Life.

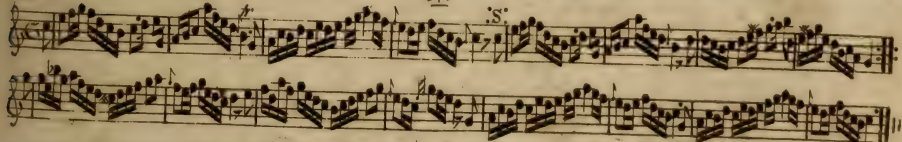
Set by Mr Howard



Her soul with calm disdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride,
Behold y Rich and vain,
Ingilded fetters ty'd;
While Jilds Wealth & Pow'r;
The gaudy Scene display;
And Pageants of an Hour,
In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy,
Her faithful Bosom share;
He doubles all her Joy,
And lessens all her Care:
Their moments on the wing,
The mutual Bliss improve,
And give perpetual Spring,
To Virtue Truth and Love.

Flute

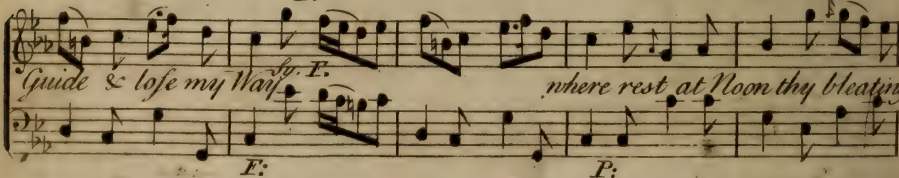
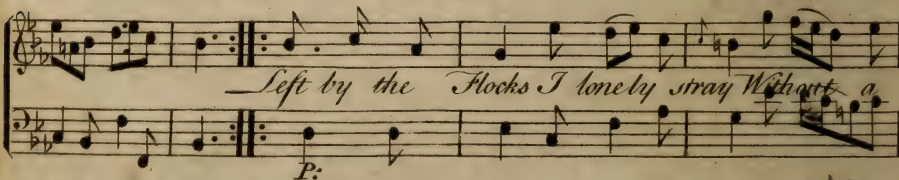
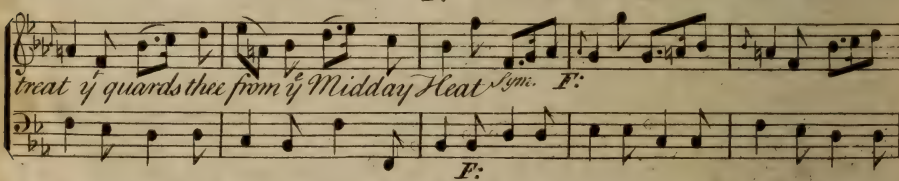
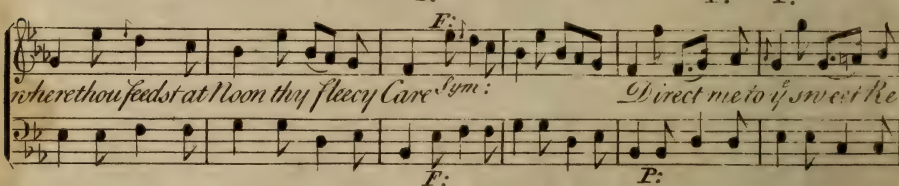
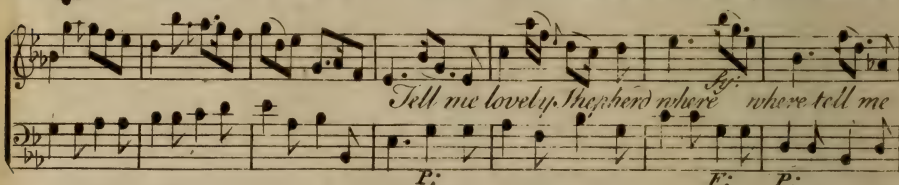
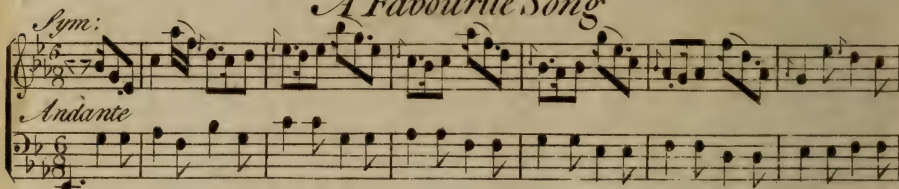




A Favourite Song

Sym:

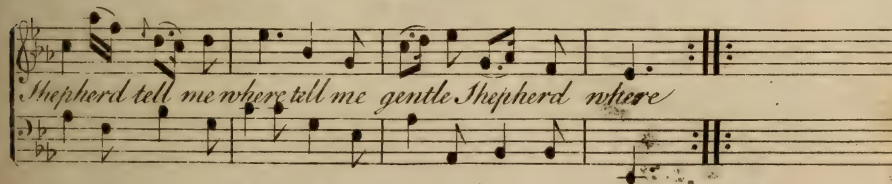
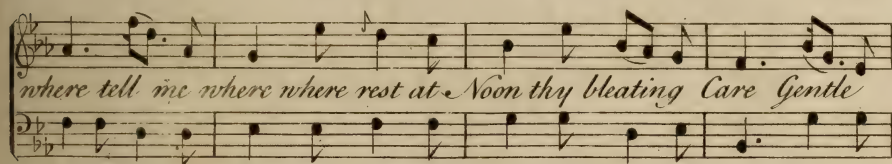
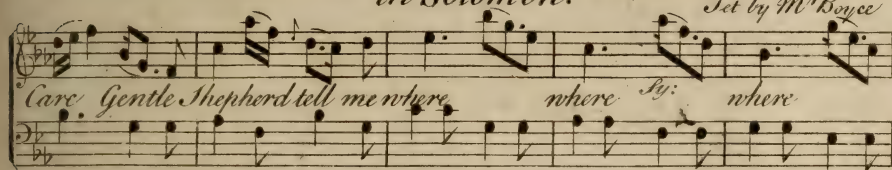
Andante



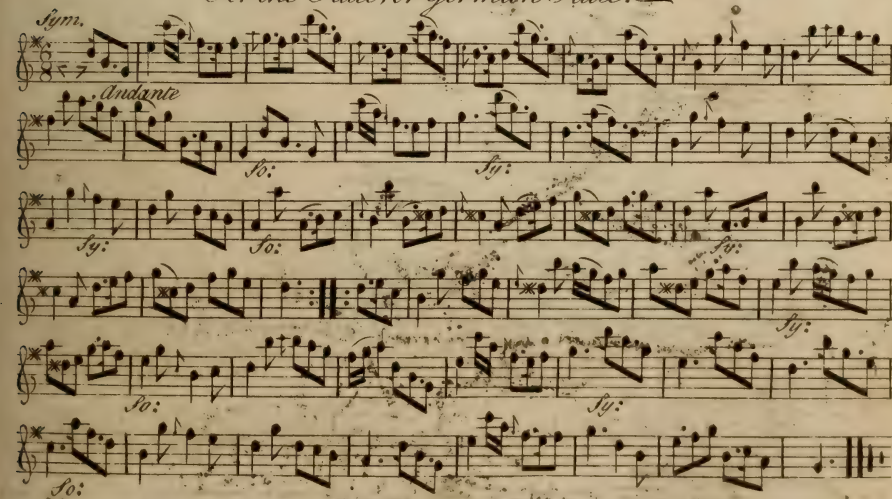


in Solomon.

Set by M^r Boyce



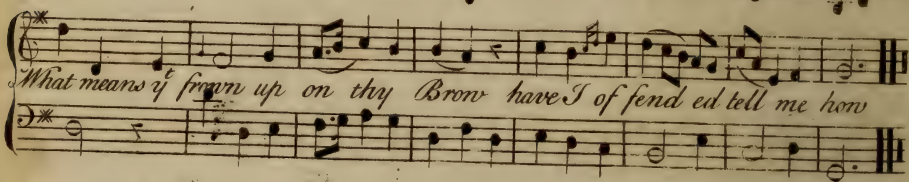
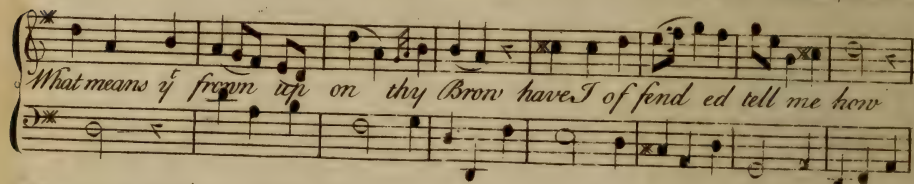
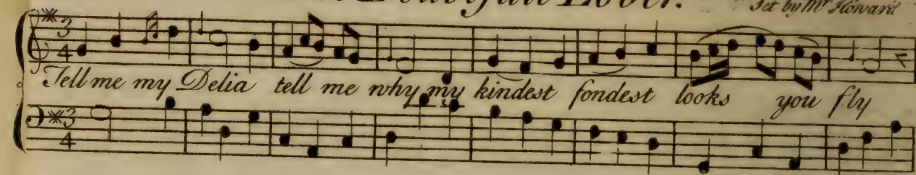
For the Flute, or German Flute.





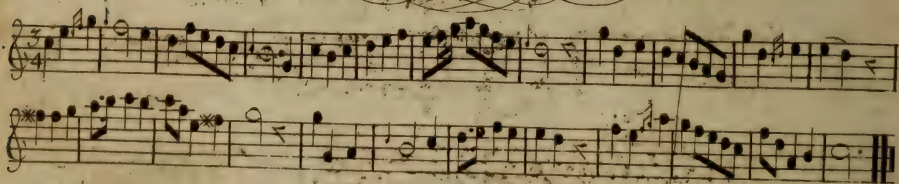
The Doubtfull Lover.

Set by M^r Howard



Some change has happenid in thy Heart, —
 Some Rival there has stol'n a part; —
 Reason, those fears might disapprove, —
 But Oh I fear, because I Love. —

Flute





The Secret Kiss.

Set by Mr Oswald

At the Silent Evening Hour Two fond Lovers in a
Bower sought sought their mutual Bliss Tho her Heart was
just relenting Tho her Eyes seem'd just Consenting Yet
yet she fear'd to Kiss

Since this secret Shade he cry'd —
Will those rosy Blushes hide —
Why why will you resist —
When no tell-tale Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Who, who would not be kiss'd.

Callia hearing what he said —
Blushing lifted up her Head —
Her Breast soft Wishes fill —
Since she cry'd no Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Kiss, kiss or what you will.

Flute



The Despairing Shepherd

Largo See by M.^r Lampe

Cle-- on whose Heart Fore-told Despair thus mourn'd his Hapless Fate
 Long have I tast-- ed pining Care which Cru-- el Seas Cre-- ate

How did y^e pleasing Minutes wast whilst Silvia blest the Grove but Minutes

te dious A ges last now torn from her I love now torn from her I love.

See how the Villiage Blithly gay
 Is all a Joyous Scene.
 Therural Nymphs all hail y^e May
 Like them I've happy been
 But now no Pleasures Sooths my Care
 Their happy Sports I shun
 And fond my Sylvias griefs to share
 Am Gloriously undone.

Flute



Advice to Cloc.

Set by M. Howard.

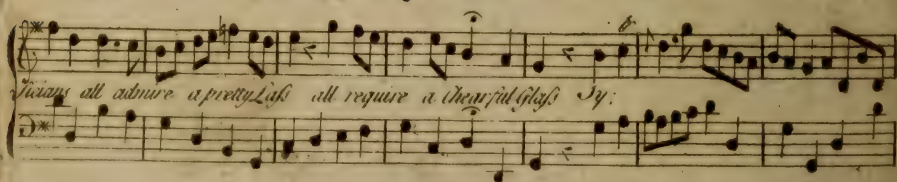
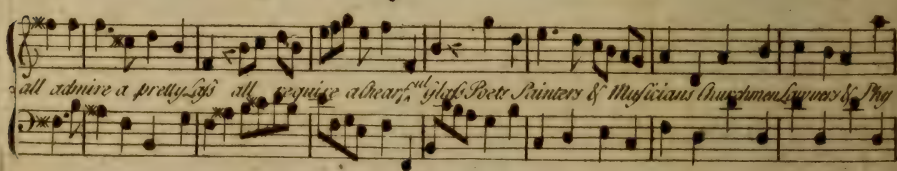
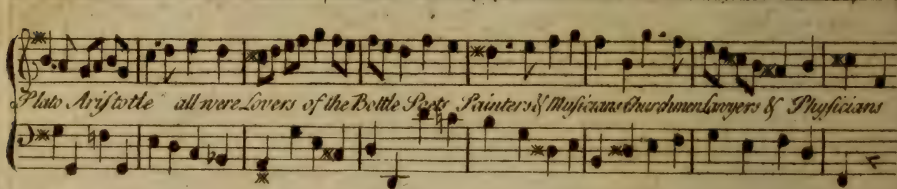
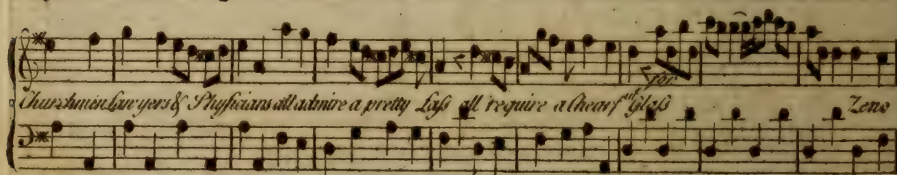
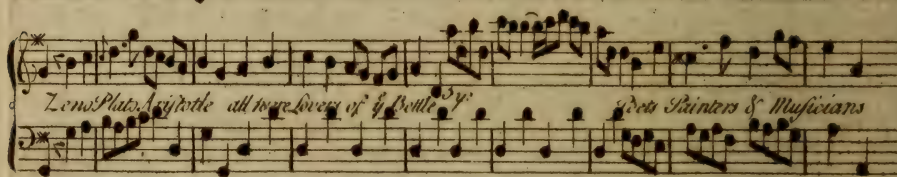
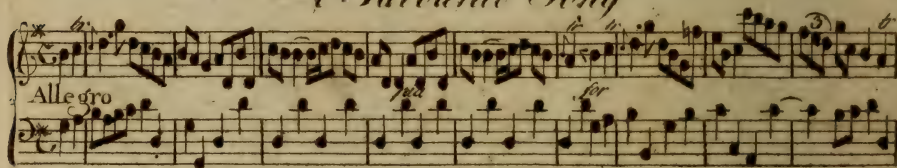
See Cloc how the new-blown Rose, blooms like thy beautiful Face; Youth does its opening
 Charms disclose, and perfects every Grace: Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, and
 then its Pride decays; So will it be with thee my fair, n^o past thy youthful Days

No April can revive thy Charms,
 No Sun can light thine Eyes;
 Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,
 When Age begins to rise:
 Then Cloc let my Passion move
 Thy Pity for my Pain;
 Obey the Voice of gentle Love,
 Love, and be Lov'd again.

For German Flute.

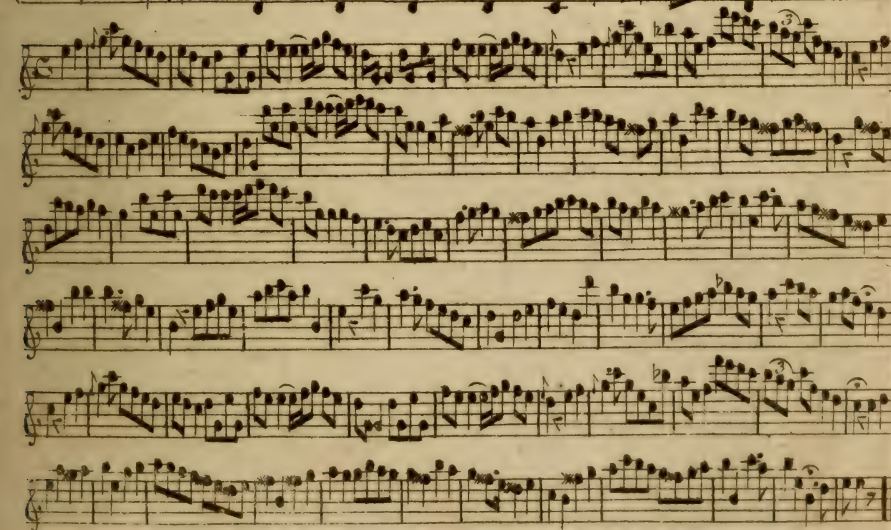
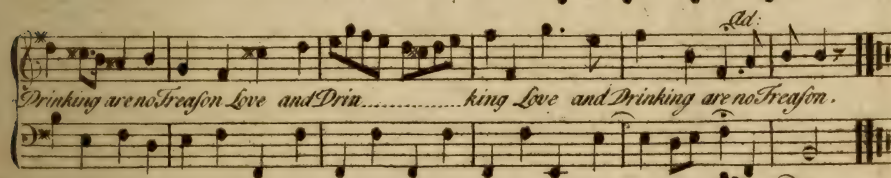
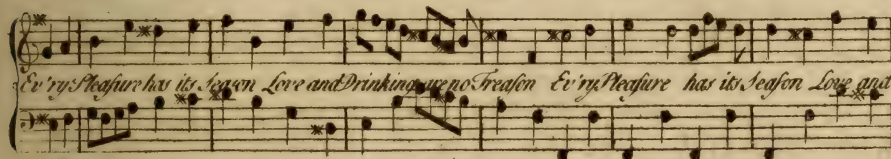
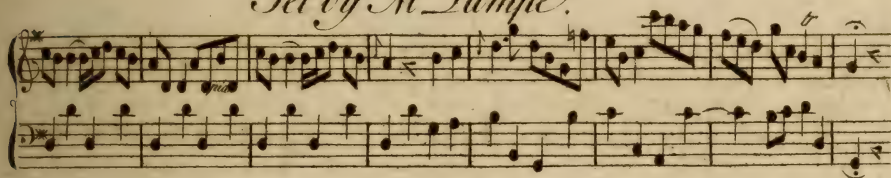


1. Favourite Song



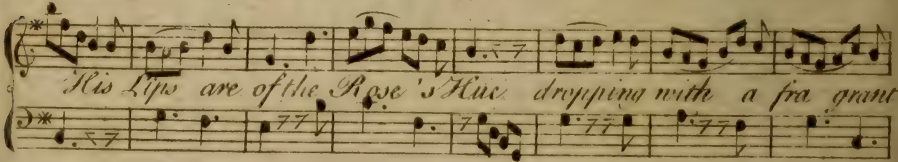
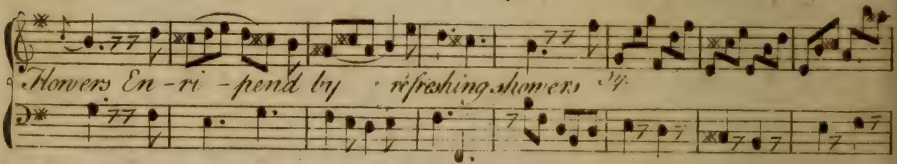
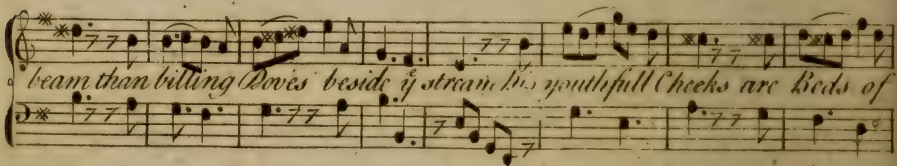
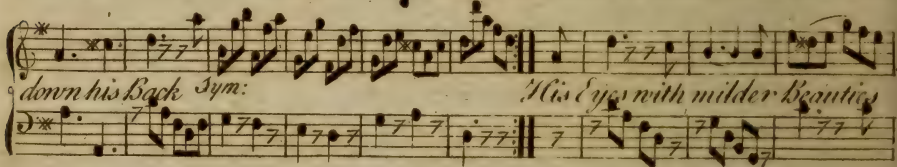
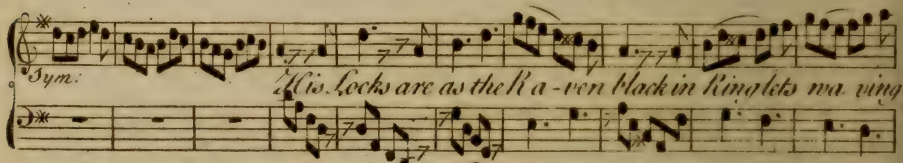
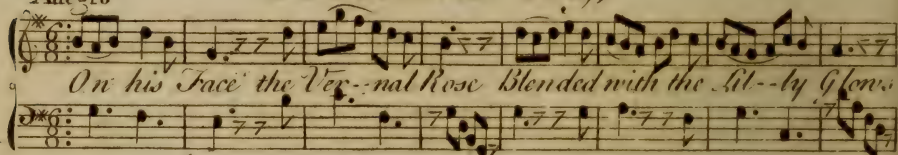


Set by M^r Lampe.



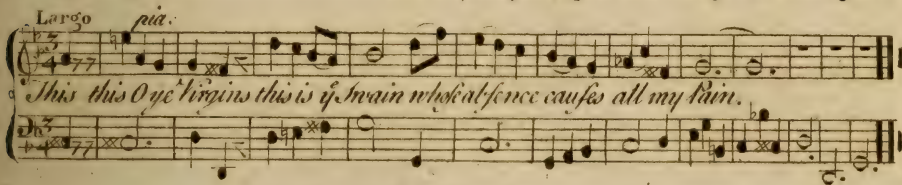
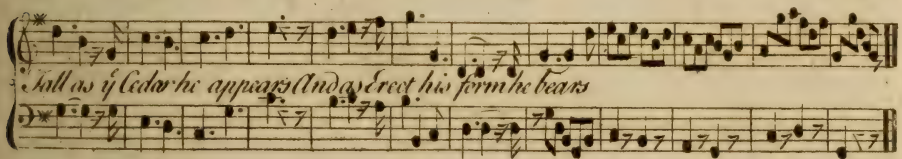
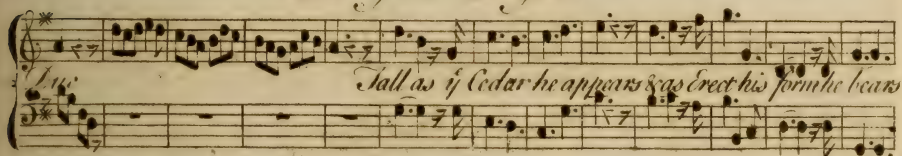


Allegro

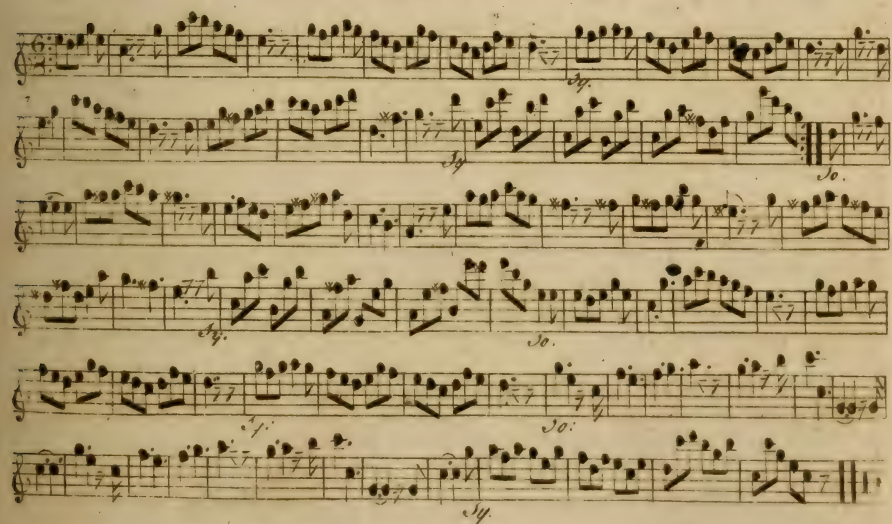
A Favourite Song,



Set by M.^r Boyce.



FLUTE.





A Favourite Song.

Set by M^r Pédleur.

Women formid by Nature Coy, blush to give or take the Joy.

Man by Nature warm & brave must to win them be a Slave.

Flatter sigh and whine call their Mortal Char. us call their Mortal

Charms divine. When the Godd thus we please Female first

deceivd & Female, Bride deceivd ob eys.



A Favourite Song

Moderato

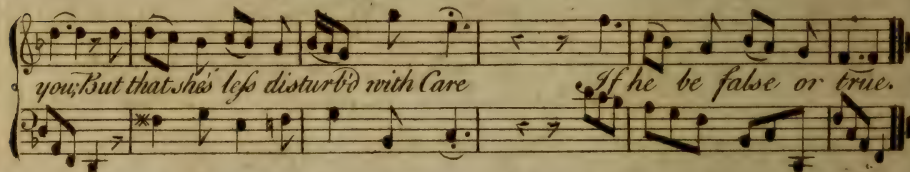
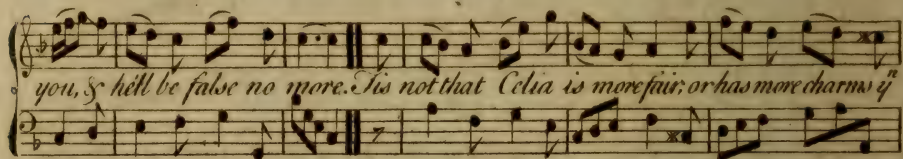
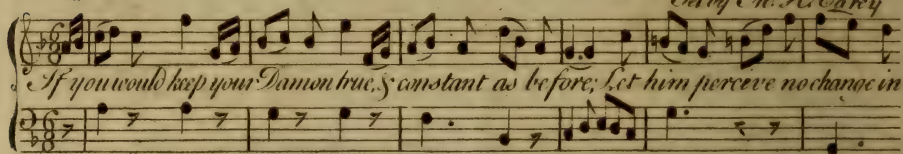
Set by Mr. Oswald.

Silly when your lips you join *Lovely Pouting Lips to mine* *So the Bee the*
Flow'ry Field such a Banquet does not yield *Not the dewy morning Rose*
So much sweetness does inclose *Not the Gods such Nectar sip As Collin from thy*
balmy Lip As Collin from thy balmy Lip *Kiss me then with*
rapture Kiss, Well surpass the Gods in Bliss *Well surpass Well surpass*
Well surpass the Gods in Bliss *Well surpass the Gods in Bliss*



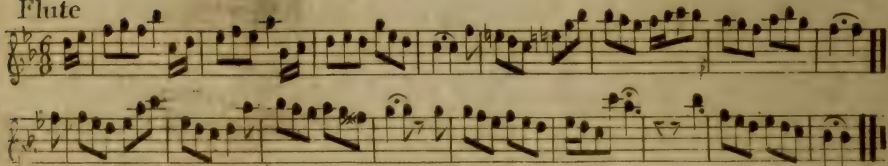
False Damon.

Set by M. H. Carey



Why then shoud you disgrace with Tears,
 That Face which once was gay;
 Or why shoud you distract with Tears,
 That Heart which once was May.
 Let Smiles again adorn your Face,
 Again be gay and glad,
 And he'll again resume his Place,
 Or else by Jove hes mad.

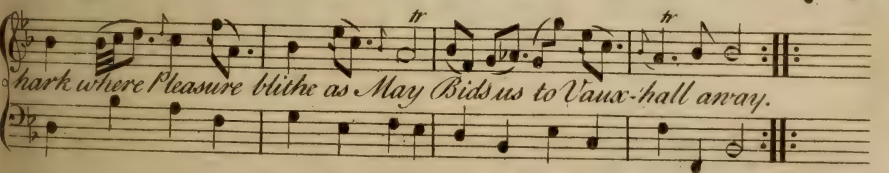
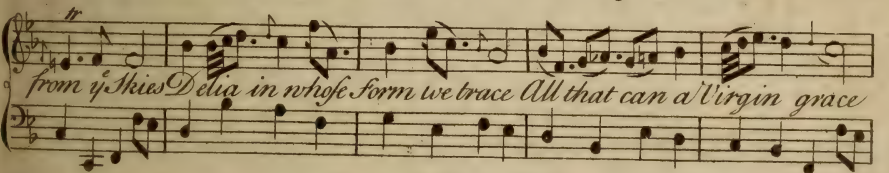
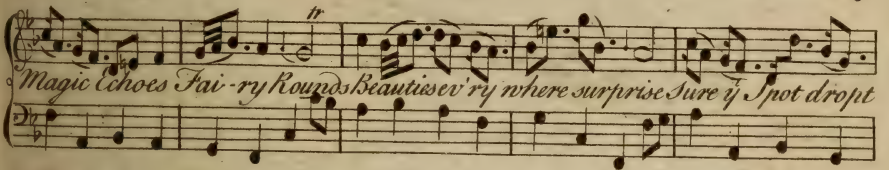
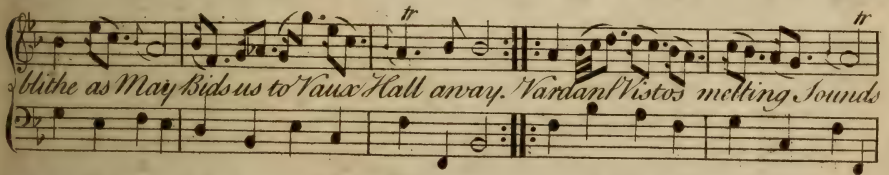
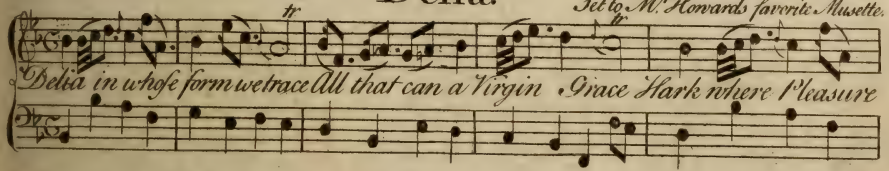
Flute



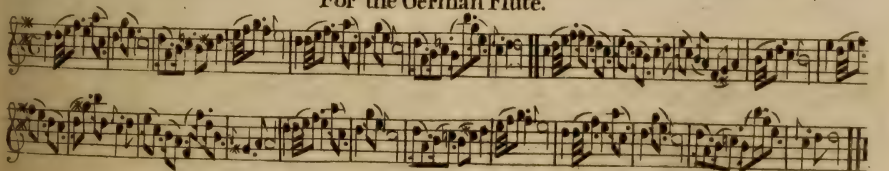


Delia.

Set to M.^r Howards favorite Musette.



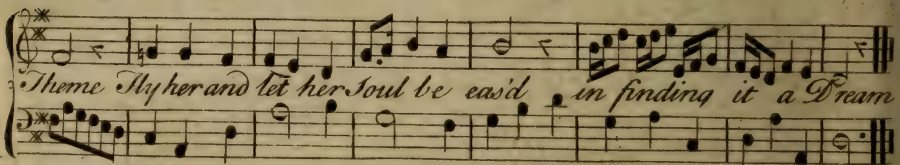
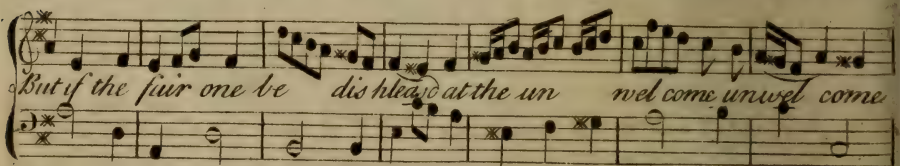
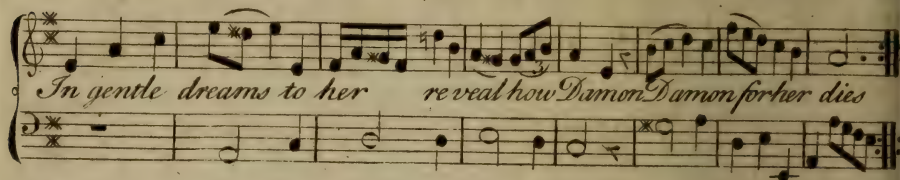
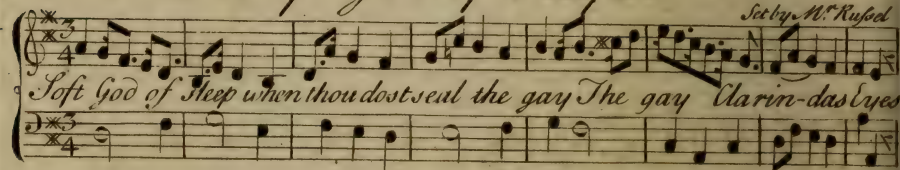
For the German Flute.



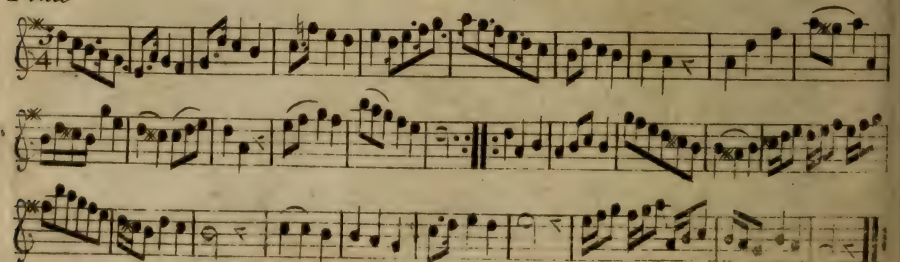


Soft God of Sleep?

Set by W. R. R. R.



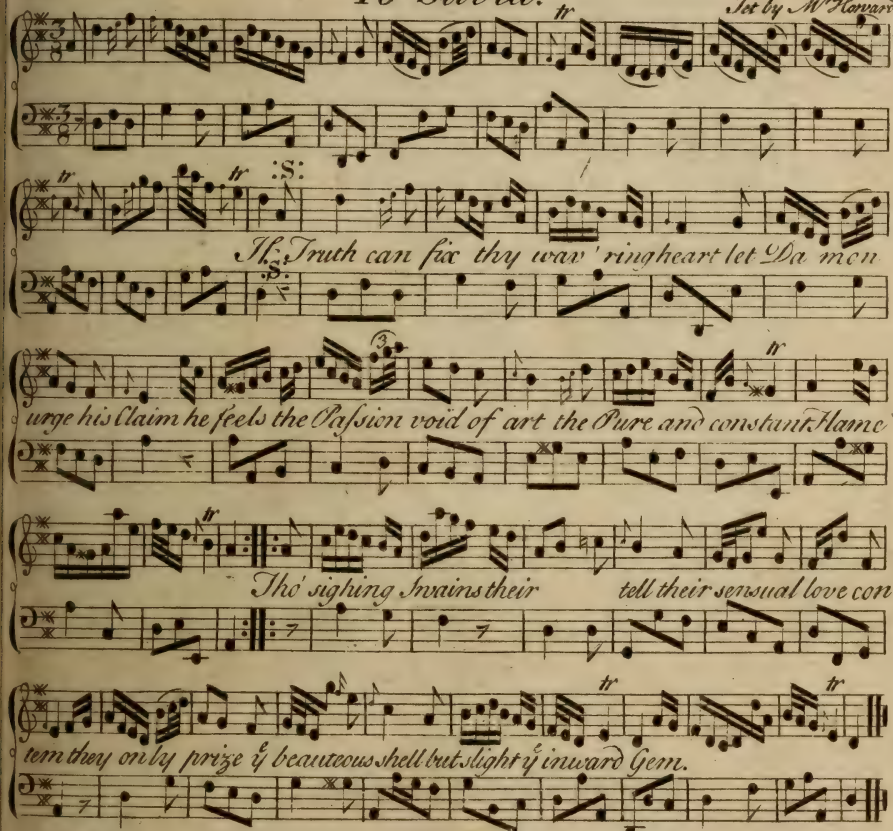
Flute





To Silvia.

Set by W^m Howard



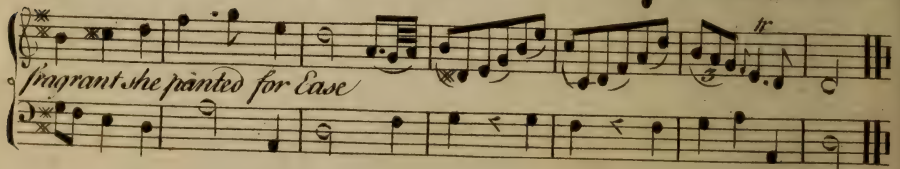
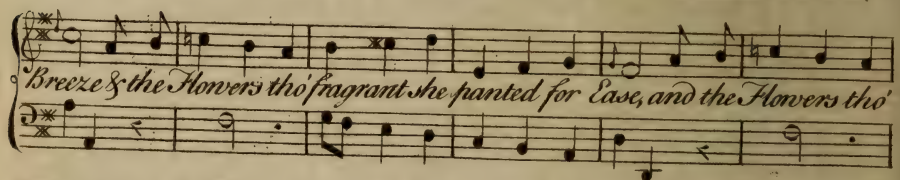
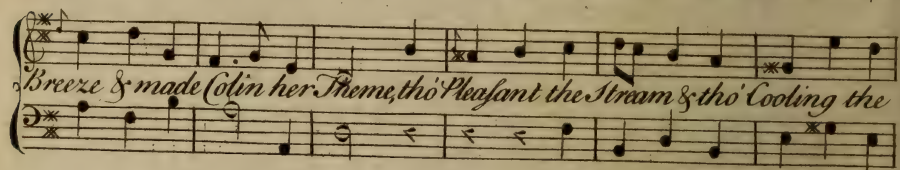
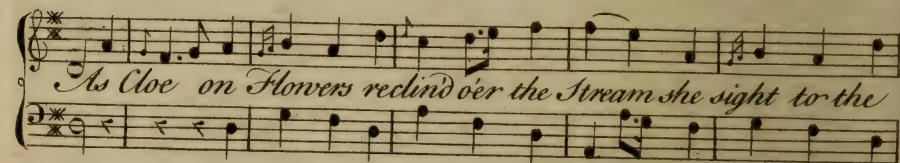
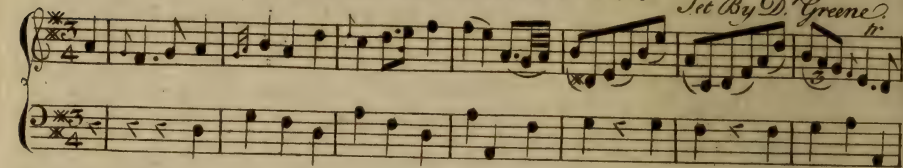
Possession cures the wounded Heart;
 Destroys the transient Fire,
 But when y^e mind receives y^e Part,
 Enjoyment whets y^e Desire.
 Your charms each slavish sense controul,
 A Tyrant's short liv'd Reign,
 But milder Reason rules the Soul,
 Nor time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your mind improves with Years,
As when the Bloſſoms fade away,
The ripning Fruit appears.
May Heav'n & Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bleſs each future Hour,
That Damon, who can taſte^e Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flower:



Cloe's Resolves.

Set By D.^r Greene 2^d Tr.



The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,
It hid'd y^e sweet Banks but no longer would stay,
The Beauteous Inconstant & Faithless tho' Fair,
Ah! Colin look in and behold thyself there.



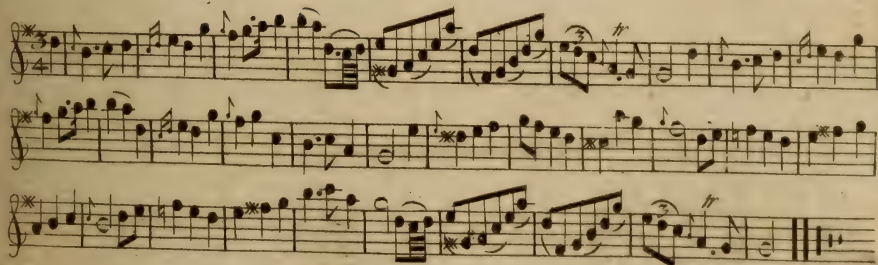
*The Breeze that so Sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the Wind,
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.*

*The Flowers when gather'd so Beauteous & sweet,
Now fade on her Bosom and Dye at her Feet,
As fair in their Bloom and as foul in Decay,
Such Colin when Present and Colin away. —*

*In Rage and despair from the Ground she arose,
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws, —
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to y^e Wind,
And resolves to Drive Colin quite out of her mind.*

*But what her resolves when her Colin appear'd,
The Stream it stood still & no Tempest was heard,
The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue, —
She found he was kind and believ'd he was True.*

For the German Flute.





Ye Virgin Powers.

Set by M^r Howard.

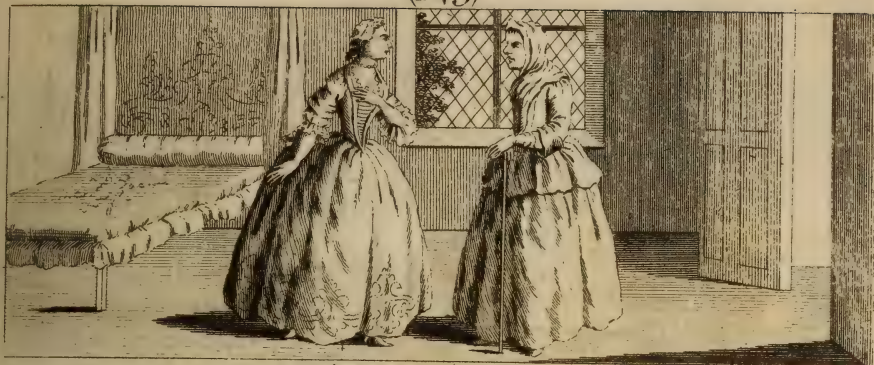
Ye Virgin Powers de

Send my Heart from am'rous looks & Smiles from saucy Love and nicer Art which
oft our Sex beguiles
From sighs & Vows & awful fears wth most to
Pity move from speaking silence & from tears these strings wth water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow Blind
Let Honour be my Guide
And where frail Nature seem inclin'd
There place a Guard of Pride,

The maid whose Charms are seen tho' Pure
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid
And she who thinks herself secure
The soonest is betray'd.

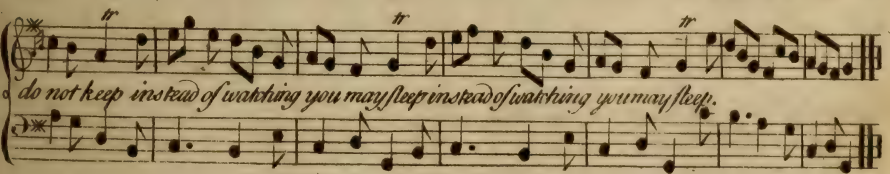
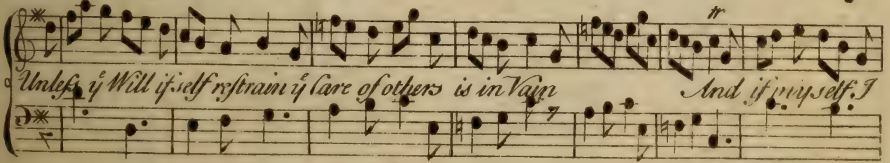
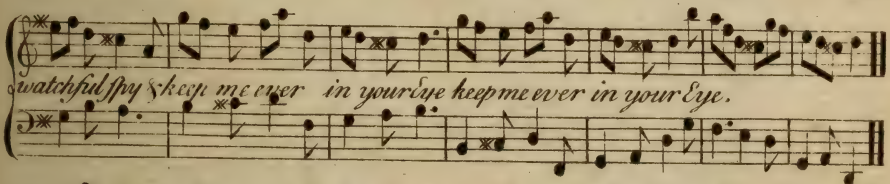
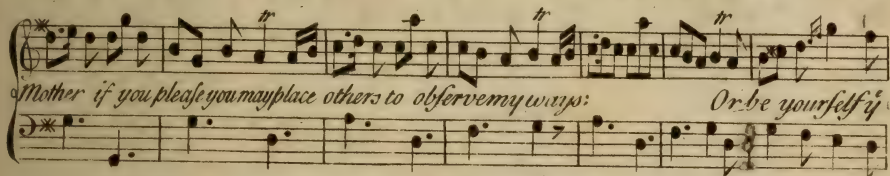
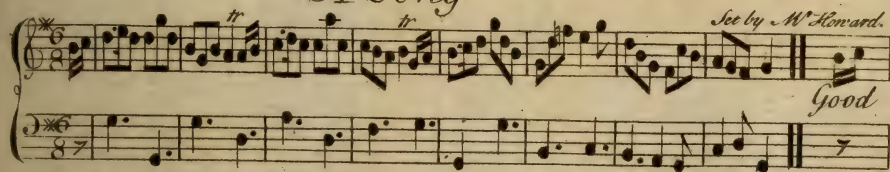
tr



A Song

See by W. Howard.

Good



When you forbid what Love inspires	Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
Forbidding you but fan its fires;	With Prudence for my Lock & Key,
Restraint does appetite enrage,	For if myself I do not keep,
And Youth may prove too strong for age.	Instead of watching All may sleep.



Florellio and Daphne. Set by M. Howard

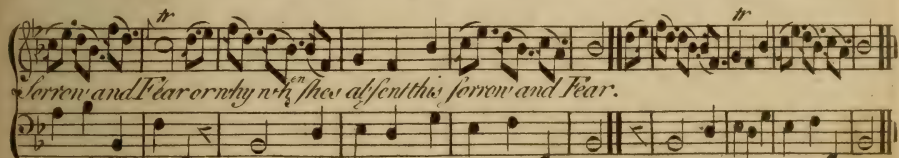
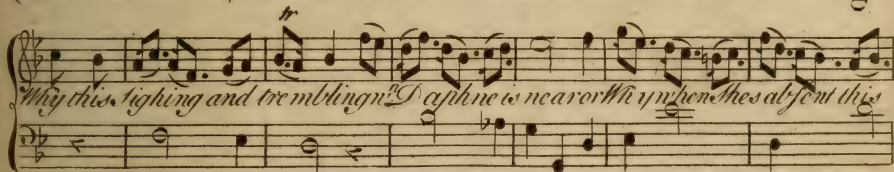
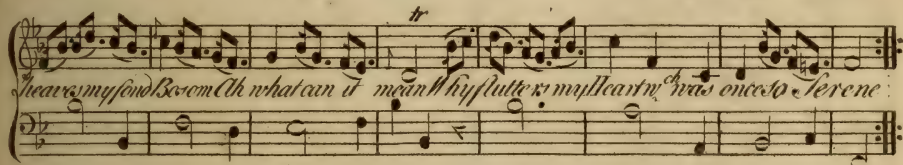
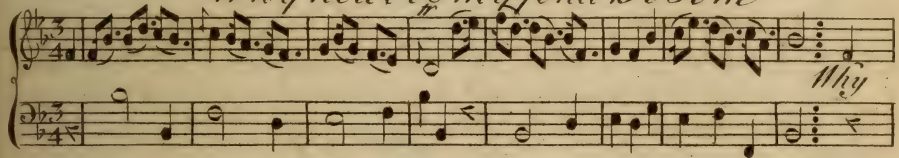
See Daphne see Florellio cryd and learn y^e sad effects of Pride y^eon shelterd Rose how
close conceald how quickly blasted when reveald The Sun wth warm at-
tractive Rays tempt its wanton in y^e blaze A Gale succeeds from
eastern Skies & all its Blushing radiance dies all its Blushing radiance dies

To you, my Fair, of charms Divine, —
Will quit the Plain, too fond to shine —
Where Flames transporting Rains allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure —
The Breath of some neglected Maid, —
Shall make you sigh, you left the Shade,
A Breath, to Beauties Bloom, unkind, —
As to the Rose, the eastern Wind. —

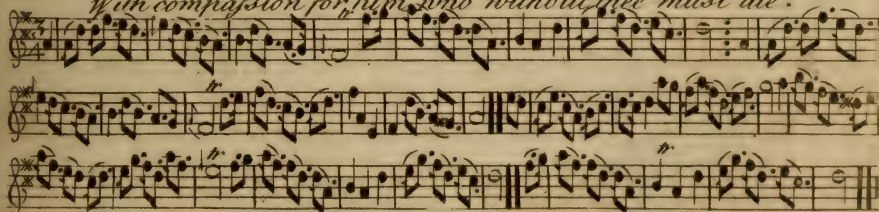
The Nymph reply'd, you first my Swain,
Confine your Sonnets to the Plain; —
One envious Tongue, alike disarms —
You of your Wit, Me of my Charms; —
What is unheard, the tuneful Thrill, —
Or what, unknown, the Poets Skill, —
What, unadmird, a charming Mein, —
Or what the Roses Blush, unseen. —



Why heaves my fond Bosom

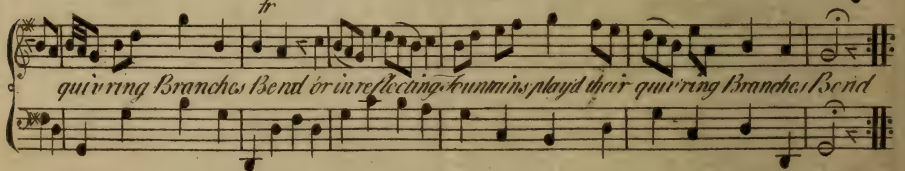
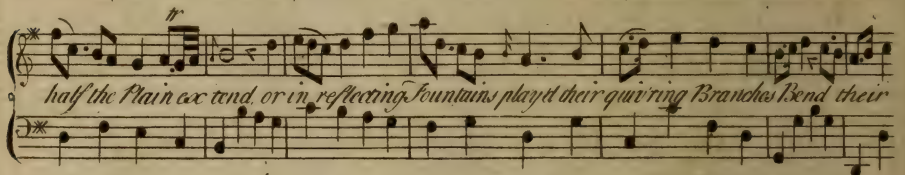
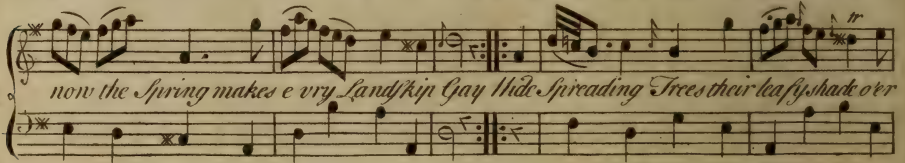
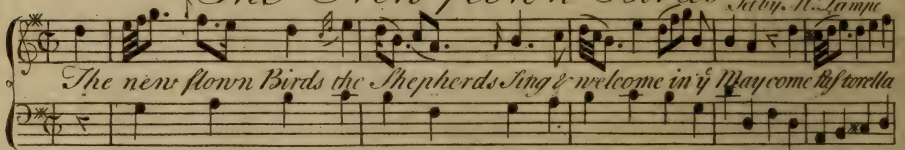


For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
 The Thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face
 Each moment I view thee new Beauties I find
 With thy Face I am charmd, but enslaved by thy mind
 Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride
 There native good Humour, and Virtue reside
 Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
 With compassion for him who without thee must die.



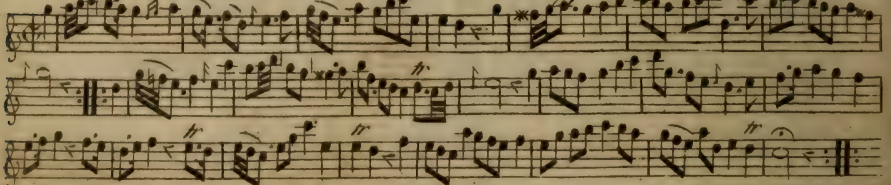


The New flown Birds Set by. H. Lampe



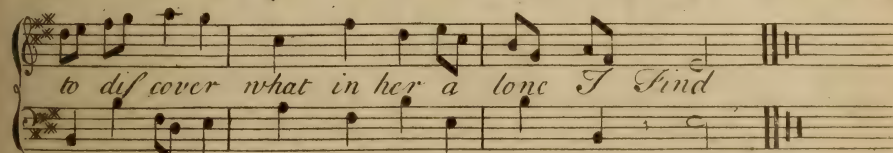
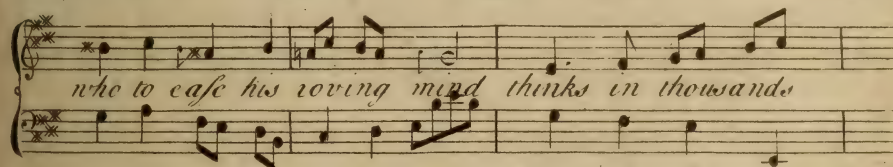
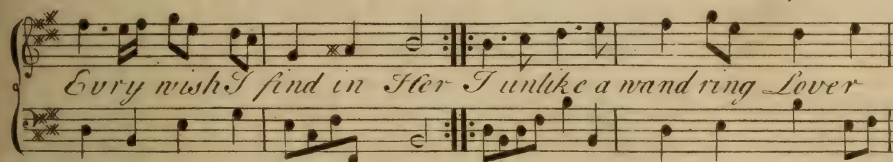
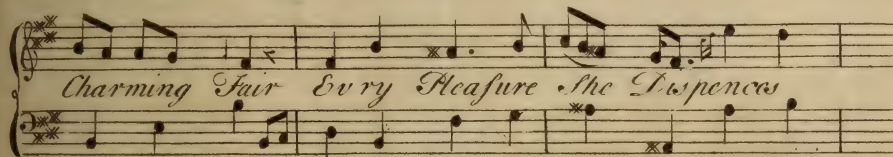
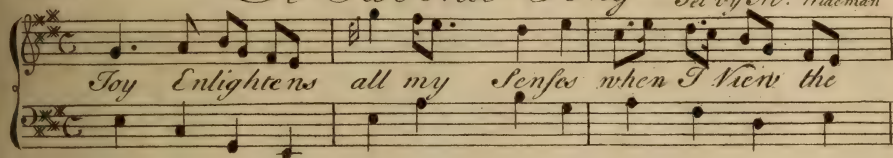
Come taste the Season in its Prime
And bless the Rising Year
Oh how my Soul grows sick of Time
Till thou my Love appear
Then shall I pass the Gladfom Day
Warm in thy Beauty's Shine
When thy dear Flock Shall feed & play
And intermix with mine

For thee of Doves a milk white Pair
In Silken Bands I hold
For the a firstling Lambkin fair
I keep within the Fold
If milkwhite Loves acceptance meet
Or tender Lambkin please
My Spotted Heart without Deceit
Be offerd up with thee





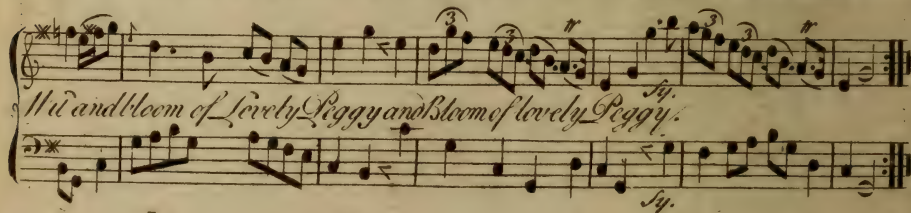
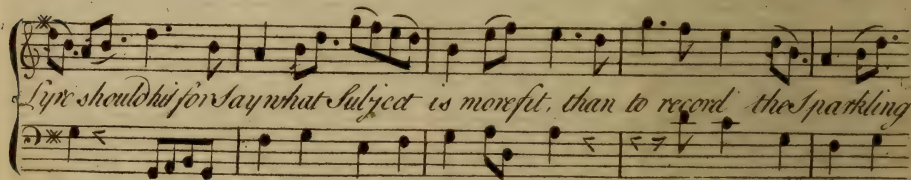
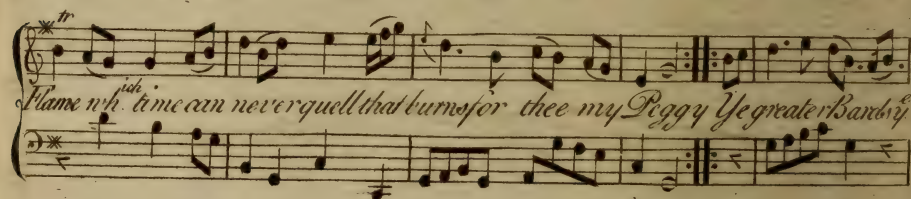
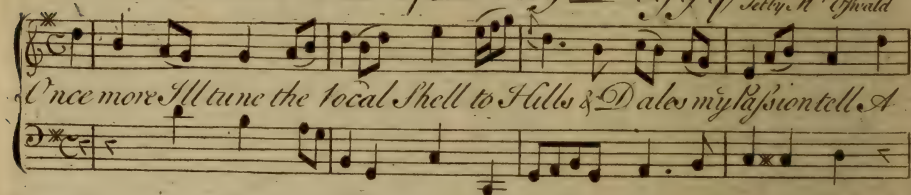
A Favorite Song Set by M.^r Wademan



Whilst Mankind their Hours are wasting
 Every Fair by turns to move
 My Delights are true and Lasting
 Bless'd with Innocence and Love
 In one Charmer place your Treasure
 Happiness is only there
 Constancy's the greatest pleasure
 When two Hearts united are



The Charms of Lovely Peggy Set by M^r Opfield



The sun first rising on the Morn
That Paints the Dew bespangled Thorn
Does not so much the Day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy
And when to Thicket's lap to rest
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy

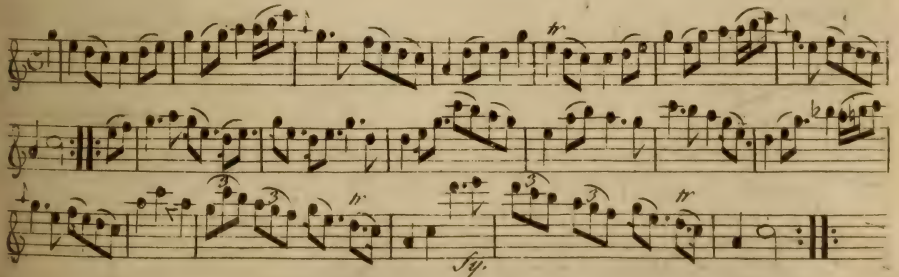


When Zephyr on the Violet blows
 Or breaths upon the Damask Rose
 He does not half the Sweet disclose
 As does my lovely Peggy
 I stole a Kiss the other Day
 And trust me, nought but truth I say
 The fragrant Breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy

When she's arrayed in rustick Weed
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed
 And Pipe upon my Oaten Reed
 To please my lovely Peggy
 With her a Cottage would delight
 All's happy when she's in my sight
 And when shes gone tis endless Night
 All's dark without my Peggy

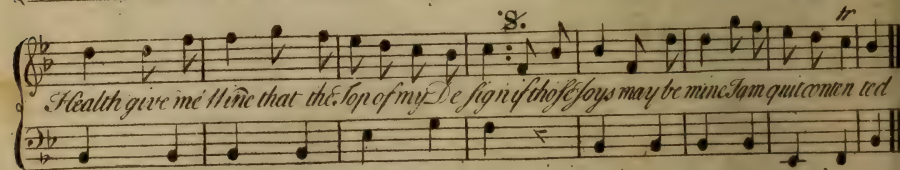
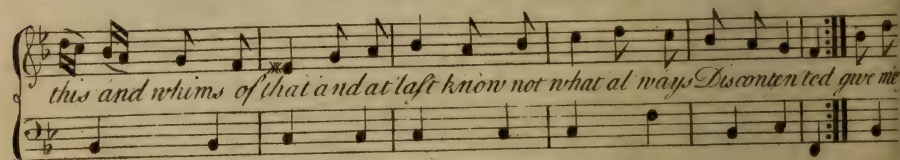
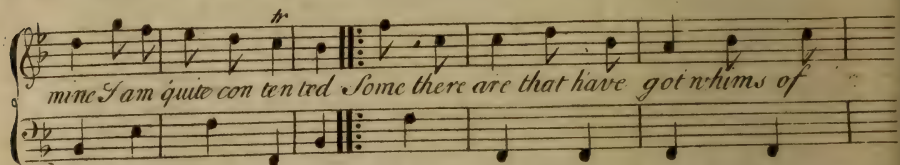
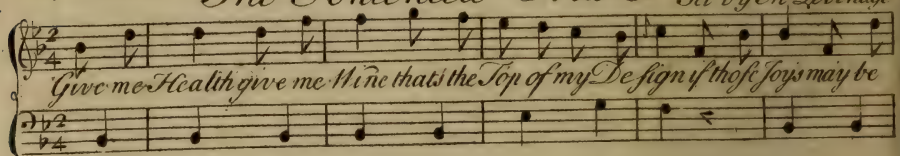
While Bees from Flower to Flower rove
 And Linnets wander thro' the Grove
 Or Stately Swans the Water love
 So long shall I love Peggy
 When Death with his Sharp pointed Dart
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my heart
 My Words shall be as I depart
 Adieu my lovely Peggy

Flute





The Contented Man Set by M^r Leveridge

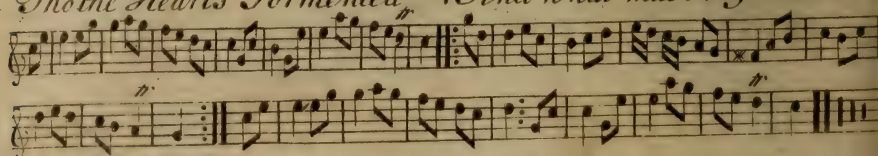


Some again do adore,
 Restless State to give em Pow'r
 Craving Still more and more
 But if once Prevented

He who gives up his Reign
 To put on the Lovers Chain
 What by that can he gain
 But to be Lamented

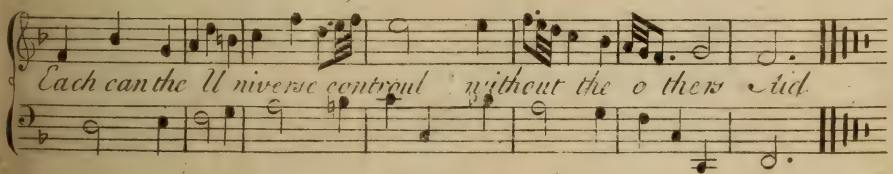
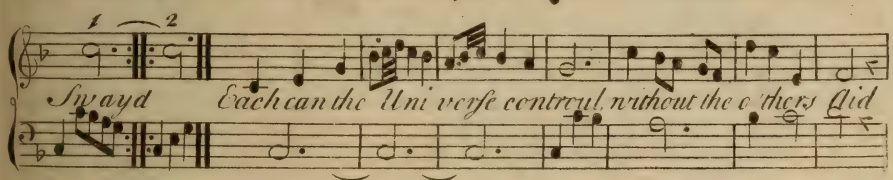
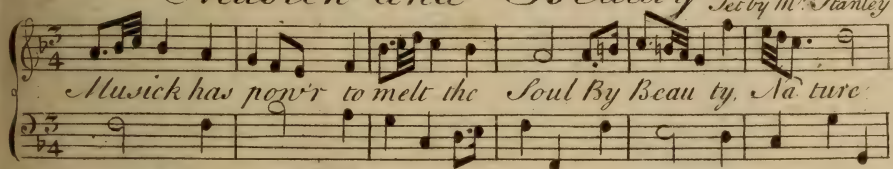
Then they Frett and are seen
 Full of vapours grief and Spleen
 Yet woud saign Seem Screen
 Tho the Heart is Tormented

This the cool easy Man
 Lives in quiet thro his Span
 This the Wife have made plain
 And what must be granted

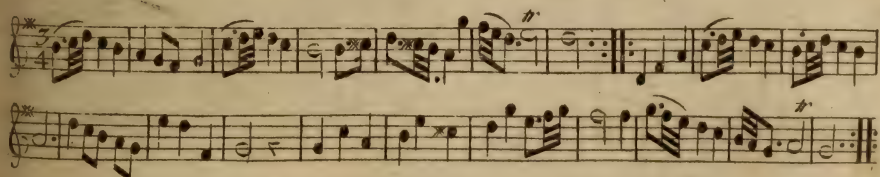




Musick and Beauty Set by M^r Stanley



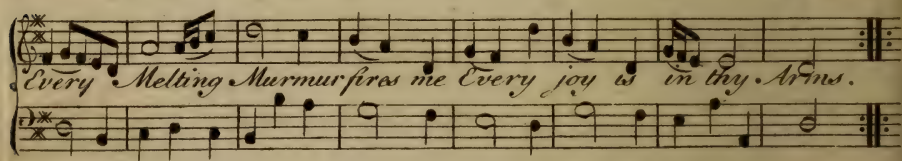
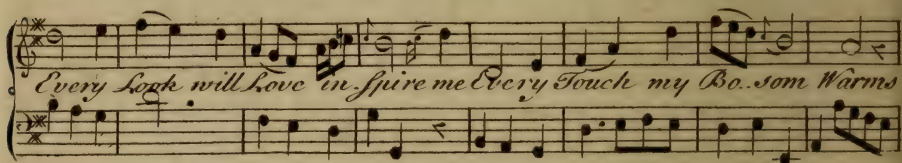
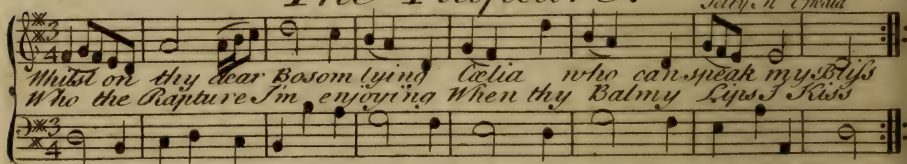
But here together both appear,
 And force united try
 Musick enchants the listening Ear:
 And Beauty charms the Eye
 What cruelty, these Pow'rs to join,
 These transports, who can bear
 O let the Sound be less Divine
 Or look the Nymphs less fair.





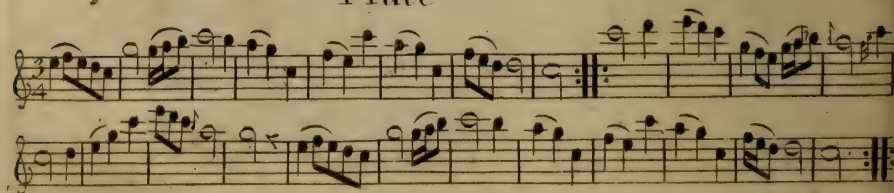
The Rapture.

Sally, H. Oswald



Those dear Eyes how soft they languish
Feel my Heart with Rapture beat —
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish —
When the Transport is so sweet —
Look not so divinely on me —
Cælia I shall die with Bliss —
Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me —
Who'd not die a death like this —

Flute

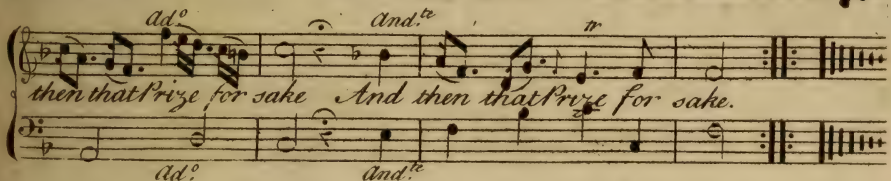
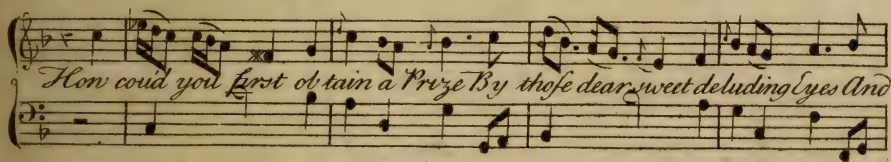
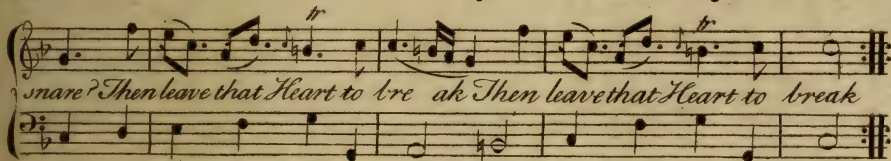
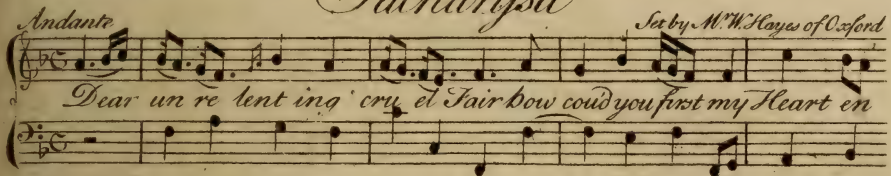




H. Roberts, Sculp

Sacharissa

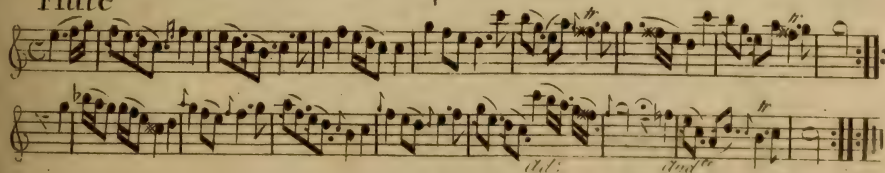
Set by M. W. Hayes of Oxford



Like the close everlasting Flame —
 My Heart is doom'd to burn & same
 Whilst you the Heart inspire —
 You like the Vestal void of sleep —
 Within eternal Vigils keep —
 And feed the fainting Fire. —

Flute

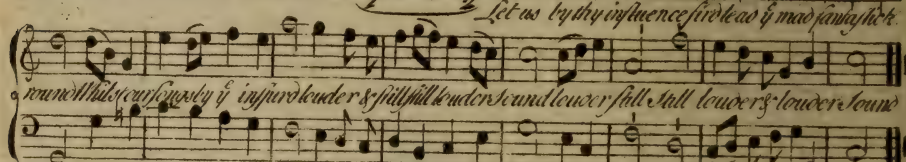
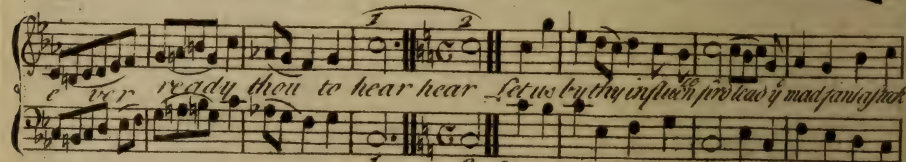
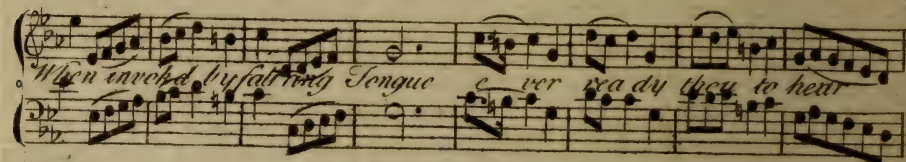
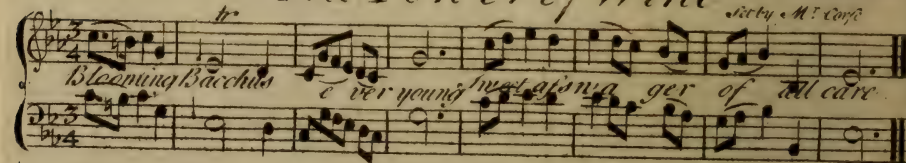
Dear cruel Nymph these Flames suppress
 O Love me more or plague me less
 Too much you know I've bore —
 For shame throw off that haughty Air —
 And shew the soft complying Fair —
 Or let me love no more. —





The Power of Wine

Set by M. T. Compe



run with thy company if inspired louder & still still louder sound louder still still louder & louder sound

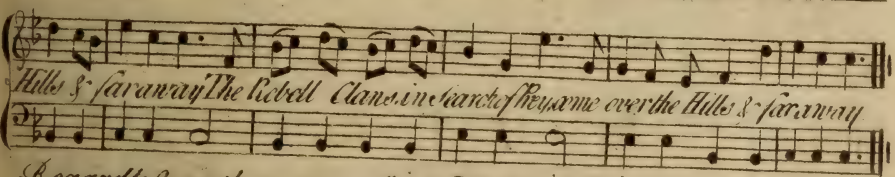
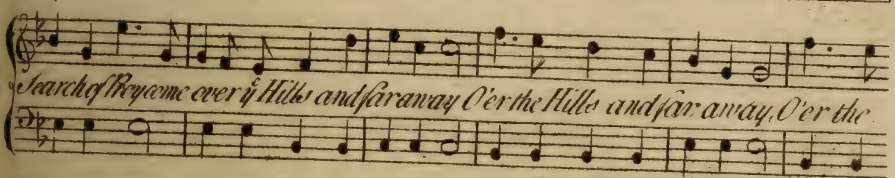
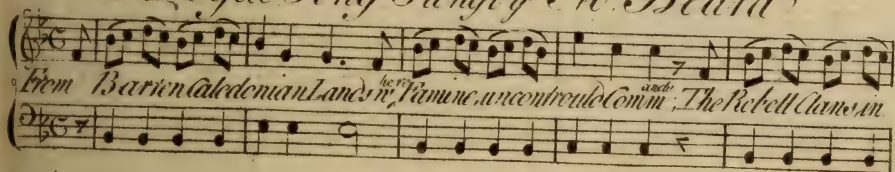
Thou dost make the Coward brave
Thou dost frozen & chage warm
Thou dost Wisdom give the Slave
And thy Sons protect from Harm
Let us &c

Thou dost in thy Fair ones Breast
Soft desires kind wishes raise
When thy Amorous Swain is blest
Shine thy Conquest thine the Praise
Let us &c

To our tenacious power
Hold thy assistance may
Triumph over the God of Love
Triumph over the God of Day
Let us &c



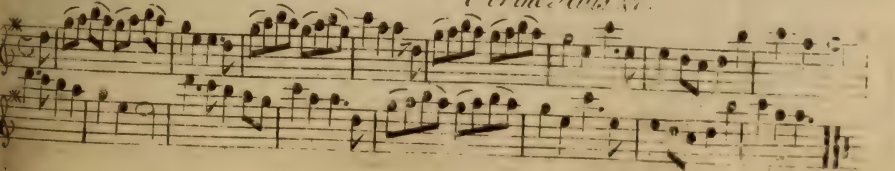
A Loyal Song Sung by W. Beard



A regardless, wether wrong or right, The Penit's Sires to among us, Rule
 for Booty, not for fame they fight Each weak deceiv'd believing fool
 Banditti like, they harm the y Play When Justice does her sword display
 They plunder Rob & run away She'll drive these Locust far away
 O'er the Hills &c.
 With these a vain Pretenders come, Set Baitons firm in Freedom's Cause
 And Perjur'd Traitors Dupes to Rome Assert our Rights, support our Laws
 Determin'd all without delay Defend our Faith our King obey
 To conquer Dye or run away And Treason, soon shall lose its name
 O'er the Hills &c.

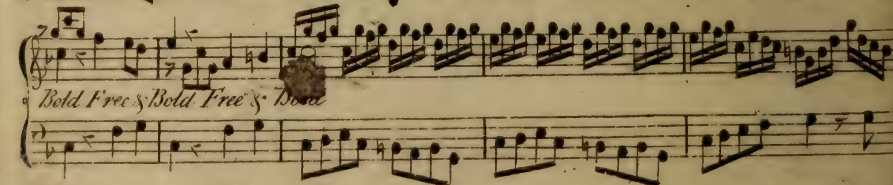
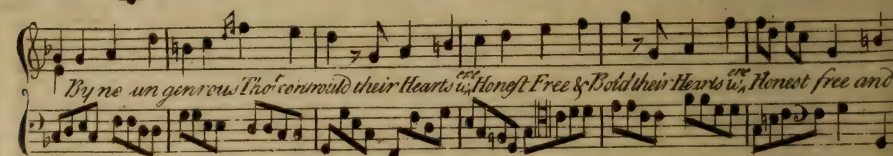
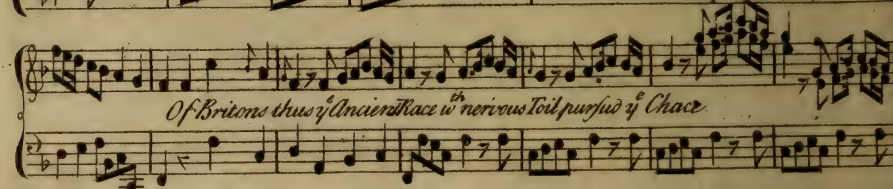
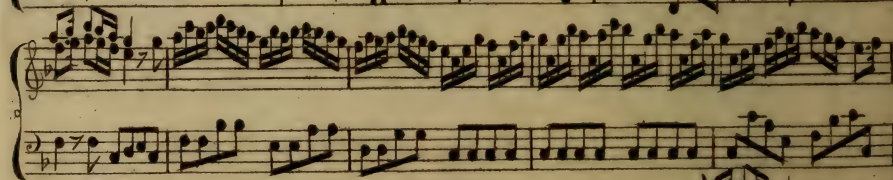
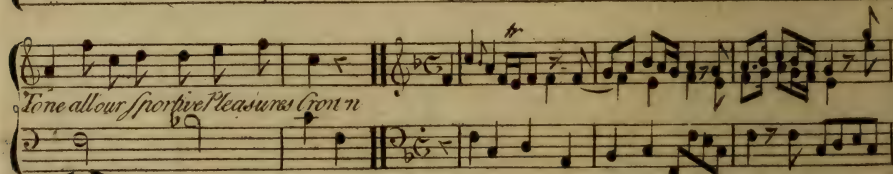
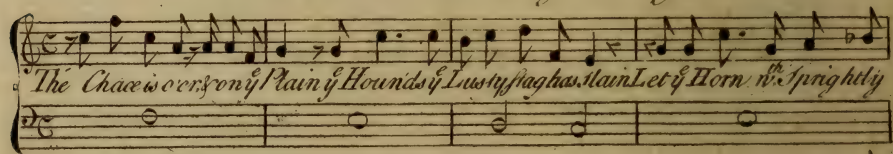
Our sons of War with Martial flame
 Shall bravely merit lasting fame
 Great George shall Britons keepers be
 And chase Rebellion far away
 O'er the Hills &c.

Flute





A Favourite Hunting Song





Sung by M.^r Beard

Of Britons thus y^e Ancient Race with nervous Toil pur

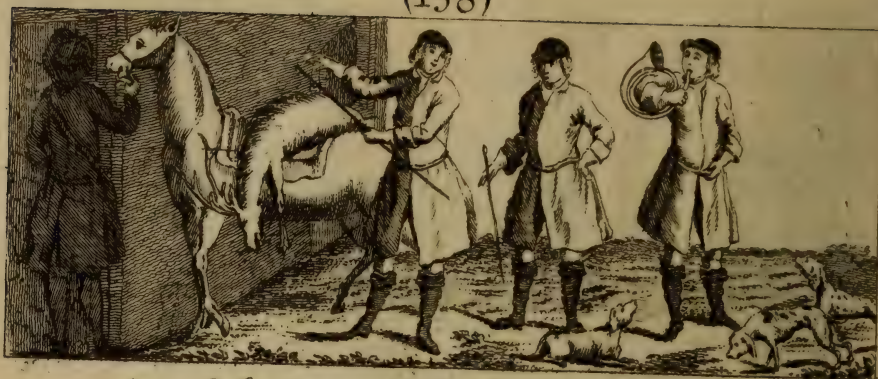
sued y^e Chace Of Britons thus y^e Ancient Race n^o nervous Toil pursued y^e Chace

with nervous Toil pursued y^e Chace pursued y^e

Chace By no ungenious

Thought controuled th^e Heart n^o honest free & Bold their Heart th^e honest

free & Bold their Heart n^o honest free & Bold their Heart th^e honest



Set by M.^r Howard

Free & Bold their hearts were longt free and Bold

Like them a gain no

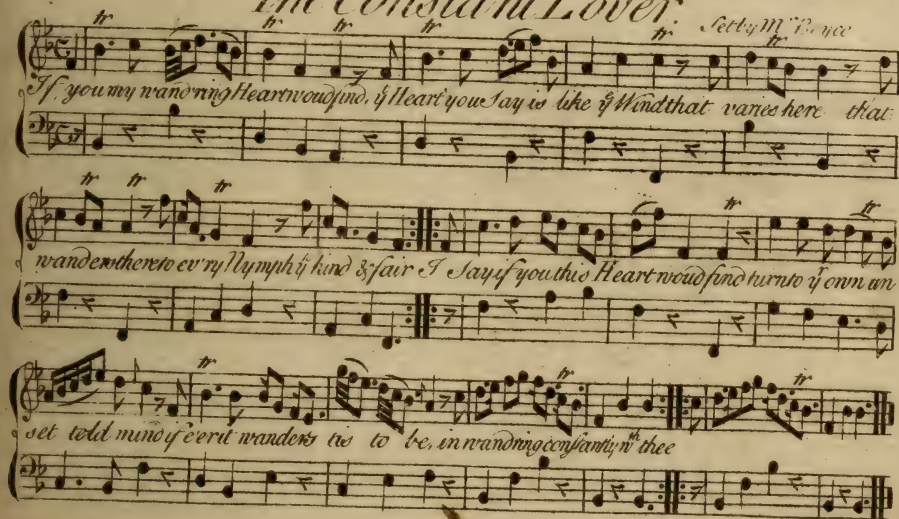
Shires to Courts let Bri tons Still pursue their Sports like them a

gain shall Britons be as Brave as Honest and as Free like them a

gain shall Britons be as Brave as Honest and as Free D.C

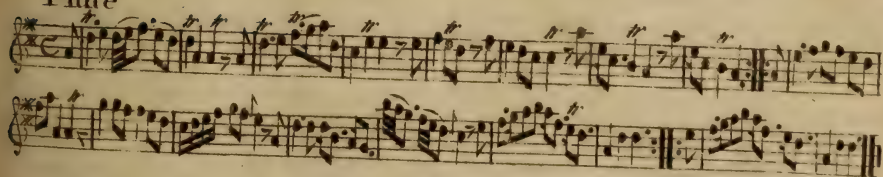


The Constant Lover. Setty M. Poove



How can it settle when you fly
And thus in this faithful votary
Hast a Nymph that fair doth find
But never yet the Nymph that's kind
If you woud fix this wand'ring Heart
Joynd it with yours will never depart
But in the Rangs of Death will prove
A wanderer till to fix your Love

Flute

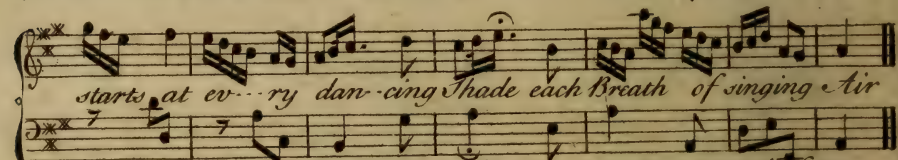
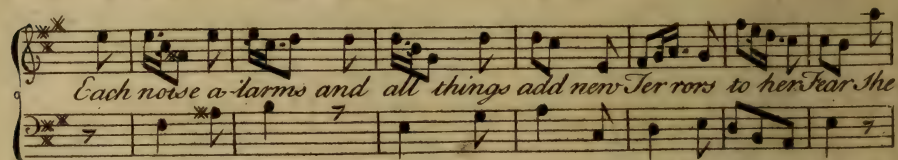
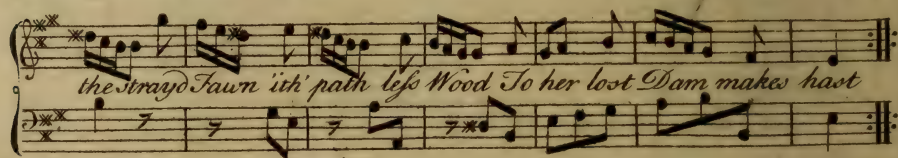
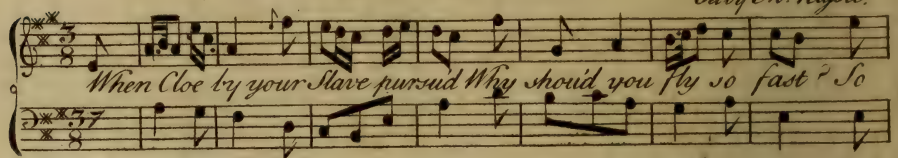




H. Roberts Sculp.

Cloe Pursu'd.

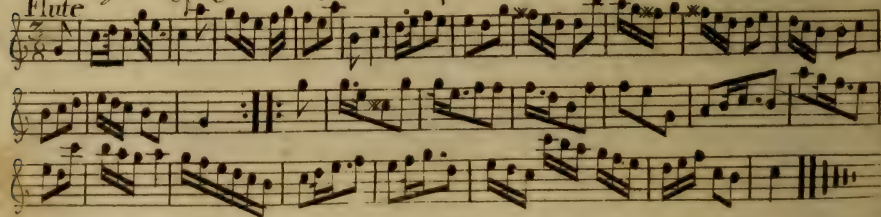
Set by M. Ryfel.



With ev'ry Leaf each Bush that shakes
Throughout the murm'ring Grove
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes
She trembles as they move
Tend Maid unlike the Wolf and Boar
I hunt not to destroy
My utmost Prey would be no more
Than you might give with joy.

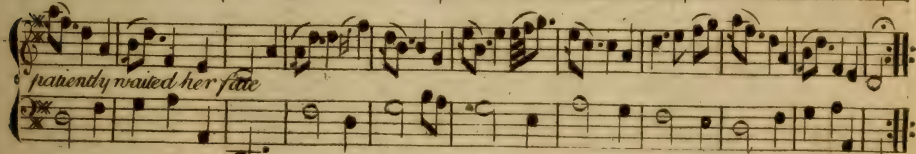
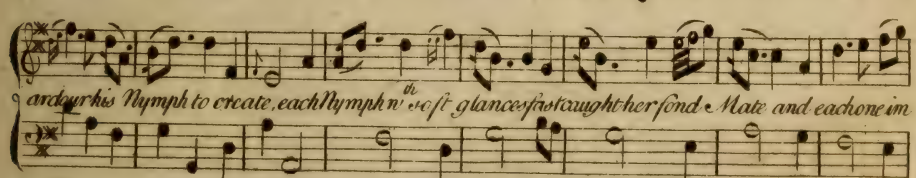
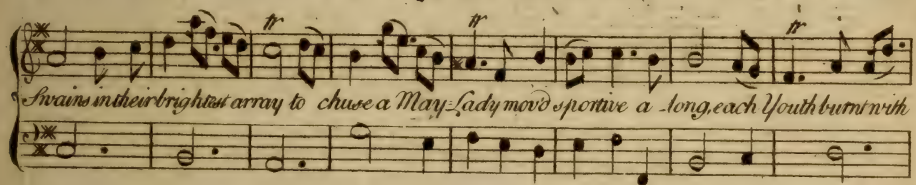
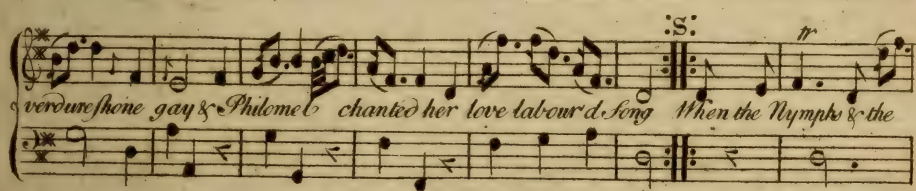
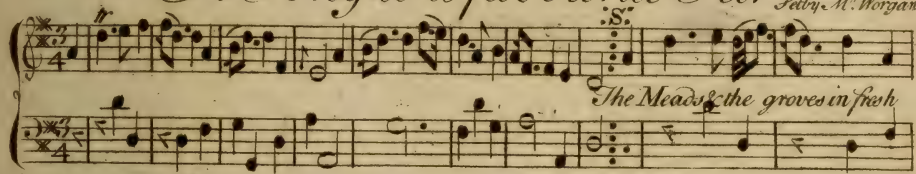
Flute

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love
I harmlessly pursue
Your flight to me may cruel prove
But not my Chace to you
Cease idle Dreams of fancy'd Harm
To Childish fears Inapans
leave running to thy Mothers Arms
Who now art fit for Mans.





A Song to a favourite Air *Set by M^r Worgan*



How vain were their wishes. Maria appear'd.
 Like Beauty's fair Goddess, incircled with love
 With Graces attractive each heart, the endear'd
 In Majesty passing the Consort of love
 The Swains round her moving glad the homage did pay
 The Nymphs with wreath'd garlands no longer delay
 So Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May.



Baucis and Philemon

Tho' Baucis and I, are both
ancient & poor we never yet driv'ch distress from our door but still of our little a
little can spare to those who like us life's infirmities bear

Come come my good Friends let us go in together
A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather
Our Hearts they are great tho' our Means are but Small
You're hearty welcome and that's best of all

You're welcome at our humble Board to partake
Of a fagg of good Ale and a good Barley Cake
A good roasting fire as high as your Nose
And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose

We know no Ambition we have no Estate
Nor Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate
We earn what we Spend and we pay as we go
It were not a miss if the Rich wou'd do So.

Flute



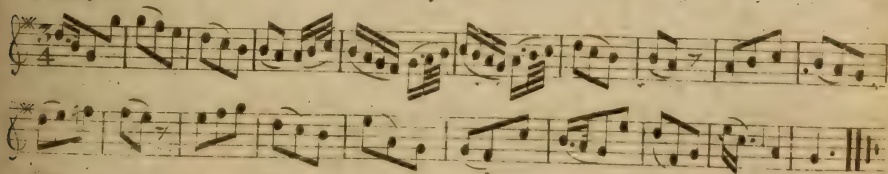
Happy Paper Set by M. H. H. H.

Go happy Paper gently steal and in her neck her Pillow
 Lye There in soft Dreams my love re veal that love which I must
 Still conceal and wrap in awful Silence dye.

Should flames be torn mid the happy pair
 So Atom thou wouldst quickly burn
 My Ruins may bear a longer Fate
 For should I live & should she Hate
 In endless Torments I should burn
 Of all I please'd my ravish'd Eye
 Her Beauty should be thy supply & Place
 Bold Raptures, Woes & Tears I dye
 Should but in vain presume to eye
 With her immutable Face

Sec'saire Urelia, Methas Charm
 Night in a Hermit, Her Desire
 Lattain'd, Heaven that in her Arms
 I'd quit y^e Worlds alluring Charms
 And to a Cell content retire
 No more I'd wish for Thebes Ray
 To gild the Object of my Sight
 Much less y^e Paper fainter Blaze
 Her Eyes should measure out my days
 And when she slept it should be Night

Flute





A Favourite Song

Set by W. Oswald

Thou love since devoid of antlers joy or bliss bestow, Because y^e hand goes with y^e heart must
that create our Woe, Tho' Hymens Torch burns oft n^dimtis not poor Hymens fault, be neer design'd his
Nymphs & swains should traffick or be bought should traffick or be bought.

2
But Plutus too to generous Love,
His Ruin Curse and Bane,
Resolv'd that Gold should only move
The youthful Nymph & swain:
Thus Riches joins unequal Pair
Neglecting care and Rule
The Ugly with the blooming Fair
The witty with the Fool
The wistly with &c.

3
Let sense & merit fix y^e Choice
Good Nature too should aid
Attend to Truths unerring Voice
And let not wealth persuade
A Partner thus by reason chose
Your tender ones repay
No Chains nor fetters will impose
But soothe your Nights & Days
But soothe &c.



Love and Reason. *Set by M^r. Ofwald*

Ye heavenly Pow'rs who guard the

Fair, let Celia's charms employ y^r care may each sweet hour to her be blest & may no fears her mind invest

Direct her to receive y^e Love which Heav'n & she must needs app^r for at loves shine in us there deers for her my

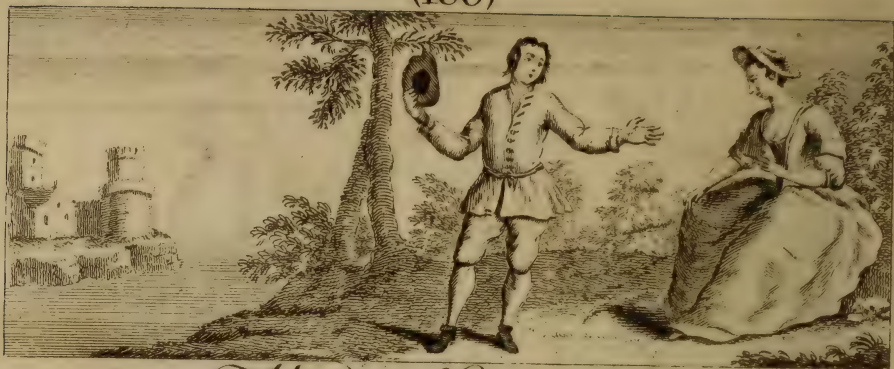
tender Heart should bleed For her my tender Heart should bleed.

2

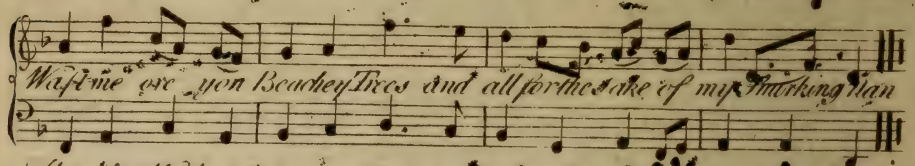
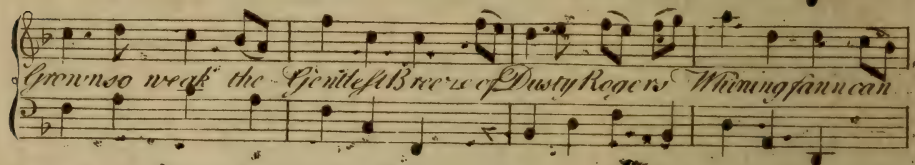
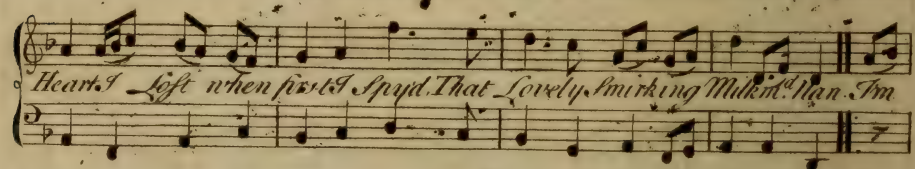
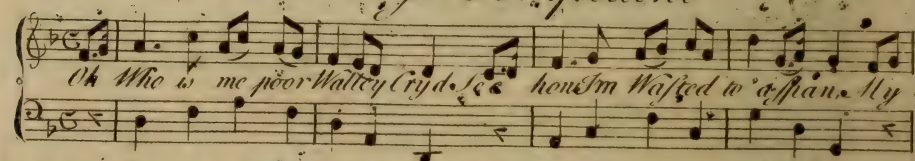
Check not my Fair, what Heav'n inspires
That flame which burns with chaste desires
Where joy n^o here Love alone preside
C'erl^y eyes dull, seven's to be our guide
Where Honour Truth & Virtue joy find
Hence improve & cheer the mind
There social Pleasures ever last
And mutual glide from Breast to Breast
And mutual &c.

3

Hast then my lovely Fair to Crown
My Bliss & make my Joy your own
Shun what el^y stricks kind heart needs
In making lovely Celia mine;
Let Love each rising Fear controul
Dw^ost each Care & fill your Soul
Then mutual Bliss shall well each treat
Till press'd with Age we sink to rest
Till press'd &c.

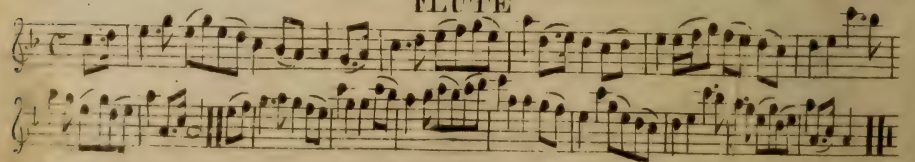


Walley's Complaint



She Me Wife mis'cs me of late There's Dick of y^e Green & Titty Don
 I us'd to tepe an a Hearty Cann Last Sunday to my Mistress Nan
 But I can neither Eat nor Drink He stole a Kiss I knock'd him down
 But what is Baked & Bred by Nan Which hugely pleas'd my Smirking Nan
 The Baker Bakes the finest Bread But Oh the Roaring Soldier Comes
 He Uses y^e Flower & leaves of Bran With his Nan tan tarara rara ran
 Like Bran to me is ev'ry other Maid Her Love is the quills for y^e West Drum
 And when I come pair'd to my Smirking Nan Oh Woe is me I've lost poor Nan

FLUTE





A Loyal Song

God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
long to reign o-ver us God save the King
long to reign o-ver us God save the King

Lord our God arise
Scatter his Enemies
And make them fall
Confound their Politicks
Frustrate their Knavish tricks
On the our Hopes we fix
God save us all

Thy choicest Gifts in Store
On him be pleas'd to pour
Long may he reign
May he defend our Laws
And ever give us Cause
With Heart & Voice to sing
God save the King

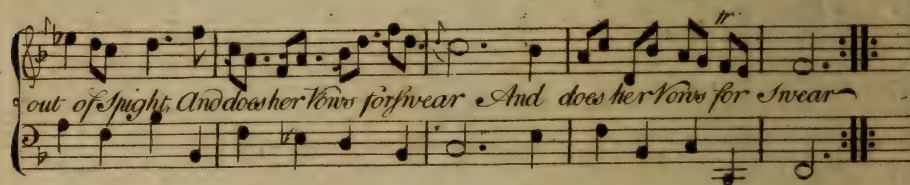
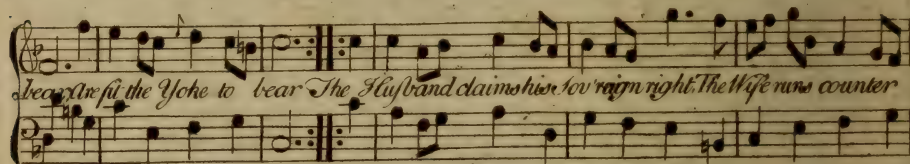
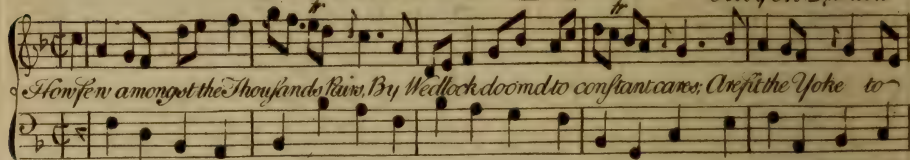
Flute





Mutual Love

Set by M^r Sparke



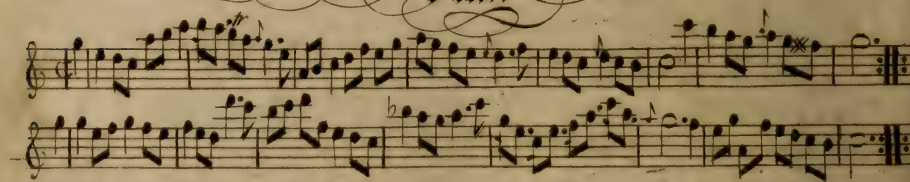
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3

But some there are n^o hom mutual Love
Does prompt with free Consent to move
Submissive to their Fate, Submissive &c.
Thrice happy is that prudent He
Thrice happy is that prudent She
Blest with so kind a Mate: Blest &c.

Should I & CELIA ever join
I would be hers and she'd be mine
For we two would be one For &c.
Complying with each others Will
Of generous Love would take our Fill
Our joys should ne'er be done: Ours

Flute





A Song Sung by M^r Lowe

Set by M^r Worgan

Sym. When mighty Sol at noon of

day with sultry beams began to play I wander'd thro' a verdant Glade seeking y^e most ob-

liging Shade seeking y^e most obliging Shade where on a weary Moss reclind I

Chloe sleeping charm'd to find.

The Trees Ambitious, see mid to be
With meeting Arms her Canopy
A Brook hard by did softly creep
As if it fear'd to break her Sleep
Whose Streams transparent smooth & clear
Of her Chast mind the Emblems were

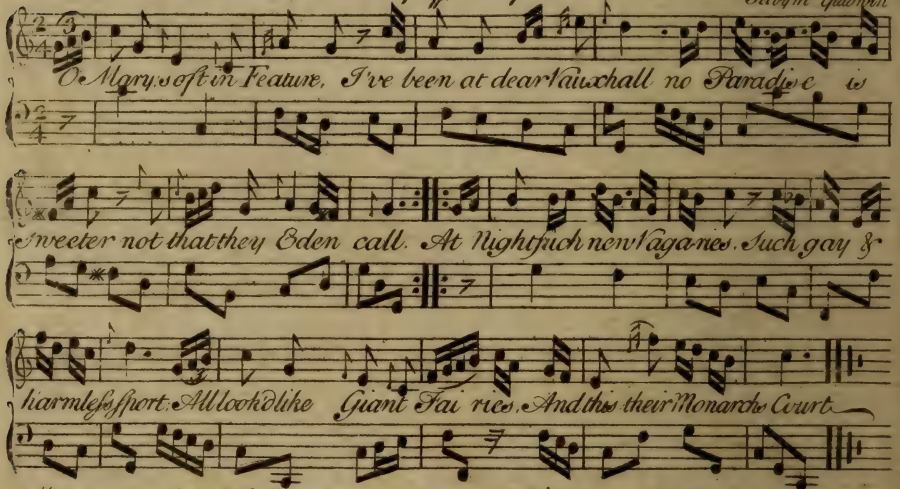
The Sight so Charming could y^e Sun
Have seen & had stop't to gaze upon
Down by the Nymphs softly lay'd
And did at length my self persuade, to
To steal a Kiss & n in the Groves
And who my boldness disapproves

Flute



Colin's Description of Vauxhall

Set by M^r Gledhill



Methought when first I enter'd
 Such Splendors round me shone
 Into a World I ventur'd
 Where rose another Sun
 Whilst Musick never cloying
 As Sky Larks sweet I hear
 The sounds I'm still enjoying
 They'll always sooth my Ear
 Fear Rainings sweetly glowing
 Where'er our Glances fall
 Here Colours life bestowing
 Bedeck this Green wood Hall
 The King there dubs a Farmer
 There John his Lacy loves
 But my Delights the Charmer
 Who steals a Pair of Gloves

As still amazed I'm Straying
 E'er this enchanted Grove
 I spy a Hamper playing
 All in his proud Accore
 I doff my Hat desiring
 I'd tune up Buxom Joan
 But what was I admiring
 O'erlooks a man of Stone
 But now the Tables spreading
 They all fall too with Glee
 Not e'en at Quire's fine Wedding
 Such Delights did I see
 I long'd poor starv'ling Rover
 But none heed Country Elves
 These Folk with face dar'd over
 Loves only dear themselves

Thus whilst mid joys abounding
 As snipe hoppers they're gay
 At distance Crouds surrounding
 The Lady of the May
 The Man with Moonen'd face
 Soft twinkling thro' the trees
 As the inward pleasure highly
 To taste delights like these



The Mutual Kiss

Affetto

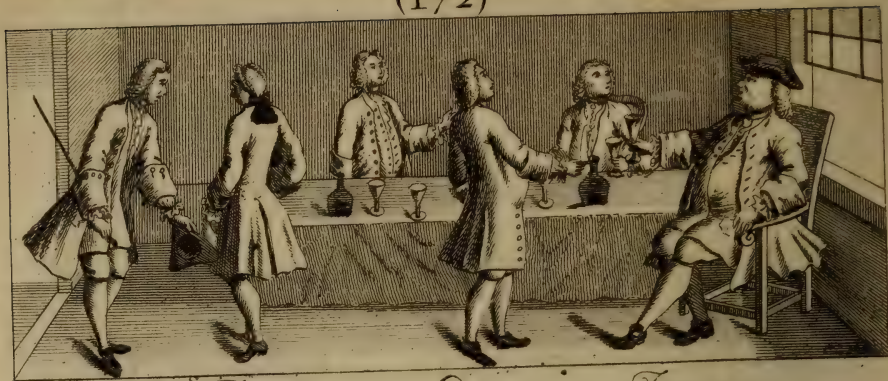
Set by M^r Oswald

Cælia by those smiling Graces Which my panting Bosom warm By the
Heaven of thy Embraces By thy wondrous power to Charm By those
lost bewitching Glances Which my inmost being move By those
Thy whole Kiss enraptured She and She alone I love

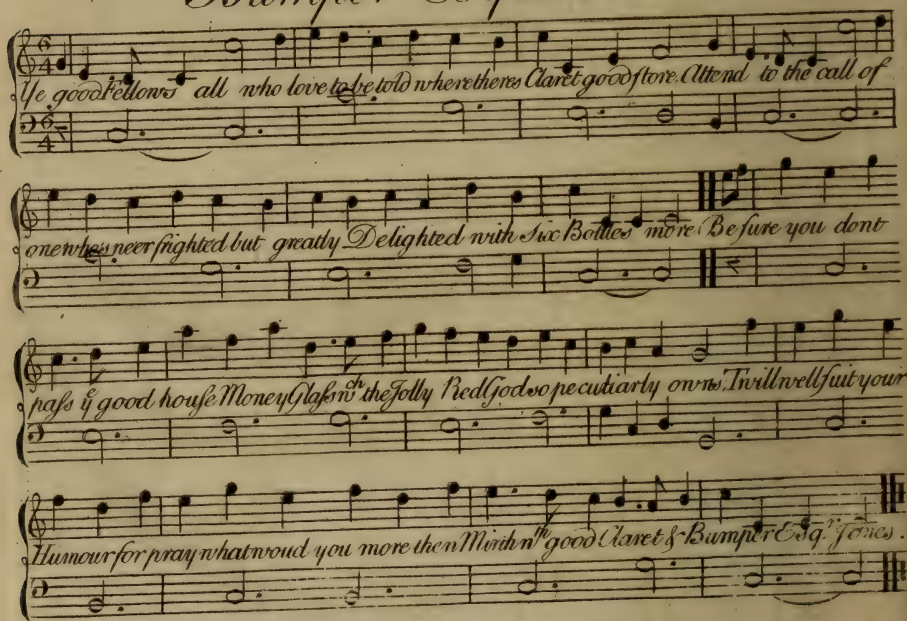
By thy Godlike Art of loving
Cælia with a Blush replies
By thy heavenly power of moving
All my Soul to sympathize
By those eager soft Caresses
By those Arms around me thrown
By that Look which Truth expresses
My fond Heart is all thy own

Thus with glowing Inclination
They indulge y^e tender Bliss
And to bind the lasting Passion
Seal it with a mutual Kiss
Close in fond Embraces lying
They together seem to grow
Such, I dream I delight enjoying
As true Lovers only know

Flute



Bumper Esquire Jones.



Ye Lovers who pine
 For sasses y^e oft prove as cruel as fair
 Who whimpers and whine,
 For lillies and Roses,
 With Eyes, Lips and Noses,
 Or Tip of an Ear;
 Come hither: I'll shew ye
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasions such sighs & such groans
 For what Mortal so stupid
 As not to quit Cupid
 When call'd by good Claret & Bumper Esq^r Jones.

Ye Poets who write,
 And brag y^e drink & small Helicon Brock
 That all you get by't,
 Is a Dinner oft times
 In Reward for your Rhymes
 With Ham & Turkey the Lake
 Learn Bacchus to follow
 And quit your Apollo
 For sake all y^e Muses their sense & field & vines
 Cur jingling of Glascos,
 Your Rhyming, & suppers,
 When crown'd wth good Claret & Bumper Esq^r Jones.

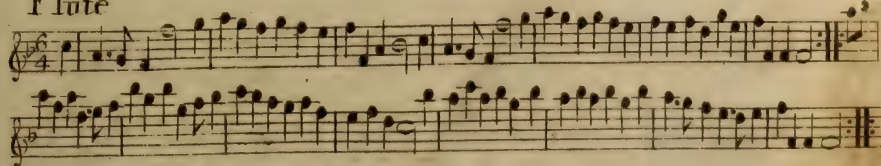


Ye Soldiers So Stout,
With Plenty of Caths & home Plenty of Coin,
Who make such a Rout,
Of all your Commanders
Who serv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your Rattling
Of sieging and Battling
Unknown you'dm. bett' to sleep wth whole Bones
Were you sent to Gibraltar,
Your Note you'd soon alter,
And wish for good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones.

Ye Clergy So wise
Whose Myst'ries profound can demonstrate clear
How worthy to rise
You preach once a Week
But your Sythes never seek
Howe once in a Year
Come here without failing
And leave off your railing
Gains & Rhet'oric & wrong & false & stupid Drones
Say the Text is divine
What is life without Wine
Then away with y^e Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Fox Hunters &c
That fellow of Call of y^e Horn & y^e Mound
Who your Ladies forsake
Before they're awake
To beat up the Breech
Where the Terminus is found

Flute



Ye Lawyers so just
Because what is null who so learnedly plead
How worthy of Trust
You know black from White
Yet prefer Wrong to Right
As you're chanc'd to be fe'e'd
Leave musty Reports
And forsake the Kings Courts
Where dubn'gs & Dyfords have set up their Thron'es
Burn Sackeild & Ventris
With all your damn'd Entries
And away with y^e Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Physical Tribe
Whose knowledge consists in hard Words & Similes
Whene'er you prescribe
Have at your Devotion
Pills Bolus or Potion
Be what will the Case
Pray where is the Need
To purge, Blist'ers and Bleed
When curing your selves y^e whole Faculty cures
That the Forms of Old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones

Leave Pimper and Blueman
Thrill Dutchess and Treiman
No Musick is found in such dissipated Tones
Would you ravish your Ears
With the songs of the Spheres
Hark away y^e Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones



Reason for Ranging

Andante

Set by M^r Carey

View my Eyes my lovely Charming Con-stantcy has now the Day Tell me not my
Heart was warm when it us'd to go --- a stray Love in youth does fiercely blaze But so
Strong it never Stays Love in Youth does fiercely blaze But so Strong it never Stays

If I follow'd every Creature
Sure the fault may be forgiven
Tis the frailty of our nature
Who can change the will of Heaven
Tho' the Object might be new
Yet Love I still was true

Cupid Guardian of my heart
Let it loose to range a while
In each Eye it found a Dart
And engaged by every smile
Thus it was for you design'd
Formed by practice to his mind

Cupid to me ever kind
Kept the purest of the fire
Dropt consumed my heart refine
Made it flame with soft desire
Such a Flame as will be true
Such the God reserv'd for you

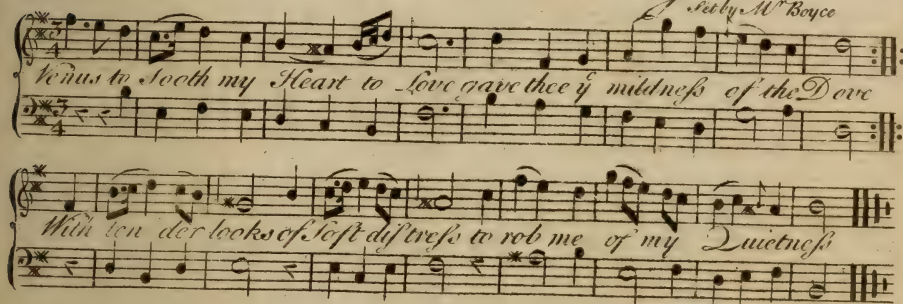
Flute

Tr



A Favourite Song

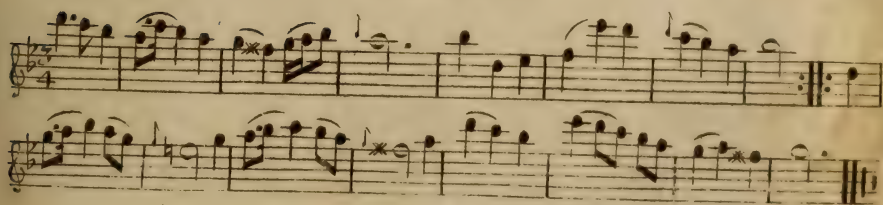
by M^r Boyce



*Appollo with Her does conspire
And lends thee both his Skill & Lyre
Compell'd to Serve by joint decree
In vain I struggle to get free*

*I call on Reason to resist
But she refuses to assist
Vindictas oppose the mighty odds
Since she is Human. They are Gods*

FLUTE





The Indifferent Lover

Set by Mr. Corelli

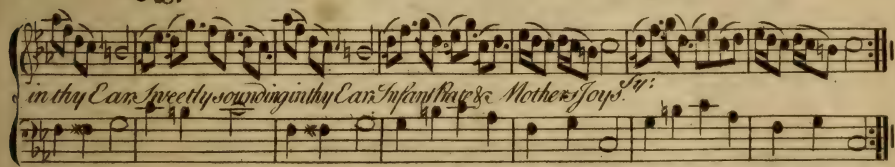
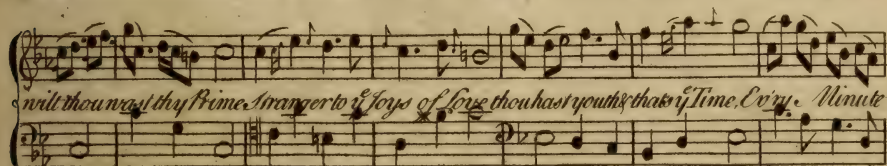
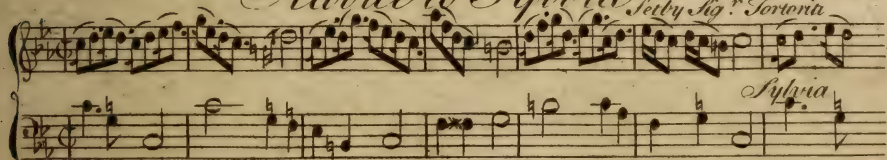
What means this nice new of late, since time if truth does prove, such distance may con-
sist in state But never will in Love; For neither cunning or disclaim if does such way allow. The
first is false if left is vain, may neither happen you may neither happen you

For if I beto draw me on
You over act your Part
And if I beto have me gone
You need not half that Art
For if you chance a look to cast
That seems to be a frown
I'll give you all if Love that past
The Rest shall be my own
The Rest shall be my own

Flute

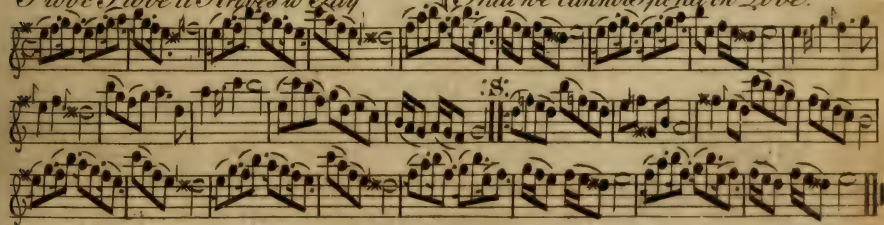


Advice to Sylvia. Set by Sig. J. Tortoria



Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate;
As a further Proof of Love,
See her for his Notes wait;
Hark, the charming Nightingale
As it flies from Spray to Spray
Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale, Invelly &c
I love, I love it, Strives to say

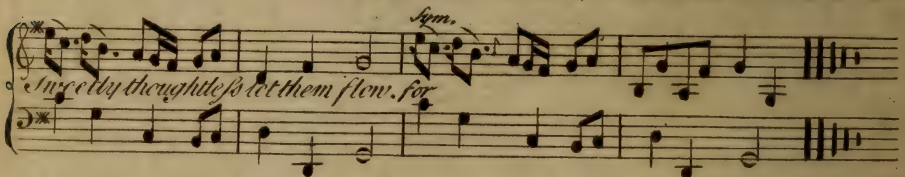
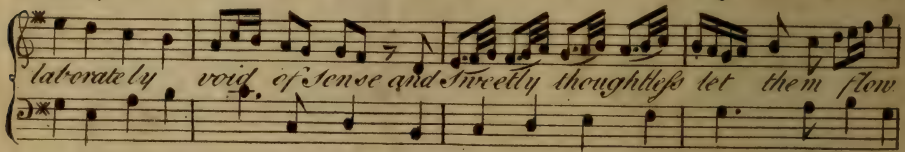
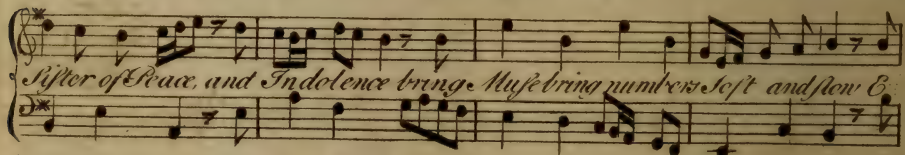
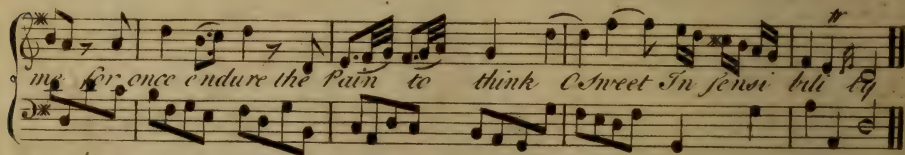
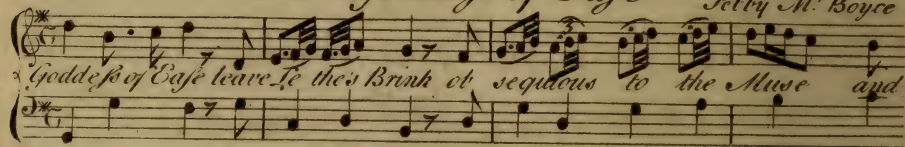
Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least a Show and th' Part,
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual change of Heart
Then repenting, wouldst thou say
Virgin Fears from hence remove
All y^e time is thrown away, All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.





Goddeſs of Eaſe

ſet by M.^r Boyce

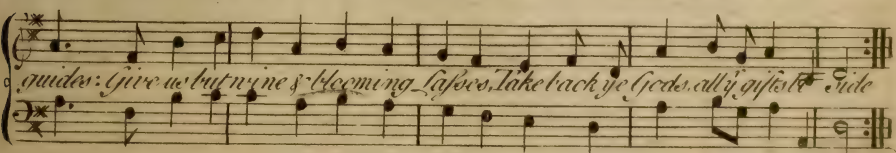
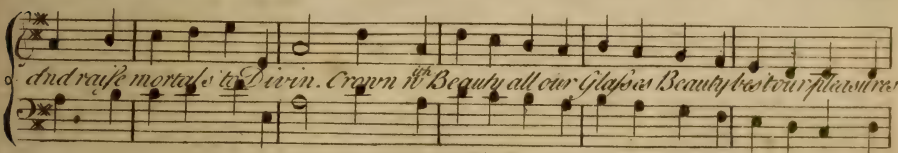
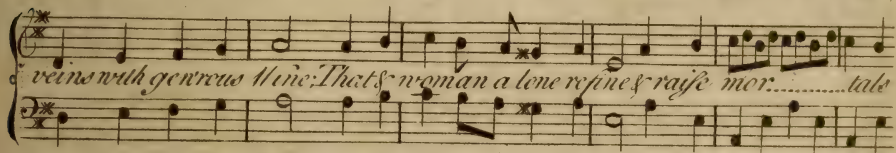
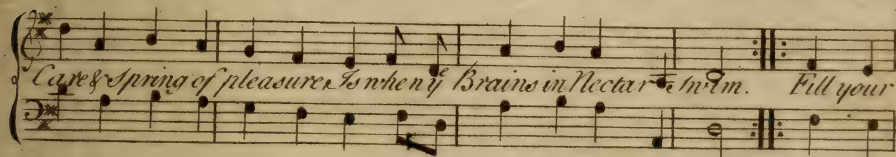
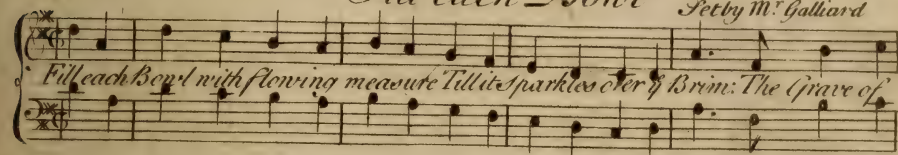


2
Near to ſome Cowſlips painted Mead
There let me Dore away dull hours
And under me let Flora Spread
A Copia of her ſoſteſt Flowers
Where thutomeſ your notes you breathe
Forth from behind y^e neighbouring Pine
Whiſt murmurs of the Stream beneath
Shall flow in unſon with thine

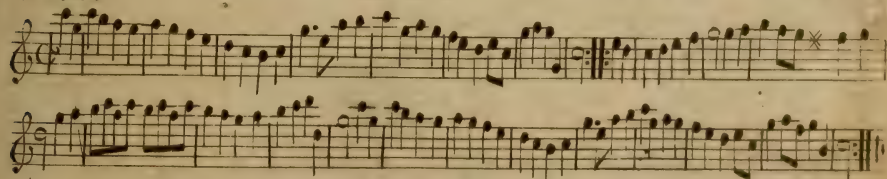
3
For Thee, O Idleneſſ the woes
Of life we patiently endure
Thou art y^e ſource, whence labour flows
We ſhun Thee but to make thee ſure
For who'd endure War's toil & waſte
Or who th'hoarſe thundring of y^e Sea
But to be Tidle at the laſt
And find a pleaſing End in Thee



Fill each Bowl Set by M^r. Galliard



Flute





Fill me a Bowl

Andante

Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capacious Soul

Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capacious

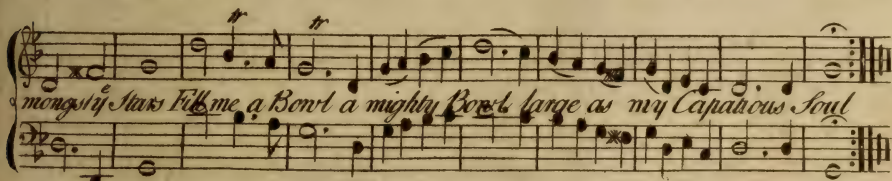
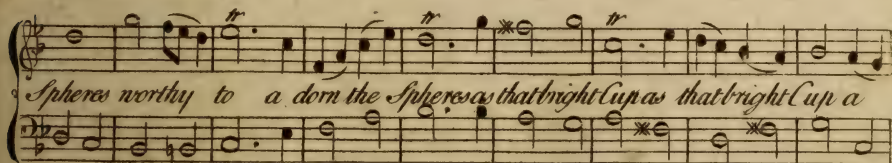
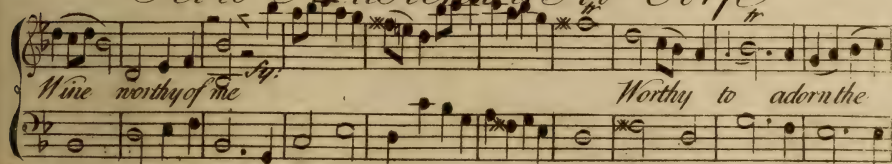
Soul vast as my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my grave

I mean the Grave of all my Care for I design to bury there

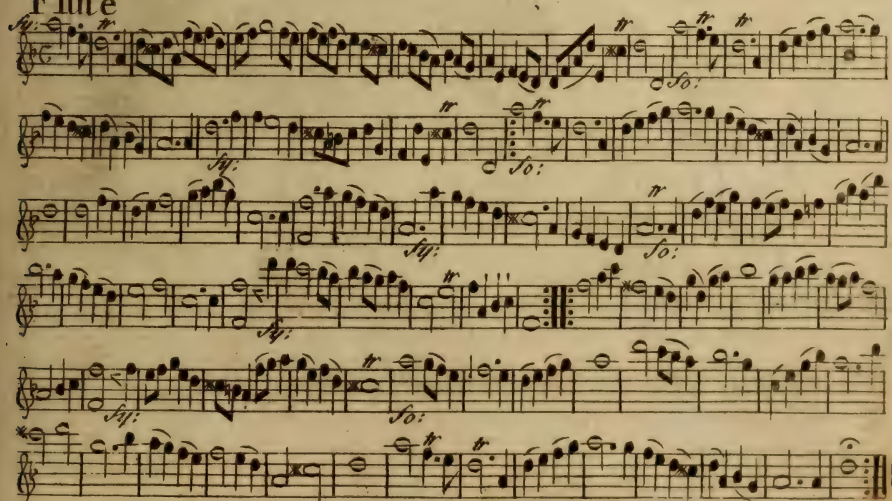
Let it of Silver fashioned be worthy of



Setto. Musich. by M^r Corse



Flute





Largo

*The Lukewarm Lover*Set by M^r Oswald

gaze on Chloe trembling, straight her Eyes my Fate declare, when She
Smiles I fear, dissembling, when she frowns I then despair jealous of some
rival Lover if a wandering Look She give, Fain I would resolve, to
leave her but can sooner cease to live

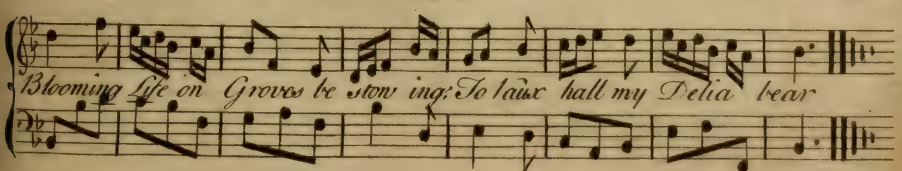
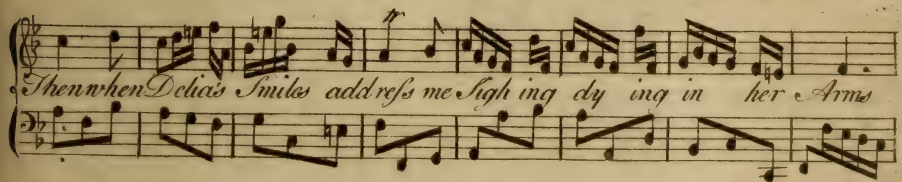
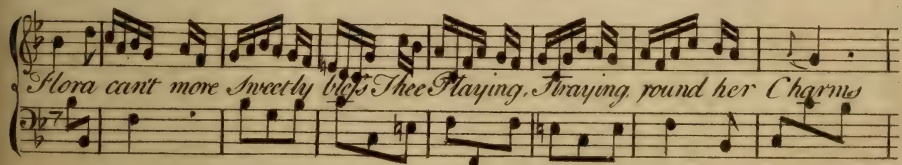
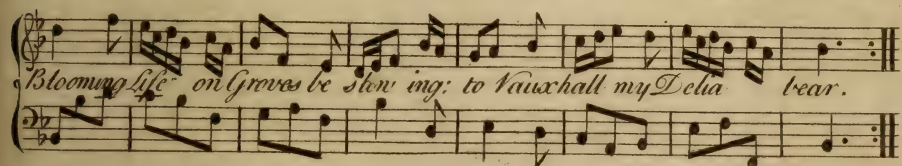
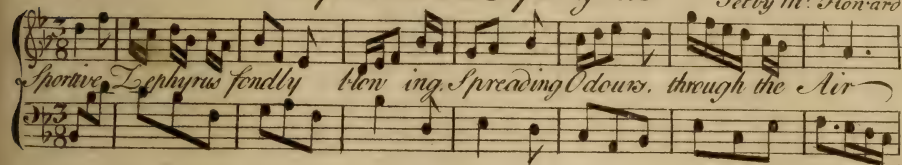
Why should I conceal my Passion
Or the Torments I endure
I'll disclose my Inclination
Useful distance yields no Cure
Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave
She is too divine a Creature
To destroy what She can Save

Happys he whose Inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat
Never flies up to a Passion
Loves a Torment, if too great
When the Storm is once blown over
Soon the Ocean quiet grows
But a constant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose



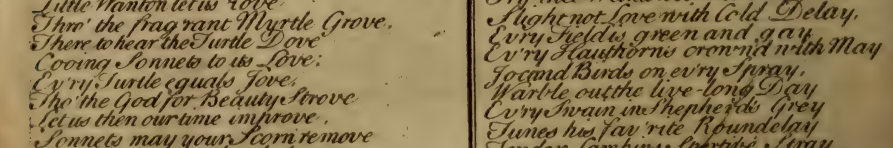
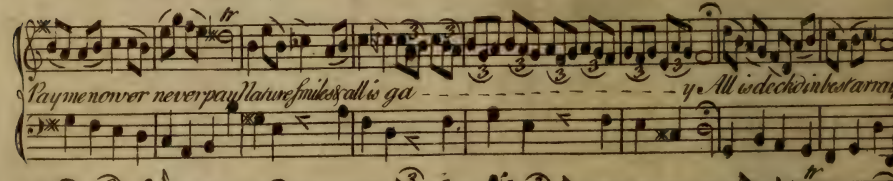
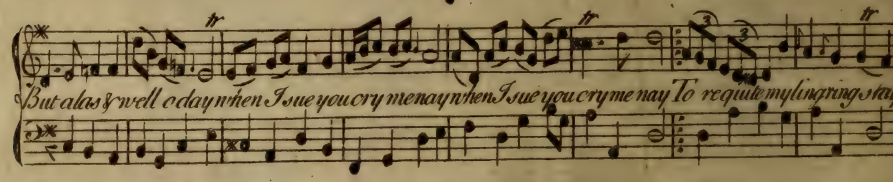
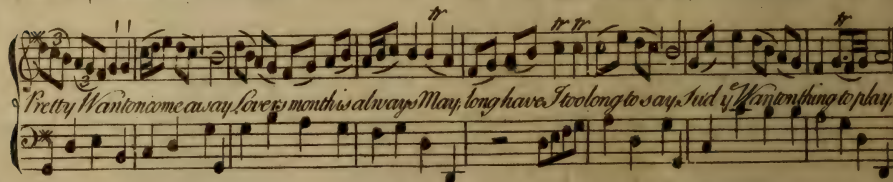
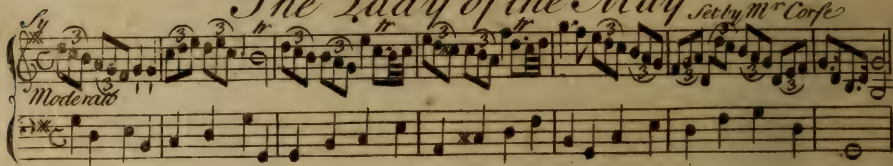
Sportive Zephyrus

Set by M^r. Howard





The Lady of the May Set by M^r Corfe



*Little Wanton let us rove,
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove,
 There to hear the Turtle Dove
 Cooing Sonnets to us Love;
 Ev'ry Turtle equals Love,
 No the God for Beauty's Grove
 Let us then our time improve,
 Sonnets may your scorn remove
 Coyne's doth not thee behove
 Wear the Wreath as Shepherd wove
 Little Wanton let us rove,
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove*

*Ory thee Wanton come away
 Flight not Love with cold Delay,
 Ev'ry field is green and gay
 Ev'ry Hawthorne crown'd with May
 Joyous Birds on ev'ry spray
 Warble out the live-long Day
 Ev'ry Swain in Shepherd's Grey
 Tunes his fave rite Roundelay
 Tender Lamkins sportive play
 Blossom buds their Sweet Display
 Come my Wanton come away
 Let us love the Month of May*



To Cælia

piu. Setty Mr Crome

Slow

Why Cælia thus Mornings doubting of

mind Why one minute cruel & one Minute kind: The season for Love is too short for delay. And

Beauteys a Flower is soon faded away And Beautys a flower is soon faded away

*Gay Hopes and warm Flours are too fleeting to loose,
And they are the Blossoms each Lover must use
Unsettled by Nature they quickly take wing,
They die in the Autumn & bloom but in Spring. They die &c*

*That Air and that Shape so adapted for Love,
Those Eyes & the soft Features delusive will prove,
My Feelings so tender with Time will expire,
And y^e Ague of Age, extinguish my Fire. And the &c.*

*Oh! think then dear Fair one, resolve me in haste
The moments so precious were, Treasures to waste,
To Scars bid adieu from these Whimsies be free
And let us design'd Love & Beauty agree. And let &c*

Flute

Slow.



Florella and Chloe Set by M^r Morgan

Florella lovely Nymph forbear to cloud a face like thine with frowns & nought but

Smiles should wear to please & bless mankind Sym.

With anxious haste *old Time and Care will us put the liveliest Blero then do not by ill judgment*

marr What will be lost too soon. What will be lost too soon. Sym.

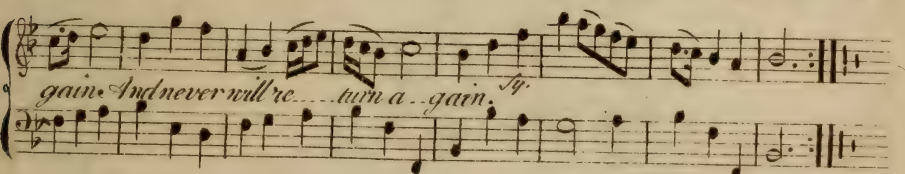
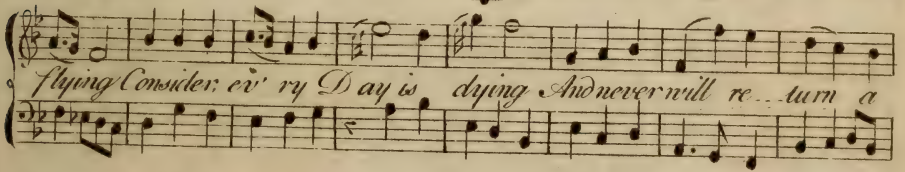
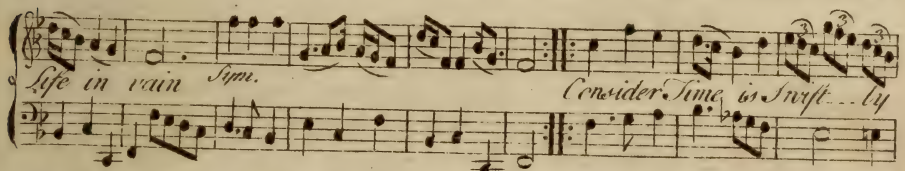
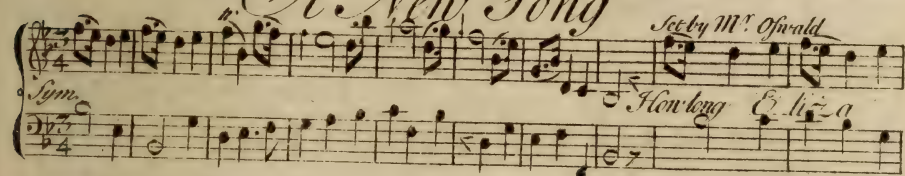
See with what pleasure ev'ry Swain
 The cheerfull Chloe views
 See with what joy they wear the Chain
 All pleas'd whom she subdues
 The fair her Face divinely fair
 Yet she more Conquest owes
 To that good Nature that appears
 In ev'ry thing she does.

And that will please when every joy
 That Beauty gave is Dead
 And friendly smooth & wrinkled Brow
 Of Aged Hoary Head
 Then give to Smiles & Mirth & Hour
 Enjoy the present Store;
 Despair not Beauty of y^e Power
 That soon will be no more



A. New Song

Set by M^r. Oswald



O let not Pride and selfish Fashion,
 And too much Prudence, starve my Passion.
 Consult, some times the generous Breast:
 There is the seat of real Pleasure.
 There Love creates the noblest Treasure
 'Tis solid Wisdom to be blest: 'Tis solid &c



A Favourite Cantata: Sung by

Ye tender Sen's how shall I move, A

careless maid that laughs at Love *how shall I move Ye tender Sen's a careless Maid that*

laughs at Love *Cupid to my succour fly: Cupid to my*

succour fly: Ye tender Sen's how shall I move *A careless Maidly laughs at Love: Ye*

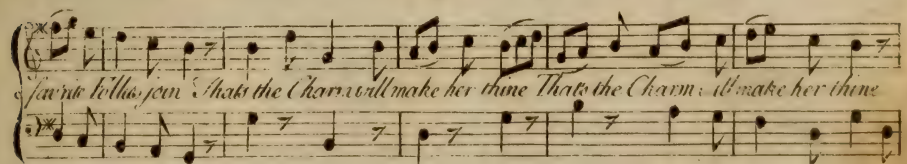
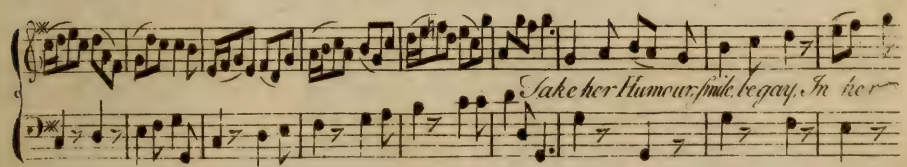
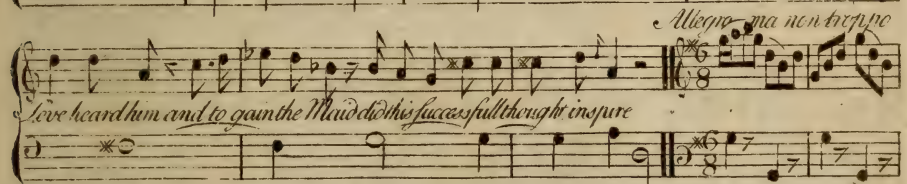
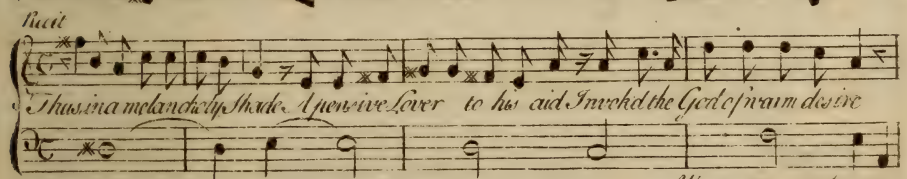
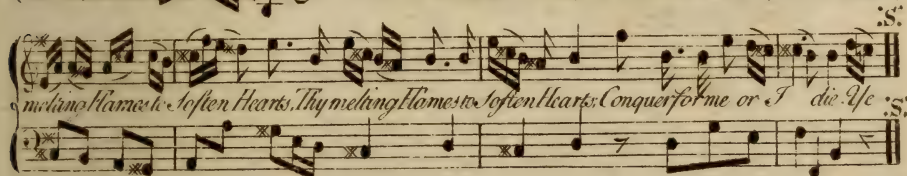
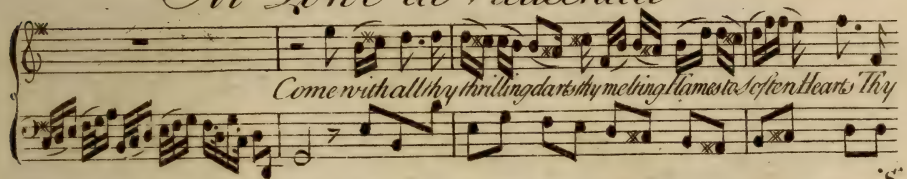
tender Sen's how shall I move a careless Maidly laughs at Love: Cupid to my succour fly:

Ad^o

4 Cupid to my succour fly:

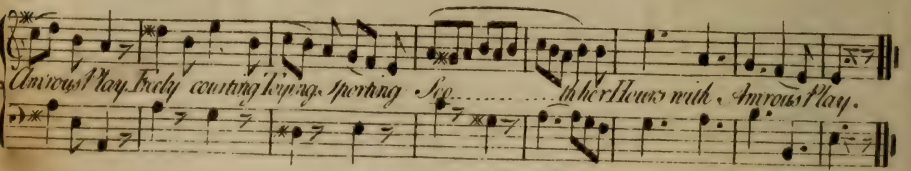
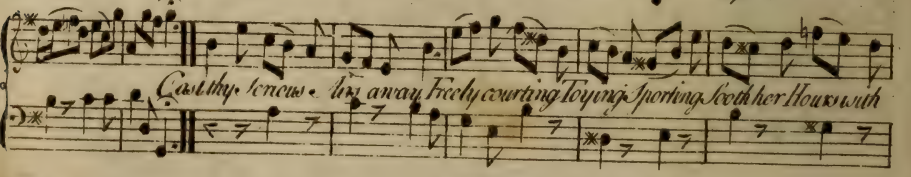
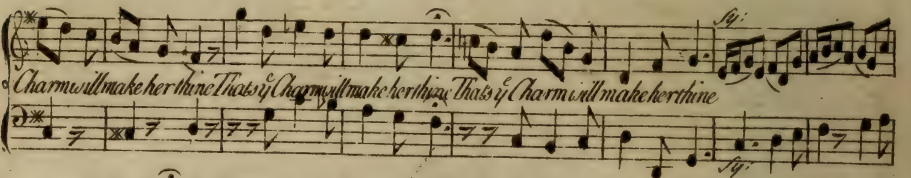
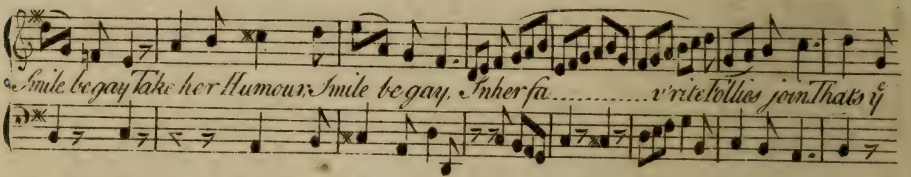
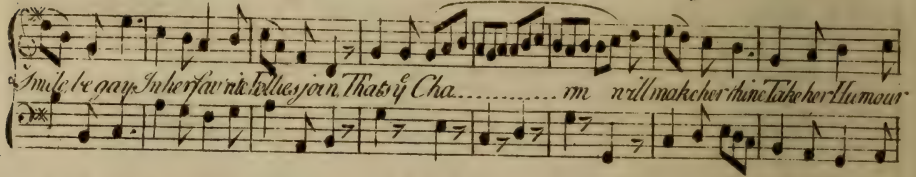
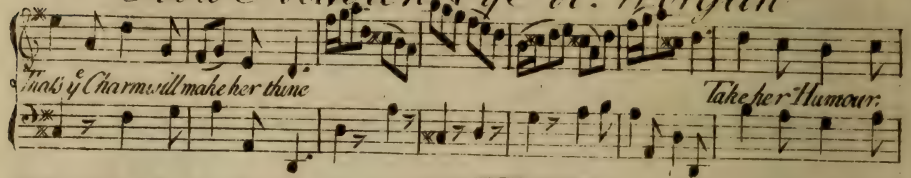


M^r Love at Vauxhall





Set to Musick by W. Morgan





On a Lady being Drown'd

John F. Heighington

Slow *Fast by the*

Margin of the Sea and on the damp & Shell by shore *Sym.* *A*

Swain in pensive Rapture lay and thus his hard mishap de plore

his hard mishap de plore. *Sym.*

Cruel Fate! Ah! hapless Hour
When I and Celia sail'd the Deep
When hush'd by some deluding Power
The Winds & Waves were loud & deep
The Winds were loud & deep

Too soon alas the peaceful Scene,
Chang'd to a Storm the tempest rear
She, thus look'd black & smoking main,
I ask'd its percellaves against her ear:
Her ear & eyes against its ear.

Swastham my Heart wept drops of Blood
And like the Ship was rent in twain
When Celia percell'd in the Flood
Sunk, Struggled, rose, & Sunk again,
Sunk, rose, and Sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath its Waves
To catch the link, & panting Pair
Thrice made a vain attempt to save,
With rich'd Fray'd in mad Despair
I liv'd in mad Despair

Then I am weat I am on the have dyd
And hurry'd to the World beneath
Too late his love, and by her side
Lament her too untimely Death
her too untimely Death



The happy Swain? *Set by W^m Morgan*

As Damon in a summers day Beneath a shade began his Lay, The Waters murmuring

pass'd along Well pleas'd to hear their Damos long *His Theme was love for*

Delias Charm that now is, Shepherdscher arms Had won, Shepherd to her Arms

Humblest am I who only know,
The joys of Love that ever flow
Dear Scenes of Pleasures now appear
And Love is all a Damons Care
Hear then ye warbling Birds & Groves,
That Delias kind & Damon Loves.

Delia as Morn is true and Fair,
Sweet as the Rose and Violet are:
Our Hearts in mutual bliss shall live,
No more can bounteous Nature give;
And every Tree our Passion tell
That Shepherd, lov'd & lov'd so well

FLUTE



Sym. *A new Song* — *Set by M^r Crookenden*

All. *When with good Wine*

Sobber crowned, And full Bumpers move around *How briskly does the Spirits*

flow the Countenance how lovely glow *How briskly*

does the Spirits flow, the Countenance how lovely glow.

The Countenance how lovely glow.

*Beauties may boast the Charms of Paint
 These Graces to the Eyes are faint
 Nought but the Bottle Charms supply
 And gives a Lustre that never dies*



Roger and Sue a Ballad

Andante

One morn sweet Sue, a pail or ten of water down^{on} slipshod thee, when she was newly ^{to} ^{be} ^{gen} ^{when}
falling from the Rumpslap^d ^{dash} upon her Rump a great & mighty bump fell on her Buttocks plump
smart, it burns it akes by turns, all over I'm sure she koud doo war I neen shall more my wae restore to
Chamas in was won the fore; alas, oh cruel cursed distri my woud if Devil had the Rump for
me Young Hodge who nbrkid hard by her, from pig sty he chanced to spy her, which
rais'd the Clowns do sure. Soon as he heard her near & yelp he ran & offer'd her his help; he



To a Favourite Air by Sig: Hasse.

gone she cryd you saucy wretch & leave me: but for this sad disaster I woe must have a Playster then

if you can relieve me Oh straight if cure begin Oh Rogor Rogor quick Oh Rogor Rogor quick Oh quicky."

Take apply! Lucky soon will faint & die Oh quick you take apply or lucky you will faint and die

For the German Flute

For the German Flute



Sym *Female Fortitude* *Set by M^r Rybel*

Andante

Young Iaphne brightest Creature that e'er did Heart enflame, Was blest wth all that Nature could lavish
 on the Fair: could laugh on the Fair. For her each rough ^{the} languish & told their am'rous smart; What
 tho' she mock'd their anguish, yet Stephen won her heart, yet Stephen won her heart

The stripling swore, for ever
 He'd true and constant prove
 He was a youth so clever
 That she repaid his Love
 But Death their joys resenting
 Of Stephen made a Prize
 Of Pains unrelenting
 To close the Shepherd's Eyes

Now sobbing, pining, crying
 The Beauteous Widow ran,
 And vow'd in endless sighing
 To weep her constant Man:
 But coulden the River
 To Court her did prepare
 And thought another Lover
 Might not displease the Fair

With Boldness he advances
 She saw his Love demes,
 Full irresistible glances
 That flashing from his Eyes
 With Catches & Songs assailing
 He wipes each tear from cheek
 Until his Love prevailing
 He Weds her in a Week



A Favourite Song

See Stella as your Health re turns all Nature does her Charms re new

Phœbus with greater Lustre Burns who lends his Face in Snuff for you

No longer I ris Sheds her Tears at the Zephyrus softer Breezes Blow

Flora in all her Pride ap pears & Streams in Dimpling gladness Flow

*Wonder not then too charming Maid
To see your Shyness sympathize
Except of joy has Love betray'd
And no longer can disguise
Not Adam when in Eden blest
Did a more rapturous transport prove
When the fair Partner of his Breast
First met his Eyes & taught him Love*

Flute



The Fickle Swain

Set by M^r Rodson

Sy:
Affettuoso

From Clime to Clime my Heart does rove Smells ev'ry Sweet yet
 dars not love Smells ev'ry Sweet yet dars not love With wanton
 Beauty of ten find But ah! how vain when heer a dmir'd

Ising I Joy with ev'ry Art.
 Invade the tender Virgins Heart.
 In gentle murmur tell my pain.
 But tears are idle, tears are vain.

O Gods! am I the man along
 Of Love & Beauty doom'd the scorn
 Must wond'ring Gold the mind controul
 And leave the will, & tribe the Soul.

With strick's I scorn I'll treat the Sex
 And ne'er with Love my Heart perplez
 Full Cupid sends some generous Fair
 To Ease my Grief & end my Care

As thus the pensive Sylvan stood
 And sighing view'd a fluent Flood
 The rillons ga'z'd to hear him mourn
 And thus replid from vocal Horn

Soft ear Dear Youth the plaintive song
 Never bindly censur'd late with wrong
 The fickle Strephon coldly flies
 And constant Amantyllos dies

Flute



Celia

Set by M^r Crookenden^{tr}

Is Celia in her Garden strayed, secure nor Dreamt of harm. 1

See approach of lovely Maid & rested on her Arm ^{fig.}

The Cautious insect thither flew To taste the tempting bloom: But

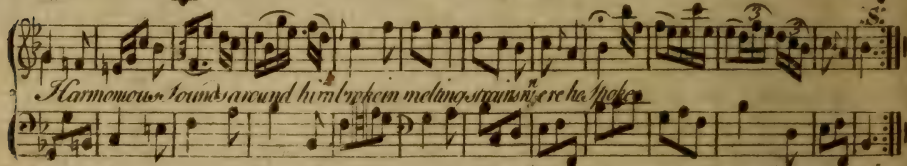
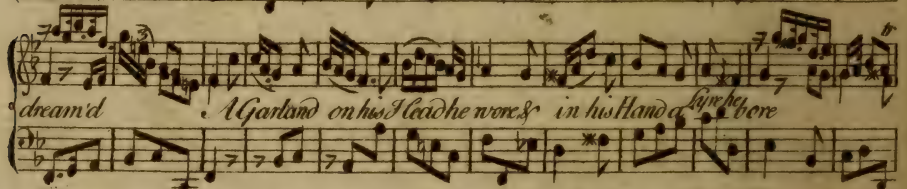
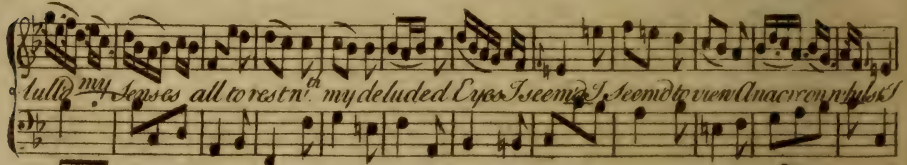
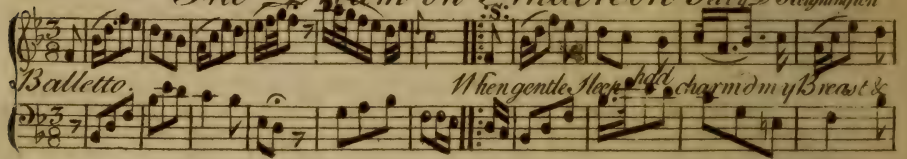
with a thousand sweet invict^{tr} found a sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
 The darling little thing
 But first the snowy Arm receiv'd
 And felt the painful stang
 Oh would it short liv'd burning smart
 The Nymph to pity move
 And teach her to regard the heart
 The firs with endless love

Flute



The Dream on Anacreon Set by J. Houghton



And as he touch'd the dancing strings
The Loves that never sleep'd their Powers
Did he appear'd but, Alas! they
That made it made him old had made him fair
His Beauties like the Roses shone
His smiles were chearful as his Wine
His words led us to reclus'd bowers
At once his Conduct and his Guard

His Wreath he took his Wreath that spread
Fresh blooming Glories round his Head
And with a smile said he receive receive
The noblest Present I can give
With joy I bend my homage paid
Beside the Present which he made
Thou fragrant flow'r breathe sweets divine
That I smell of him and he of mine

Then unnotic'd with heedless haste
The Chaplet on my brows I plac'd
The Chaplet nam'd with gay desire
Breath'd gentle gentle flames of love inspire
Now in my blood Anacreon reigns
Love and Anacreon fill my veins
Till soft strains my Passion move
Untill I'm wholly lost in love

FINIS

cell conflict 1111

pp 33-40 largely imposed

110-11 muddy

large 20 lb damp effects at corners.

occasional stains

margined binding

